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TRESSILIAN.

TRESSILIAN

AND

HIS FRIENDS.

BY

DR. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE,

EDITOR OF THE "NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ," ETC., ETC.

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THIS VOLUME

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PHILADELPHIA, *March*, 1859.

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TRESSILIAN;

OR,

THE STORY-TELLERS.

THE GATHERING.

On a fine May morning, some years ago, I had walked over from Chesterfield (an English country town), to Matlock, and, however pleasant it may be to talk and write of a pedestrian journey of twelve miles, through a romantic district, the greater pleasure is, when the wearying walk is ended, and you have settled down into an amalgamation of coolness and repose, to take your ease in your inn, and there personally experience the "warmest welcome" to an excellent breakfast. Philosophers may speculate as they please upon the fact—for fact it very unquestionably is—that in an English country inn, it would seem, even with the most delicate,

"As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on."

Fancy, then, how appetizing a walk of twelve miles must have been to a gentleman in rude health! But this is a tender memory, which should be kept in some secret hiding-place of the mind, nor exposed to the rude breath of a prosaic world.

Matlock, it may be stated, is noted for its medicinal waters, which are found about two miles northeast of the village, at Matlock Bath, a pretty place, peculiar in its aspect, and full of picturesque points. A local writer has thus sketched it:—"The huge bulk of Masson is hollowed out to receive within it a lovely village, rising terrace above terrace, and villa after villa, sheltered within little clumps of sycamores or fruit trees: the Heights of Abraham crowning the lovely picture. The swollen Derwent dashing over its rocky bed, hemmed in by the ever-verdant banks which enclose the Lovers' Walk—over which rise the umbrageous woods—while from among them the basaltic rocks rear their time-furrowed heads and ivied battlements in every varied and fantastic form. There stands the village church, as if guarding the sweet scene. Beyond, is the lawn of the Old Bath Hotel and its sparkling fountain."

Matlock is all that is thus described—and more. The Derwent flows on, sometimes with a rapid rush, through a narrow channel, with musical murmur as it dashes over the rocky fragments from the cliffs above, and then, when it widens, gently expands, until you see it, clear and unruffled, mirroring on its surface the trees, which luxuriantly overhang it. On one side of the ravine stands Matlock Bath, with the houses scattered on the side of the slope, here and there, in picturesque disarrangement. On the opposite side of the river, vast masses of naked rocks are contiguous to other eminences, scarcely less exalted—some covered with green turf, some crowned with clumps of leafy trees. The familiar

and the sublime are strangely mingled here; trim cottages and neat shops, sumptuous hotels and gravelled walks appearing scarcely in accordance with scenes where Nature has been lavish of her wildest beauty. The very nomenclature of the show-places burlesques the Romantic. In spite of all, Matlock, like the lady in Coleridge's Christabelle, is "beautiful exceedingly."

My own recollection of the place is very general. I remember that, with several other unfortunates of both sexes, I was dragged into divers caverns, which I was told *ought* to be admired, because the Romans had formerly got ore out of them; that they gleamed very prettily for a moment, when fireworks were let off to exhibit the sparry lustre of their stalactites; that we were desired not to pass here, because it led to no where, and not to think of venturing there, as it ended in a fathomless abyss of water; that each guide pertinaciously insisted on the vast superiority of *his* mine or cavern over all others; that we were allowed, at last, to emerge into the fresh air, and gaze up at a lofty hill, called the High Tor, through which a railway-tunnel has since been scooped; that we were duly marched to a summit, yclept the Heights of Abraham, whence, indeed, the view is so beautiful that even the nuisance of a garrulous guide was unheeded at the moment; that, descending from this elevation, we were conducted to the Petrifying Wells, which, like those at Knaresborough, speedily cover all articles placed therein with an abundant deposit of carbonate of lime, so as to form complete incrustrations; that some of us obtained specimens of articles so incrusted, which, no doubt, were thrown away within two hours after; and that, having seen all the sights (including the museums, which are really worth an express journey to Matlock, so extensive and beautiful are their supplies of native minerals), a few of us, grouping

together, determined to be independent of guides for the future, and to observe and admire for ourselves.

So we walked from place to place (the quaint little church of St. Giles, in Matlock village, standing on the very verge of a tall rock, appearing to us worth all the regulation show-places), and soon became friendly. Thus we leisurely visited the High Tor, with the Derwent winding at its base, while, overhead, the rock towers in huge bulk, like a perpendicular wall, vast, bare, and weather-beaten. We ascended the Masson-height, on the opposite side, the view from which, though it includes a cotton mill and a weir, is a favorite with the Matlock visitors. We sauntered on, by Cromford Bridge, over the Derwent, towards Willersley Castle, built by Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning jenny, who reclaimed from the wild and rocky moorland the gardens which now are the admiration of that part of the world. We ascended the Wild Cat Tor, and thence, looking northward, had a view, such as cannot be surpassed in England, perhaps, in its blending of the grand and the familiar. We then scrambled down to the Lovers' Walk, which margins the Derwent to the east. We entrusted ourselves to the boats which were in waiting to carry us across the river; and after all this loitering, returned to the hostelry, called the New Bath Hotel, at which, as it chanced, our little party were staying.

Thrown thus together, in this fortuitous manner, we arrived at the very un-English resolution of being sociable (albeit not formally "introduced" to each other), of enjoying common sitting and refreshment rooms; of forming, in fact, one party for the time. None of us intended making a long stay—it is odd, by the way, that so few visitors do remain more than a few days at Matlock. As birds of passage, therefore, we determined to enjoy ourselves while we could, and how we could. Such, we afterwards heard, had been the good old custom at

Matlock, even within the last sixty years. There were fewer visitors then, but such as came remained for some months, and lived sociably together during their visit; dining in common, having quiet dances and long whist in the evening, retiring early, and forming one agreeable community. We had never met until that day—we might never meet again—why not enjoy ourselves when there was the opportunity? There might have been more solemn dignity in each man's sitting by himself, over his solitary repast, but there was enjoyment, rational as well as pleasant, in sociably joining company as we did.

At first, our party was small. The most noticeable was a tall, handsome man, of about forty, whose erect carriage, easy manners, and bronzed countenance, indicated that he had seen much of the world. Nor were we in error in surmising, after having been half an hour in his society, that he was a military man. We learned, indeed, that he was now on the half-pay, and had borne the rank of Major in the line.

Another of our company was an artist, travelling, like Dr. Syntax, of happy memory, "in search of the picturesque." He had an extraordinary facility in sketching; and whatever caught his attention—tree, rock, or ruin—stream, valley, or mountain—man, woman, or child—was rapidly and faithfully dashed off in a few spirited touches of his pencil, and carefully treasured up. With a strong feeling for the Beautiful, he also had a remarkable appreciation of the Ludicrous, and he would have been unequalled as a caricaturist, had he yielded to the temptation of exercising his talents in that ephemeral but popular line. In those days, however, "Punch" was not. Our artist (who now writes R. A. after his name)* must figure in these pages by the *nom de guerre* of Crayon.

* As one of the forty Royal Academicians of England.

Though young, he had seen varieties of life in many countries, had read much, and had been a close observer of men and things wherever he went. There was a heartiness in his nature which was irresistible; indeed, it was chiefly at his suggestion that we agreed to make one party.

There was an author, who, having just seen his annual work of fiction through the press—in those days, novels and romances had a considerable sale—had come into the country to unbend the bow. He was a gentleman of pleasing manners, much information, and with great personal knowledge of literary men. We found him very unaffected, and singularly free from any thing like envy of his own competitors. He recognized the artist: they met in the country like old friends, though both confessed, laughingly, that, in London, theirs had hitherto been little more than a mere bowing acquaintance. When there is occasion to name him, this personage must be known in these pages as Mr. Butler.

The fourth would never forgive me if I omitted to introduce him:—otherwise (with the modest assurance which appeared so much a part of his nature, that no one ever thought of blaming him for sometimes exercising it) he certainly would have made a point of introducing himself. This was an Irishman, with high, but not boisterous spirits, and good-nature in every word and look. He was "full of fun," —joking on every thing, and exciting mirth with apparently little effort. Mr. Moran was a strange compound of mind and matter; he was a good scholar, but endeavoured to appear as if he had never opened a book. He could converse well with every man on the subject best known to the party with whom he was speaking. He knew nearly as much about pictures and painting, as the artist; his legends and short, rapid narratives might have been profitably expanded by the author; and the Major averred that he had the whole "His-

tory of the Wars of Europe," at his fingers' ends. He was free, careless, good-humored, intelligent, as yet on the sunny side of thirty, and no one could be in his company for five minutes without feeling convinced that he was likely to achieve high reputation in whatever he attempted. In less than two years from the time I first met him, he had ceased to be—he was a candidate for an Irish county, at a Parliamentary Election, but was suddenly taken off, by a neglected cold, which turned to inflammation of the chest, just as, all his wild oats sown, he was about to commence an active career in politics.

With the four whom I have thus rapidly introduced, there was a fifth—and I scarcely know how to describe *him*. Let it suffice, that he now holds the pen. At that time, he conducted a newspaper in the vicinity of Matlock, and the impertinence of mentioning him here should not have been committed, were it not that, but for his memory and shorthand notes, the novelettes and legends which follow, would have been preserved imperfectly—or not at all!

We had dined, and were lingering over our wine and walnuts, when a batch of new arrivals was announced. The artist, who seemed to know every body, saw, as they alighted, that he knew these, and hastened to receive and welcome them. He informed them that every sitting-room in the inn, as well as every furnished cottage and private lodging in the village, was already occupied, and in the name of our small party invited them to join us. The invitation was accepted, and thus our quartette was augmented by two ladies and a gentleman. They consisted of Sir Julian and Lady Tressilian, and a friend of theirs, whom we heard addressed by the Major as Lady Morton—whose recognition, I could see, was received by her neither calmly nor with indifference.

In the course of the evening, some conversation having

arisen as to the eccentricities which are occasionally met with in various ranks of life, the Major stated that he believed he could remember a friend's adventures, which had terminated very happily, owing to the eccentric notions of a well-known original in a neighbouring town. It required little persuasion to tempt him to relate the anecdote, and accordingly, he told it to us, in manner such as I now endeavor to repeat it:—

ENSIGN SIMMONDS,

OF THE TENTH.

When railway travelling was undreamt of, and mail coaches were "alone in their glory," the ancient and sooty town of Sheffield rejoiced in the possession of an inhabitant, named Mr. Samuel Peach. To have inquired for him, however, by *that* appellation, would have been next to useless. Not only in Sheffield, but throughout the length and breadth of the three Ridings of Yorkshire, he was known, and familiarly spoken of, as "Sam Peach, of the Angel coach-office," just as people would speak, ere railwayism arose, of "Tom Waddell, of the Hen and Chickens, at Birmingham," or "Isaac Taylor, of the Lion, at Shrewsbury."

Eccentric in many things, yet with a dash of quiet humour and a most catholic spirit of humanity in his nature, was this same Sam Peach. He was wealthy, of course—eccentricity being too great a luxury for a poor man to indulge in. Of the importance of his own position, as autocrat of the mail and stage coaches which travelled to and from Sheffield, he had a high opinion. Not having any connection with the Statistical Society, it would be impossible for me to state, with requisite fullness and particularity of detail, how many of these coaches he possessed—how many horses he had "on the road,"—how many quarters of oats, and loads of hay, his

cattle annually consumed—how many miles *per diem* his carriages travelled—to how many families his calling gave bread. Enough it is to say, that Sam Peach, engrossing the "conveyancing department" in and from Sheffield, was considered a very wealthy personage—the rather, perhaps, because he studiously avoided the display of riches. He had purchased some land in the neighborhood of Sheffield, extensive enough to be called an estate. He always spoke of it as "the farm," though the house he had erected there was of sufficiently imposing appearance and extent for the country seat of one of the squirearchy. With *that* "order," Sam Peach had no desire to be identified. Plain, and somewhat *brusque* in his manner, he was proud of the business by which he had acquired an independence, and it is yet remembered as a fact, that, on one occasion, when a distinguished commoner in the neighborhood (since become a peer and a Cabinet-minister), addressed him as "Samuel Peach, *Esquire*," the recipient, though he knew the writing, returned the letter to the postman, with an endorsement, "not known at the Angel coach-office!"

Wealth and integrity, backed by his eccentricity, had made Sam Peach a very popular character in Sheffield. Never did any one care less for popularity. His rule of conduct was, to pursue the right, whatever should betide. His very peculiarities "leaned to mercy's side!" It was as much as any of his coachmen's place was worth, for one of them to see a tired foot-traveller on the road, and not immediately, "pull up," and invite the way-farer to a seat. The sterling character of the man was estimated from the fact, that most of the people around him had been in his employment for upwards of twenty years.

It is more than probable that Sam Peach had never heard of the name and system of Lavater, and yet he had a habit of taking likes and dislikes to people's faces, which involved

the putting them "inside for outside fare," or for no fare, or the stout refusal to take them inside or outside of any of his coaches, at any price.

It happened, one sunny day in September, 1815, that Sam Peach was sitting in his coach-office—his custom ever of an afternoon—engaged in examining a ledger; for he used to say that, by attending to business he was pretty sure of business attending to him. A gentleman came in and asked, What was the coach-fare to London?

The booking-clerk, with pen across his mouth, after the fashion of persons who would fain appear exceedingly busy, answered, "One pun' fifteen *out;* two pun' ten *in.*"

The traveller desired to be booked for an outside place, if there were room. "Not one seat taken," said the booking-clerk.

"I suppose I had better pay you here?" inquired the traveller.

"Just as *you* please," was the reply; "only, until we have the money, you neither put foot into the coach nor on it."

The money was accordingly disbursed out of a not very plethoric purse.

"What name?" asked the booking-clerk.

"What name?" echoed the traveller.

"I thought I spoke plain enough," said the clerk, sulkily. "What name are we to book you by? You *have* a name, I suppose?"

"I beg your pardon," said the traveller, with a smile; "but I have been for some years where a man's name was the last thing required from him. Put me down as Ensign Simmonds of the Tenth."

Mr. Simmonds was duly entered in the book, and thence in the way bill?—Indeed he was *not!*

The moment that the traveller had described himself as

"Ensign Simmonds of the Tenth," Sam Peach closed the big ledger, with an emphasis which made a sound not unlike a pistol shot—pushed the fat-headed booking-clerk aside—took his place, with a countenance quite radiant with excitement—and, in his blandest tone, asked what name he should enter in the day-book.

"Ensign Simmonds of the Tenth."

"Well!" said Sam, in the subdued manner of a man holding a confidential conversation with himself. "Well, my ears did *not* deceive me. What a singular thing this is, to be sure." Then, addressing Mr. Simmonds, he said, "In the army, Sir?"

"Why, considering that I bear his Majesty's commission, I think I may safely say that I am."

"Seen service?"

"Yes; two years in the Peninsula, and in the last brush with the French at Waterloo."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Sam Peach. "Got a Waterloo medal?"

"Aye, and a Waterloo wound. Indeed, I have been at home since my return, getting cured; and now that I am on my legs again, I am off to town to report myself at the Horse Guards for duty. Our second battalion is to be disbanded; and as we are likely to have a long peace, I am afraid I shall have some difficulty in getting upon full pay in another regiment."

"Then," said Sam Peach, rather anxiously, "you are not bound to be at the Horse Guards by any particular day?"

Mr. Simmonds replied that he was not.

"That being the case, Sir," said Sam Peach, "it can't make any great difference your not being able to travel by any of my coaches this afternoon?"

"Not go?—after paying for my seat!"

"Afraid not. All the seats engaged."

Here the fat-headed book-keeper chimed in with "Not one on 'em. Only look at the way-bill."

Sam Peach pushed aside the officious underling, and declared that he was "a stoopid, who did not know what he was saying." Then, resuming his conversation with Mr. Simmonds, he added, "The fact is, sir, all the seats *are* engaged. But as you have paid your fare, I am bound to send you forward in a post-chaise, or make the delay of no loss to you. My house is only a few miles out of town. I shall feel obliged by your coming out to dine with me to-day. In the morning I shall drive you in, if you like, and you can start for London by any coach you please."

Vainly did Mr. Simmonds assure Sam Peach that he had much rather proceed to London without delay—that he did not wish to intrude upon his hospitality—that he would prefer remaining at the "Angel." Vainly, too, did he endeavour to ascertain why (when there apparently was no real impediment to his immediate departure for London), Sam Peach should wish to detain him. Sam, determined to play the host, steadily declined giving an explanation; and the result was, that, at six o'clock that afternoon, Mr. Simmonds found himself at Sam Peach's table, discussing what any gentleman, even if he had not campaigned in the Peninsula, and had hospital fare at Brussels for some weeks after the day of Waterloo, would be justified in considering an excellent dinner.

Such a thing as "taking the pledge" (except by an avuncular relative at the Lombard Arms), was not thought of at that time; and therefore a few glasses of old wine followed, of course. Much they talked—Ensign Simmonds, of the adventures he had met with while on foreign service; Sam Peach, who was a capital listener, pleasantly keeping up the

ball by occasional shrewd questions and racy remarks. At last—but this was about midway on the second bottle of that incomparable port, which tasted like nectar, and smelt like a bouquet—Sam Peach grew communicative about himself; told how he had risen to opulence by industry, from a small commencement; and boasted how, far above his wealth, he prized his only daughter. "You shall see her in the morning," said he; "for I did not like to introduce you until I saw whether my first impressions would be confirmed on closer acquaintance. It is not every one, I can tell you, that I would introduce as my friend to my daughter Mary."

A capital breakfast the next morning; and not the less pleasant because pretty Mary Peach presided at the board, assisted, on such social duties (as her mother had been dead for many years), by a maiden aunt, who was neither skinny nor shrewish.

"Pleasant weather," observed Sam. "Are you much of a sportsman?"

"Rather," said Mr. Simmonds. "We had plenty of practice at the red-legged partridges in the Peninsula. You should have seen how Lord Wellington peppered them, when he had nothing else to do!"

"Well," said Sam, "unfortunately, I had not the chance of seeing him. I think you said that you are not exactly tied to time as to your being in London; if you can only make up your mind not to start until to-morrow, there's a famous Joe Manton in the hall. I happen to own the preserve across yonder valley, and I can tell you that not a gun has been fired there this season."

Mr. Simmonds remained for that day?—To be sure he did. Fancy a young man of five-and-twenty, who had been on foreign service for three years, with a heart beating quick and strong within his bosom, and (at that time), not engaged

in any particular love affair—fancy him suddenly thrown into the society of Mary Peach—really a well-educated and pretty, if not quite a beautiful girl—pressed to make the place his home as long as he pleased, and the quarters surprisingly comfortable. Fancy all this, and wonder, if you can, at Mr. Simmonds quite forgetting that he had ever disbursed "one pun' fifteen" for the outside fare to London. Then there were beautiful snatches of scenery all along that Glossop Road, which Mary Peach recommended him to look at, and to which she kindly accompanied him, as he might not be able to find them out without her assistance;—and she had much to ask, and he to say, about foreign countries, and the perils he had been in—and she made him tell her, again and again, how he had got his wound at Waterloo—and she had such a pretty way of seeming to *listen* with her dark grey eyes, and—but I need not go on. It was a clear case!

> "Then there were sighs, the deeper for suppression,
> And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft."

In short, it had come to pass that Mr. Simmonds had a palpitation of the heart whenever Mary Peach spoke to him, or looked at him.

"In love with her?" you will say. You know how it will end:—a scene with the lady—a blush or two—half a dozen tears—the whole to conclude with a whispered, "Speak to my father!"

Not exactly so; for when our hero found that he was in love, he took the opportunity of speaking to Sam Peach, before he mentioned a word of the matter to the lady.

You will think that *he* was in a pretty passion, no doubt?

Wrong again. Sam told Mr. Simmonds that he had been expecting something of the kind, having full use of his eyes

and ears; that, under this expectation, he had made inquiries as to Mr. Simmonds and his character; that he was satisfied with what he had heard; and that if Mr. Simmonds could obtain Mary's consent, no man upon earth would be more acceptable as a son-in-law.

Shortly after, Mr. Simmonds and Mary Peach were united —*she* being too good a daughter to decline giving an acceptable son-in-law to her father. What fortune she had was never exactly known; but they drove off from church in a handsome chariot-and-four, which Sam Peach had presented to the happy couple, with a cheque for a thousand pounds in the pocket of the door, "to pay travelling-expenses;" and just as the bridegroom was about stepping into the vehicle, where sat the bride, all beauty, blonde, and bashfulness, Sam Peach delivered himself as follows:—

"Simmonds, you never asked me what I saw in you, when we first met, to take a fancy to you, and bring you home with me. Know, then, that in the five-and-thirty years I have been at the head of the coaching in Sheffield, I have had hundreds of military men in my office, to be booked for places—generals, colonels, majors, and a crowd of captains; —but *you* were the only Ensign that ever came across me! For the singularity of the thing, I thought that phenomenon worthy of a good dinner. Your own good qualities have done the rest. Good bye now—God bless you!—and let me hear from you and Mary every day."

"I knew Sam Peach very well," continued the Major. "He was full of oddities. One peculiarity was that each of his cattle should have one day's rest every week. Without considerable inconvenience to the public and loss to himself, his equine friends could not all rest on the same day—therefore, a score ceased from labour on Monday, a score on Tuesday, and so on. His motto was, 'The merciful man is merciful to his beast.' There is no doubt that the anecdote I have now told you had a foundation in truth."

"Perhaps," said Crayon, "few books would be more amusing than a veritable innkeeper's Album, relating circumstances which had occurred in different hostelries, and describing peculiar traits of character as exhibited by 'mine host' in different towns. I recollect hearing an American gentleman tell a story in which an English Boniface of former days figures very favourably. With your leave, I will repeat it."

THE BUSH GUINEA.

One of the most famous and flourishing hotels in England, when Bristol had a fair share of trade and commerce, monopolizing a great portion of the West India trade, was the Bush Inn, kept by a true-hearted, honest, downright man named John Weeks. At the time of which I speak, this innkeeper was not very wealthy, though he deserved to be. The poor largely benefited by his charity, and it was discovered, —not until after his death, for he was one of whom it might literally be said that his right hand knew not what his left hand did—that several decayed housekeepers were largely indebted to his benevolence for food, clothes, fuel and money during the hard season of winter in particular, and at all times in general.

In the Bush Inn there was a mighty kitchen—it is there yet, I presume, if the house be kept up as an inn*—down the centre of which extended a mammoth table. It was the delight of this Boniface, on every Christmas Day, to cover this great table with a glorious load of roast beef and plum-pudding, flanked, most plenteously, with double home-brewed, of such mighty strength and glorious flavour, that one might well have called it malt-wine, rather than malt-liquor. At this table, on that day, every one who pleased was welcomed to

*The Bush Inn, at Bristol, was converted into chambers and offices, a few years ago.

sit down and feast. Many to whom a good dinner was an object did so; and no nobler sight was there in Bristol, amid all its wealth and hospitality, than that of honest John Weeks at the head of his table, lustily carving, and earnestly pressing his guests to "eat, drink, and be merry."

Nor did his generosity content itself with this. It was the custom of the house, and of the day, when the repast was ended, and the guests had drank some toasts, commencing with "The King, God bless him" (and be sure that their gratitude did not forget their generous entertainer), that each person should go to worthy John Weeks, in the bar, and there receive his cordial wishes for many happy returns of the genial season. They received something more—for, according to their several necessities, a small gift in money was pressed upon each. To one man a crown—to another half-a-guinea—to a third, as more needing it, a guinea. On the whole, some fifty or sixty guineas were thus dispensed. The gross amount might not be much, but the good done was great, and on that one day, perhaps, John Weeks thus expended a good portion of his annual net profits; though less, it might be, than many a plethoric Alderman would lavish on a single entertainment to persons of his own rank who did not require, and would scarcely thank him for it.

On one particular year, it had been noticed during the months of November and December, that a middle-aged man, whom no frequenter of the Bush Inn appeared to know, and who appeared to know no one, used to visit the coffee-room about noon every day, and, calling for a sixpenny glass of brandy and water, sit over it until he had carefully gone through the perusal of the London paper of the preceding evening, which used to arrive about an hour before his visit, owing to Mr. Palmer's then recent acceleration of mail-coach travelling from five to eight miles an hour—a novelty

which, at that time, was considered to be the accomplishment of very extraordinary speed. The landlord of the Bush, seeing how anxious the reduced gentleman was to read the London paper, made it be understood that while *he* had it "in hand," no one else was to expect it. Thus, without being pressed for time, the reduced gentleman was allowed to read his paper at his ease, which he did, apparently commencing with the title on the first page, and ending with the imprint on the last.

Garments in that state, which though not actually, "shabby" may be described as "seedy;" a beaver, which, most rusty and napless, was carefully brushed,—faded gloves,—spatterdashes of doubtful hue, covering shoes which appeared to have been made for a much larger man—plain buckles—a lean body—a confirmed stoop—and a limited expenditure of the single sixpence every day, without any gratuity to the waiter, so very clearly intimated this man's condition, that if a customer asked for the London paper, it was sufficient to say, "the decayed gentleman has it in hand."

On Christmas eve, honest John Weeks, anxious that "the decayed gentleman" should have one good meal, at least, in the Bush, addressed him as he was quitting the coffee-room, and delicately intimated that, on the following day, he kept open table, at which all who could not obtain good Christmas dinners at home, were very welcome to sit down, free of cost. The "decayed gentleman" looked at the inn-keeper with some surprise, and smiled—but he presently recovered himself, and retired without saying a word, simply bowing his acknowledgment. If there had been any doubt of his condition, it was at an end on the next day, when punctually at one o'clock, being the appointed hour, he appeared at the Bush, in his usual seedy attire. In virtue of his being a stranger there, and the appearance of having seen better days, he was honoured with a seat at the upper end of the long table, even

next to John Weeks himself. He partook of the good dinner with the apparent relish of a man to whom such a feast had long been a novelty, and duly did justice to the "stunning ale," for which, far and near, the Bush then was famous. Now and then, the landlord had snatches of conversation with him, and very soon perceived that "the decayed gentleman" was shrewd in his remarks, and had evidently sat at rich men's tables at some period of his life.

The dinner was concluded. The landlord retired to his bar, into which, one after one, straggled his guests, and then received the various money-doles, which John Weeks' knowledge or suspicion of their respective wants had provided, and apportioned for each. The "decayed gentleman" remained the last at the long table—a kind-hearted waiter, who knew how much he liked to read the London paper, and knew, also, that he had not visited the coffee-house that morning, had brought down the broad sheet (Cowper's folio of four pages), and "the decayed gentleman" read it by the kitchen fire, after his dinner, with as true a sense of enjoyment in it as my Lord Duke could have had in his palatial library. Presently, there came a message from some civic functionary, desiring the attendance of the landlord of the Bush, to receive instructions about a feast which was to be given at the Mansion House, on the new year, and to be provided from the Bush. Therefore, when departing to attend to this important summons, John Weeks called his head waiter, a sagacious, well-powdered, steady man, to whom he confidentially entrusted the donation which he had set aside for "the decayed gentleman," and with it were many instructions to exercise great delicacy in handing him the gift; "For," said John Weeks, "it is evident that he has seen better days, and we should have regard for his feelings, Morris, particularly as he is a stranger in the city." Thus saying, he departed, and

faithful Morris remained to execute his delicate and holy mission.

Just as "the decayed gentleman" was leaving the house, and when there was no witness of their interview, Morris blandly and respectfully accosted him, and slipping a guinea into his hand, said, "My master requests, sir, that you will do him the favour to accept this, and he is sorry that his being called away causes it to come through my hands." The money rested in the palm of "the decayed gentleman." He looked at the gold—he looked at the waiter—he looked at the gold again. Morris thought, at first, that he intended returning it. But "the decayed gentleman," quietly put it into his waistcoat pocket, from which he drew a card, which he handed to Morris, saying "my compliments to your master, and my thanks. This is my name and address, and if he should ever come my way, or think that I can do him any service, I beg that he will call upon me, or write." He buttoned his coat, went away, and, from that day to this, was never again seen in the coffee-room of the Bush. The inscription on the card was simply "Thomas Coutts, 59 Strand." The owner was the great London banker, and had come to Bristol on some very particular business, and it was his humour to live there in an humble manner.

In a short time John Weeks, to the surprise of the Bristolians, purchased the Bush Inn, at a large price, from Griffith Maskelyne, the owner. Next, he embarked largely in the coaching and posting department, and throve abundantly. Soon after, when a bargain was to be had of some land belonging to the Corporation, the purchaser was John Weeks, who let it off for building leases, by which he obtained twelve to fifteen per cent. for his investment. Finally, having acquired a competency, he withdrew from business, and went to live on an estate which he had

purchased at Shirehampton. No one exactly knew how he had obtained the capital to embark in great speculations so largely as he did—but his drafts upon Coutts and Company, 59 Strand, were duly honoured, and to her dying day, among the heirlooms which she most particularly prized, the Duchess of St. Albans, widow of Thomas Coutts, used to show a coin, richly mounted in a gorgeous bracelet, which coin bore the name of "The Bush Guinea."

There arose some conversation, suggested by this anecdote, respecting the peculiarities of Coutts, the millionaire, who was an original character. One of the company remembered that, when Sir Francis Burdett was at the height of his patriotism and popularity—how often, by the way, does the existence of the first hang upon the breath of the latter!—Queen Charlotte, the grandmother of Queen Victoria, who banked with him, sent him a verbal message, by the keeper of her privy purse, that, as property would be insecure should the liberal opinions of Burdett, his son-in-law, unhappily obtain predominance in the country, she desired to withdraw her balance, and gave him a fortnight's notice, to prevent his being in any way embarrassed by such a large demand. "Very considerate, indeed!" said Coutts. "Let us see how much it may amount to!" The books were referred to, and the Royal deposit was found to amount to something over two millions sterling. Coutts desired a cheque for the amount to be filled up and brought to him. Affixing his signature to it—and a very scrawling, indistinct autograph it was—he handed it the astounded official, with the words, "There is no necessity for giving you the trouble of a second journey here, in a fortnight. The house of Thomas Coutts can pay any balance, on demand. There is a cheque for the Queen's money, on the bank of England, payable at sight." Within the hour, the royal messenger was again in presence of Mr. Coutts, with an apology from the Queen—an assurance that she had never distrusted the solvency of his bank, or the safety of her money, and a request that he would again do her the favour of becoming its custodee."

"The anecdote tells so well," said Sir Julian Tressilian, "that, if not true, it deserves to be; as the Italian proverb says, *Se non è vero, è ben trovato.* But it is entirely out of the order or probability of banking affairs that the Queen, or

any person else, who had accumulated two millions sterling, could leave that amount, or even a tithe of it, in Coutts's hands, deriving no interest from the deposit. Of course, the money would have been put out, in public and other securities, to fructify, and it is doubtful whether even thirty thousand pounds would be allowed to remain by the Queen, as her floating balance in the bank.

"Less apocryphal," he added, "is the anecdote of his retort to the good-natured, but most extravagant Duke of York, who contrived to be eternally in his debt. It happened that, like his more careful mother, Queen Charlotte, he also kept an account at Coutts's bank. On one occasion, after a dinner, which the Prince of Wales gave at Carlton House, at which Mr. Coutts was a guest, when the wine was in, and the wit out, the Duke of York insisted on a bumper-toast, and enthusiastically gave, 'Mr. Coutts, my banker.' As it happened that the millionaire was almost always much in advance to the Duke, and knew the full value of a royal compliment, he did not feel embarrassed by the compliment. Rising from the table, he thus returned thanks:—'I am obliged by the toast which has just been given, but your royal highness has made a trifling mistake in naming me as *your* banker. It is you who do me the honour of taking charge of *my* money.' The Prince of Wales, who enjoyed a joke, exclaimed, 'A fair hit, by Jove, and the best of it is, Coutts, that every man at the table, one time or other, has done the same for you!'"

Mr. Butler—he who has been introduced as the novelist—remembered that Coutts had more than once received charity from persons who, like worthy John Weeks, of Bristol, had been seduced into the idea, by his poverty-stricken dress, and attenuated face and form, that he was a needy man, too proud to beg. "As we have got on the track of this million-

aire, I recollect a story apropos of one of this order of men, which has the merit of brevity, if little other."

We gladly accepted the volunteer, whose story was to this effect:—

LE MILLIONAIRE MALGRÉ LUI.

Some years ago, I spent six weeks at Lyons, waiting the arrival of a friend, whom I was to accompany to Naples. Old cities, old books, and old friends, are what exactly suit my taste. Therefore, Lyons—the mural queen of South Eastern France,—was calculated to challenge my attention. During nineteen eventful centuries, a crowd of historical associations have become linked with that city; antiquity is deeply furrowed on its aspect; its commercial operations have made it a stirring and wealthy place; its public institutions and edifices are unsurpassed, out of Paris; its approaches (either from Chalons or Marseilles) are through a lovely country, which seems like a rich vineyard, skirted and sheltered by hills; and its inhabitants, enriched by industry, are hospitable and friendly. Is it wonderful, then, that Lyons is a place of which I keep a grateful and pleasant memory?

Loving to loiter in a strange city, here I indulged my humour to the full, and sauntered in and about Lyons, until I knew it so well, that, at this moment, I believe, I could draw a plan of the place from mere recollection. It was pleasant to cross and recross, view and review its six bridges over the sluggish Saone, and its three over the more rapid Rhone; to pace through its fifty-nine squares, with an almost daily visit of admiration to La Bellecour (one of the finest in Europe), graced by the noble statue of that Louis,* whose regal boast,

* Louis XIV., who, for more than half a century after the death of Cardinal Mazarin, governed without a prime minister.

"*L'état c'est moi*," was scarcely an exaggeration; to hunt for antiquities where the Forum Trajani had stood; to examine the Hôtel de Ville, inferior only to the palatial town-house of Amsterdam; to copy the *outré* inscriptions on the monuments which embellish the beautiful Necropolis upon the hill of Fouvières: to *feel* the "religio loci," while listening, with hushed awe, to the sweet and solemn

"Stabat mater dolorosa,"

or the yet more touching swell of the

"Dies iræ, dies illa,"

reverberating from harmonious voices through the Gothic aisles of the Cathedral of St. John; or to regret that the then recent fall of the tall tower of Pitrat,† prevented my viewing to the best advantage, the natural panorama of Lyons, and the beautiful country around it.

After all, these loiterings were merely episodal in my life at Lyons, when I had discovered that the library there, one of the finest in France, was especially rich in manuscripts and books, upon what the elder D'Israeli names as three of the six "follies of science,"—alchemy, astrology, and magic. These are among the most graceful superstitions of our fore-

† This tower was erected on an elevation to the north of the city, for an observatory, and fell down in 1828. It has been re-erected, and rises to the height of 625 French feet above the river. The view from this is unequalled of its kind. Lyons lies at your feet, spread along the banks of the Saone and the Rhone, which meet here. The city covers the peninsula between, and appears as the nucleus of a vast population, hived in clusters of villages, which join its suburbs, and gradually break up into hamlets, manufactories, and *châteaux*. Many of the latter may be observed ten miles off, delightfully situated on the southern and western declivities of the hills which gird the plain. Far beyond, and towering above the north-eastern bound, Mount Jura and the eastern range of the Alps are visible, and, superior to them all, at the distance of a hundred miles, Mont Blanc may be seen, like a huge cloud between the gazer and the verge of the horizon.

fathers, and I confess that I have long had a strong curiosity to learn *what* it was by which gifted minds, a few centuries ago, were held in a strong and over-mastering thrall. The public library of Lyons, rich in this peculiar lore, afforded ample opportunity of research, and I spent many an hour in attempting to decipher and comprehend the mysterious revelations by which Geber, Artephius, and Nicholas Flamel communicated how *they* had made the wonderful Powder of Projection, by which the meaner metals were transmuted to gold, and that Elixir, not less wonderful, which was at once to renew the springs of life, and bestow the boon of immortality! There, too, I read of the Cabala—with their ten numerations called Sephiroth, their holy Sigils, their sacred Pentacles, and the Tables of Ziruph, or magic roll-call of the seventy-two Angels, whose names are duly recorded by Cornelius Agrippa and others, as if they were in the habit of daily communication with them. And there, above all, I had an opportunity of examining what is treasured as an autograph of the famous Astronomical tables of King Alfonso*.

To me, much loving the wild imaginings by which our elders were self-deceived, there was a great deal of interest in such literary rarities as I have mentioned. To examine them was fitting occupation for an idle man, fond of raising *Châteaux d'Espagne* of a different order for himself, and who regarded the splendid follies of science as the spray dashed up by the adventurous diver, who boldly and blindly seeks the pearl of Truth in the ocean of Conjecture.

It happened, fortunately for the peculiar course of inquiry I had fallen upon, that Monsieur Jean Hervieu, one of the sub-librarians, was something more than a mere hander-out of

* King of Castile and Leon, in the thirteenth century. He was surnamed *El Sabio*, or the Learned.

volumes. He soon saw into what line my researches traversed, and saved me a world of useless trouble, by placing before me, at once, all that was richest and choicest in that peculiar line. When I left Lyons, I had many regrets, for I had made friendships there, which yet continue; but my chief sorrow was that poor Hervieu, with abilities and tastes of a high order, should be lost in a petty situation so much below his merits.

Two years passed, and I went to winter at Paris; a step which I recommend none to take unless they are enamoured of Arctic temperature. Shortly after my arrival, I met with my quondam acquaintance, the sub-librarian of Lyons. He was much changed. He had reached the dignity of wearing a coat out of the *mode*, which none but a wealthy man can afford to do. His manner, too, now had the ease and self-possession of one who has not only an account at his banker's but a pretty considerable balance on the credit side. A few days afterwards, while discussing some unexceptionable Burgundy, with all the sober deliberation that regal wine deserves, at Monsieur Hervieu's country house, within a couple of leagues from Paris, the secret of this change was explained by him in nearly the following words.

"I perceive, my dear friend, that you wonder how I happen to have these comforts about me; how I have advanced to the dignity of a *millionaire*. In truth, it is what I often find myself wondering at. My fortune was made by accident—in spite of myself—in a word, as fortunes scarcely ever are made, except in romances or on the stage.

"When you knew me, two years ago, I contrived barely to

exist upon eight hundred francs a year*, and, though not very extravagant, had a few debts, which it had been as easy to incur, as I found it difficult to pay. Two acquaintances were spending an evening with me, when the *portier* brought up an account, with a pressing message very like a threat, from—my tailor. I had no means of settling it, but the ready answer came, 'bid him call to-morrow.' The bill threw a damp over all of us—for our circumstances were much alike, —and our gaiety took wing.

"'It is a pity,' said Louis Boyer, 'it is a pity that we have neither wealth nor the reputation of it, which is just as good. What a lucky thing it would be if some unknown relation were to turn up and bequeath a fortune to one of us!'

"'There's little chance of that,' said Charles Berget; 'for my part, I have not a relation in the world who would leave me a sous.'

"'And for mine,' I observed, 'matters are very much the same way; but I remember hearing my father speak of a nephew of his who went to Cuba or Martinique, when I was a child. Nothing was ever heard of him since.'

"'Famous!' cried Louis Boyer, clapping his hands; 'I have it all. We must bring him on the stage, endow him with immense wealth, and, as he must be childless, make him inquire after an heir, and find you not only next of blood, but his only relation. In one word, my dear friend, we must make you 'a young man of brilliant expectations, with a rich, liver-diseased cousin in the West Indies, who has declared you his heir!'

"'No, no,' chimed in Berget, with a laugh, 'this "expectation" story will not do. Nothing like a certainty. The rich cousin must die; so—write his epitaph forthwith! Let me

*About $160.

see: Jacques Hervieu leaves Marseilles twenty-five years ago, goes to Martinique, makes a splendid fortune there, leaves five sugar-plantations, and hundreds of negroes, to his cousin Jean Hervieu of Lyons. The whole must be worth two millions of francs, at least. Give me your hand, my dear Jean! I wish you joy of your change of fortune. And now, *mon cher*, we must drink your health.'

"'Of course,' said Louis Boyer: 'and pray, now that he is at the top of the ladder, that he will not forget those who were his friends in misfortune!'

"'Depend on me!' was my laughing reply. Then, keeping up the jest, we solemnly drank to the memory of Jacques Hervieu, and gaily to the health of his heir: in effect, Monsieur, we had a very pleasant evening.

"Charles Berget, I should tell you, was connected as a paragraph writer, with the *Gazette de Lyon*, then the leading journal of the place. Passing the editorial bureau, on his way home, he extemporized a brief announcement of Jacques Hervieu's death, and the disposition of his 'immense property in Martinique,' which, without any challenge as to its authenticity, was duly marked for insertion in the next number of the journal. Of course, this was wholly without any complicity of mine.

"I was making my toilet next morning, when the door of my attic was dashed in, and half a score of my young acquaintances rushed to me.

"'We wish you joy, Hervieu!' they all cried out, with one accord.

"'Joy? my dear friends!'

"'That you should become heir to such a large fortune!'

"'I do assure you———'

"'Just at the time, too, when colonial produce has become so valuable!'

"'Believe me, it is only a joke———'

"'Come, come,' said half a dozen voices, at once, 'this will not do. You must not dream of denying what is duly announced in the *Gazette* this morning. You owe us a fête on getting this windfall, and must not try to creep out of it. Where shall we have it, and when?'

"I scarcely know how I got rid of them all. But I shook them off at last. Presently I heard some one at the door; 'Come in!'—it was one of them come back to borrow a few hundred francs.

"'My dear fellow, I have not five francs in the world.'

"'I see. Your remittances from Martinque have not yet come to hand."

"'Indeed they have not,' said I, with a sigh. The borrower took his leave with some formality; the very report that I was rich had already placed a gulf between me and my fellows.

"The news ran through Lyons like wildfire. I had quite a levée during that forenoon. The worst was, it was quite useless to protest—every one took it for granted that I had become a rich man. It was recollected that I really had a cousin named Jacques Hervieu, who had gone abroad early in the Consulate. There was an old sailor who had even seen him take ship at Marseilles, for Martinique—or some other foreign place. All the rest followed of course, that he had made a large fortune, and had bequeathed the whole of it to me!

At last, I was again alone. There came a gentle tap at the door. Who can this be? thought I. It was my tailor. He sent no 'little account,' this time. He no longer dunned by deputy. He, too, had heard of my good luck, and came for his money, no doubt! I too well remembered that I had sent a message for him to call for his fifty francs.

"'Good morning, Monsieur Passy,' said I, trying to assume as unconcerned an air as if I was about paying his bill. 'You have come for your money?'

"'Surely,' said the broadcloth artist, with a bow and a grimace meant for a smile, 'surely, monsieur will not trouble himself about such a trifle. You will permit me to measure you for the mourning?'

"At the moment, I had forgotten that there was such a place as Martinique! Quite mechanically, I allowed him to measure me, scarcely heeding what he said. But, when he declared that he could not have had more than *one* suit finished that evening, I thought it right to put an end to the folly.

"'I assure you, Monsieur Passy, I have received no money.'

"'Monsieur is too considerate. I beg he will not speak of payment. But,' he continued, 'monsieur can do me a great service. You know my house; it is a fine building. Buy it of me. I want ready money. *You* are very rich. Fifty thousand francs are nothing to monsieur. You will want real property to invest your great capital in. I shall become bankrupt for want of some ready money. M. Bonnet has proposed to buy it, but is so long making up his mind, that I shall be ruined before he decides.'

"'But why should *I* buy your house?'

"'Because monsieur may not only serve me very much, but also get an excellent investment for himself. It is in an excellent and improving thoroughfare, and will be worth double the money in a few years. Thank you, monsieur.'—The man of measures hurried off before I could say a word, happy to proclaim, far and near, that I had bought his house!

"Half an hour after he quitted me, M. Bonnet, who was very rich and miserly, and fond of investments in real property, did me the honour to call. He made his congra-

tulations upon my good fortune, and said, 'You are an excellent man of business, Monsieur Hervieu, and a prompt one. I live next door to our friend Passy, and want his house. I was sure of it. I had offered him forty-five thousand francs, and knew he could not hold out. You have outbid me, and as I know it would be vain to attempt starving out *you* into a bargain, I shall be frank with you, and offer you fifteen thousand francs upon your purchase.'

"I did *not* jump from my seat in surprise—because the events of the morning had prepared me for almost any thing. I had presence of mind, and sufficient prudence to suppress my emotion, and affect indifference. I requested M. Bonnet to call on me in an hour. He was punctual.

"'M. Bonnet,' said I, with the gravity of a man of business, 'I do not actually require the house, and you may have it on your own terms.' He grasped my hand with energy, declared that he was much indebted to what he called my 'great kindness,' and drawing from his pocket-book, fifteen thousand francs in bills on Paris at thirty days, added, 'Here is your premium, monsieur. You shall have no farther trouble in the business, as I shall pay your purchase money to M. Passy.'

"A few years before, I had received a small legacy from a distant relation, through a commercial house in Paris, the only firm in that city whose name I knew—the only one acquainted with mine. I wrote, accordingly, requesting their advice as to the investment of some funds. I had an answer by return of post, telling me that my letter had reached them when the book for the Spanish loan, in which their house had a share, was closing; and, as the investment was a very promising one, they had reserved an interest of fifty thousand piastres for me. If I did not like the investment, I could readily and profitably sell out at any time, as

that stock was rising. M. Mignon, the head of the house appended a postscript, in his own hand-writing, congratulating me on my recent good fortune, and giving me the assurance of his personal desire to be of service to me in any mode. The Martinique romance had taken wing to Paris.

"Fifty thousand piastres! The amount of the sum startled me.* What should I have thought had I known that, instead of this being the sum invested as I believed, it was only the first deposit on my investment! I wrote to say that they had given me a greater interest in the loan than I desired.

"I had a prompt reply, stating that they had obeyed my intimation—sold out half my investment, at a premium of a hundred and sixty thousand francs†—taken the liberty of reserving thirty shares of the new joint-stock bank in Holland, which was certain to head the money market before any call was made—would insist on making investments for me whenever profitable opportunities warranted speculation on their own account—and begged to add that, fully aware of the difficulty of an immediate settlement of a great colonial property, they had opened a credit to my account with their house, which I might use as I pleased.

"This was all very puzzling. An apparent gain of a hundred and sixty thousand francs! Profits, and investments, and credits! I could make nothing of it, except to suspect that Mignon and Company of Paris had lost their senses.

"In the mean time, I was the lion of Lyons. My mourning suit was a proof positive of my heirship. I was teased with calls of condolence and congratulation. The newspapers gave anecdotes of my cousin Jacques and memoirs of myself. Heaps of loving and hitherto unknown relations sprung up

* A Spanish piastre is worth about eighty-six cents:—the whole amount would be $43,000.

† $32,000.

on all sides, claiming gifts and loans. Yet, with the reputation of possessing immense wealth, I was actually in want of money for my daily expenses, having nothing but M. Bonnet's bills, which, from an utter ignorance of business, I did not know how to discount into current cash. My place in the library had been filled without consulting me. But I was *rich*, and people contended for the honour of my patronage. I still lived in my cheap attic; but that was put down to great humility, or charming eccentricity. I was in high credit, and quite perplexed with my situation. I resolved to go to Paris, and having said so, a wealthy manufacturer, who was about proceeding thither, said he would be highly flattered by my accepting a seat in his *calèche*, which I did, and completely won his heart by allowing him to defray all the expenses of the journey. I afterwards found that he had a strong notion of becoming my father-in-law—if he could.

"M. Mignon and his partners received me with all the respect due to the reputed possessor of two million of francs. Then, like proper men of business, they opened their books.

"'The Spanish stock is still rising,' said M. Mignon. 'I am sorry that Monsieur distrusted it.'

"'What may be the exact value of my remaining stock in the Spanish funds?'

"'Your account stands thus,' replied M. Mignon, 'taking it in round numbers. The Spanish stock, if sold now, would pay you four hundred thousand francs. We saw occasion to put your name down for a hundred shares, instead of thirty, in the new bank; each share is already worth a considerable advance—say about a hundred and fifty thousand francs more.'

"'Without my having paid any thing?'

"'Certainly.'

"'How can I realize these profits, and make a good permanent investment of them?'

"'Nothing safer, if Monsieur *will* take up his profits now, than our Five per Cents: the actual rate is nearly *six*. You have four hundred thousand francs in the Spanish, a hundred and fifty thousand Dutch, a hundred and sixty thousand by the first sale of Spanish—total, over seven hundred thousand: income, say forty thousand francs per annum, in round numbers.'*

"'And when can this be invested?'

"'Whenever Monsieur pleases. Will he favour our house with the negociation?'

"'Assuredly, M. Mignon. You have proved yourself entitled to my fullest confidence.'

"The banker bowed his thanks for the compliment—and his commission. Placing a checkbook before me, he requested me to draw any sum for present demands that I required. Not until that happy moment did I actually realize the truth of the good fortune which had literally been forced upon me. I accepted M. Mignon's pressing invitation to make his house my abode while I remained in Paris. When my funds were invested, reserving M. Bonnet's bills of fifteen thousand francs, for current use, I found my principal in the Five per Cents yielding me over forty thousand francs a year. I had sent down to hire a *château* near Lyons, and, bidding adieu to my friendly bankers, proceeded to take possession of it.

"My return from Paris was immediately known at Lyons. My friends Boyer and Berget—who had seen with consternation what full credence their Martinique romance had obtained—knew not what to think when they heard of my having

* This would show M. Hervieu's capital to be about $140,000, and his annual income $8,500. A very pretty fortune in France.

gone to Paris; the general rumour being that I had taken the journey for the purpose of proving my cousin's will. I cannot suppose that *they* fancied I was mad enough to believe the heirship they had invented.

"They thought it right to call upon me. My house, my furniture, my calèche, my greys, my servants, successively astonished them. I amused myself with their surprise for a few hours, and undeceived them, at last. They were indeed surprised, and warmly complimented me on the ability which, they said, I had displayed. No—I had merely turned circumstances to good account.

"I had another visit shortly after. It was from M. Felix, an old friend of mine. He was a manufacturer in moderate circumstances who had known me from childhood. 'I paid you no visit, my dear Jean,' said he, 'while I believed that a golden shower had fallen upon you. But I call upon you now, to say that it is time this farce were at an end. Wherever I go, I hear it whispered that you have lost your senses, or are willingly lending yourself to a monstrous cheat. I might have believed what every one says; but poor Louise—you have not forgotten Louise?—declares that she is certain your principles are not corrupted, and that, if the whole matter be a cheat, as, indeed, it seems to be, you are more deceived than deceiving. The proprietors of the *Gazette de Lyon* have called upon your associate, Charles Berget, to explain on what authority he wrote the paragraph about your cousin's death that has deceived the whole of Lyons. Fear not, he has refused all explanation, and will not betray you. But he has been this day dismissed from his situation. Give over this matter, my dear Jean. If you want money to settle yourself in the world, in an honest way, I will lend you what I can spare, and in a few years you may retrieve your character as an honest man.'

"'Dear Louise would not believe any ill of me?'

"'No, indeed,' said M. Felix. 'At first, when we heard that you had become rich, she wept bitterly, and said, 'Then we shall see no more of M. Hervieu; he will forget his old friends.' But, when she heard, as every one now says, that you are not rich, she recovered her spirits, and said, 'We shall have Jean with us again—when he is poor, he will be certain to come back and visit us as he used to do.' I don't think I should have called on you to-day, if Louise had not urged me. She bade me tell you that, hear what she may, she never will believe that Jean Hervieu, whom she had known since they were children together, *could* do an act of dishonour.'

"I did not regret the aspersions upon my character, since they were the cause of shewing me that I had one sincere friend, at least. One of the uses of adversity is to try and prove regard. It was due to M. Felix, that I should undeceive him, as to the real state of the question. He was much surprised, as he well might be. 'Louise will be *so* happy,' said he, 'for she insisted that you were slandered. But I hope that Monsieur Hervieu will not forget us because he *is* rich, after all.'

"'My dear friend,' I replied, 'you must still call me your '*pauvre* Jean,' as you used to do when you heaped kindness after kindness on the orphan; and it will go hard with me, if I do not convince Louise, before long, that she is not one whom I am likely to forget.'

"The bubble burst, a few days after this visit from M. Felix. No one knew what to make of the whole story. The very existence of Jacques Hervieu became doubted; the old seaman who had seen him embark at Marseilles, declared it was somebody else. Some people thought me crazy. M. Bonnet said, 'A splendid hoax! it cost *me* fifteen thousand francs!'

At length, the storm descended. My creditors came in a body to dun me. Charles Berget (whom I had made my steward—it was the least I could do, as he had lost his newspaper situation on my account), paid all their accounts, and then gave them a splendid entertainment. Public opinion instantly veered round in my favour. Jacques Hervieu has not yet appeared, and the Lyonese are undecided whether I really did obtain wealth from Martinique, or made a lucky hit by speculation. The only man in Lyons who does know, except M. Felix, is Louis Boyer, to whom I lent a few thousand francs, with which he has entered a commercial firm, and will, probably, make a fortune—not quite so rapidly as I did.

"This is my story, Monsieur. I take my place in society as a man of forty thousand annual income, and people call me a millionaire. I am wealthy, simply because people *would* have it that I was rich—though I protested that I was not.

"I have no more to say. Let us drink to the memory of Jacques Hervieu!"

It is a singular story, said I, and it is a pity that, to give an air of romance to a narrative literally crowded with francs, bankers' accounts, speculations, and investments, it does not wind up—as every true tale does—with love and marriage.

"Precisely so!" replied Hervieu, "and, therefore, let it not surprise you, if, in a fortnight from this very day, you receive an invitation to assist in a ceremony, which, while it will change the fair Louise into Madame Hervieu, I hope may leave her *Felix*—in every thing but name!"

"It is not every one," said Tressilian, joining in the conversation, after this story, "who can contrive to keep the wealth he has won by speculation. I scarcely ever knew one of these millionaires of the moment, who retained what he had gained with scarcely an effort. 'Light come, lightly go,' should be the motto of this class. It might be said of a money-man of this order, what was tartly said of a popular author, that if he goes up like a rocket, he comes down like a stick. It is the same with what has been won at the gambling-table, it does no permanent good to those who gain it. I do not remember a single gambler, who has retired without actual loss in the long run. Speculation, which, in a few weeks, would fain make the colossal fortunes steady enterprise and integrity take years of labour to amass, is but a sort of gaming after all, and moved, as to its results, by the same influences. But," he added, "I must beg the ladies to pardon me for philosophizing."

"Our sex," said Lady Morton, "will scarcely thank Sir Julian Tressilian for the inference, that we cannot appreciate or enjoy serious discourse. I suppose he would limit the subjects upon which our attention should be engaged, to small talk about frills and flounces—laces and muslins—fashions and scandal."

A protest from the gentleman, that he could not have been guilty of *petite trahison* of such a description, was retorted by the lady, that he had been condemned, without the liberty of appeal. "Your punishment," said she, "shall not be a very heavy one. You have heard these gentlemen severally relate a story, and the judgment of the court is, that you follow so excellent an example; and your pardon shall be the more plenary, if you relate a personal adventure."

"I shall rejoice," said he, "to fulfil my destiny, or submit to my doom, which ever wording may best please your lady-

ship, so it be understood by this goodly company, that each of them, before we leave Matlock, shall do likewise."

"The gentlemen, I am sure," said the fair dame, "will consent to the arrangement."

"Yes," he replied; "but it must extend to the ladies also."

Lady Morton said, that, on that head, the parties concerned must consult. But when she turned round, Lady Tressilian's chair was vacant—its fair occupant had retired a few minutes before. Then, with a charming smile, which appeared quite irresistible, Lady Morton said, that she believed the majority would be against her if she resisted, and therefore, yielding to numbers, like many other combatants, she must even assent to the terms proposed.

Sir Julian, therefore, consented to be the next story-teller. He was a fine-looking man, upon whose brow middle age had scarcely yet set its signet. His appearance was prepossessing; he had an ingenuous and winning expression of countenance; and this, as well as a fine person, and an air *distingué*, must have once done considerable havoc among female hearts, and doubtless would still have been successful, but, from the first moment we saw him, it was evident that his attentions were reserved for the lady who sate by his side, and with whom he seemed to be on especial good terms.

In the earlier part of the evening, we had noticed what seemed exceedingly like flirtation between them; that interchange of looks which shows the freemasonry of the heart; varying tones, which, in their modulation, told to each other far more than was meant for the common ear; smiles, which well became the manly cheek of the gentleman, and the fair countenance of the *dama*:—all, in fact, which would have been of rather a suspicious and suggestive character, but from the knowledge gained from his lips, within ten minutes after

he had frankly made our acquaintance, that the lady was—his wife.

She was, indeed, as attractive a person as ever it has been my fortune to look upon. Perhaps, one might think her not quite young enough to figure as the heroine of a love-story. It was difficult to discover her age from her looks and figure. The latter was slight, as if she had not long emerged from the gracefulness of "sweet seventeen;" while looking at her face, you might doubt whether she was five-and-twenty, or some ten years older. Hers was an aspect which, even in age, would probably retain much of the expression of youth; for, as Byron says,

> "There are forms which Time to touch forbears,
> And turns aside his scythe to vulgar things."

She appeared imbued with that glorious sunshine of the heart, which is the best cosmetic in the world. I am wholly at a loss for words to describe the character of her beauty—living, breathing, real. Was it beauty?

> "Oh, no! it was something more exquisite still!"

The features were fine in their *ensemble*, though, taken separately, they were not what you would call "beautiful." They had that best of graces—the grace and charm of Expression, which sometimes irradiates even an ordinary face, and rests on handsome features like an aureol on a Madonna's pure forehead.* There was something in her piquant air—her *espiègle* glance, from hazel eyes at once bright and soft; her lovely alternations of colour, for there fitfully gleamed a rose-tinted glow through her skin, "darkly beautiful" as

* "And on her head, a glory—like a saint's."—KEATS.

Kaled's,—her brow, clear as alabaster,—her glossy hair, with its slight natural wave, tasteful and simple in its arrangement,—and, above all, in her earnest look, breathing as much natural goodness as ever illumined any countenance—which, taken altogether, formed something far better than the mere statuesque loveliness at which

"We start—for soul is wanting there."

It was pleasant to notice that her helpmate considered her the very incarnation of all that was excellent. So attentive, so *very* attentive, was he to her, that, as I have said, we might have suspected, at first, that they were but recently married; but, on observation, we could perceive that his was a more temperate and calm attention than is paid by the bridegroom to the bride; and the manner in which the lady received his little kindnesses (the farthest possible from any thing like those the newly-wedded too often so foolishly exhibit), clearly showed that she had long been accustomed to the homage.

It was, indeed, a charming specimen of marriage as it should be. The husband kind, affectionate, and gentle; the wife not less so, but with a more delicate tenderness, the exquisite sentiment, as it were, which is to be found in the crucible of wedded life, after Love has passed through the fiery heat of Passion, and become sublimed into hearted Friendship. Theirs was an interchange of the most delightful courtesy imaginable, springing from the heart, and best nurtured there. Alas! not always is it so. Many a hearth is desolate, though the wedded sit by it—smiles to the world around them, but worse than cold to each other. Many a heart may brokenly live on, though mirth can light the countenance, and smiling wit vivify conversation with its flashes. Better the grave than this death-in-life, which

palsies exertion, and confuses thought, and fetters imagination, and teaches the lips to wear smiles, with the arrow rankling in the unseen wound. The Spartan, concealing the strong agony which was preying upon his life, had not a stronger struggle to seem calm than those of whom I write.

All of us had been interested from the first, in this agreeable couple, and now (the lady not having returned), all felt delighted when her husband kept his promise, and rapidly told his story thus:—

TRESSILIAN'S STORY.

My name is Julian Tressilian, as you already know. My family came from Cornwall, where they had been settled long before the Conquest. My grandfather was made a baronet by George the Second for his active services as a volunteer, when the isle was frightened from its propriety, by the Rebellion of 1745. There is a family tradition, that on this occasion he rejected a peerage, declaring that he would rather be the first of the gentry, than the last of the nobility.

My father was a younger son. Like most of the class, he early made what was called—a foolish marriage. That is, he married a woman whom he loved, and who very dearly loved him, but whose family could not be traced back more than a few generations. His marriage arrayed his relations against him—made him, in short, the Pariah of the family. He was young, spirited, and ardent, so he solaced himself with the happiness of wedded life. I verily believe, that he with narrow means, was far happier than his elder brother, with the title, and the rich estate, and the family tree, with its Saxon roots, and its branches sometimes shooting into alliance with noble and even royal personages.

My eldest uncle, the baronet, was a haughty man, who could not relish the thought that his brother was not quite as wealthy as he should have been, had he married the heiress whom it had been arranged he might have had. Selfish, as well as proud, my uncle did not think of bettering my father's

circumstances out of his own ample resources, but offered to procure him a situation in Ireland—one of the Government appointments by which obsequious votes in the House of Commons were then rewarded. My uncle, I should have told you, had a "leading interest" in two boroughs. The offer was ungraciously made, but it was not declined, for its emoluments were necessary; so my father accepted it, removing himself and his wants from the vicinity of his proud brother.

I was an only child. While I was yet very young, my mother died; and I had completed my twentieth year, when it pleased Providence that my father should follow her.

His illness was very brief. He told me, only an hour before his death, what indeed, I had long suspected, that he had fully lived up to his income, and had not taken the precaution, so requisite for persons whose incomes terminate with their lives, of securing provision for me by means of an insurance. He was constantly saying that he would commit this act of prudence, but he had deferred it from time to time, until it was too late. The fact was that—as *only* two brothers, with their families, stood between him and the baronetcy—he had secretly calculated on the succession, at some time or other. In this foolish expectation he had latterly lived—rather according to his hopes than his means. The result was that, when all his debts were paid, I found myself master of less than a hundred pounds. This was the whole of my worldly possession at the time.

I had greater treasures, however, although less readily convertible into food and clothing. I had youth, with its sanguine, hopeful spirit. I had energy, without which nothing exalted can ever be dared or done. I had confidence in myself. More than all, I had received a good education. My instructors had reported me as an idle boy who could

learn if he would. For the last three or four years after I had left school, I had "taken to learning," as the saying is in Ireland, and as the proficiency thus acquired had somewhat made up for past carelessness, I had obtained a fair share of general information. The necessity for exertion was now a stimulus to my ambition. I resolved to go to London, and not having been brought up to any profession, there adventure in the paths of literature.

One of my first steps, on my father's death, had been to write to my uncle, Sir Edgar Tressilian, acquainting him with the fact. In due course, I received a letter of condolence, formal and cold, informing me that his own health was excellent; that one uncle had just broken his neck in leaping a double-ditch in a steeple-chase; that the other, who had five sons—how, in the name of common-sense, *could* my poor father anticipate that all these who stood between him and the baronetcy, would be so complaisant as to die?—was well and flourishing; and that the tone of independence in my letter forbade his presuming to offer any advice as to my position and prospects. Disgusted with the coldness of this epistle, I threw it into the fire, and was about sending the franked envelope to keep it company, when I saw a few lines pencilled within. I remember them well. They were these:

"Dearest Cousin,

"Never mind my father's letter. He gave it to me to seal, and thus I have chanced to read it. He does not mean the harshness which he writes. I am quite sure he would be glad to see you at Tressilian Court. Knowing that you cannot have an excess of the goods of Fortune, I must entreat that you will oblige me by using what I shall send to-morrow. I do not require it, and it may be of service to you.

"Emma."

Next day came a second and a longer letter from my cousin Emma. It enclosed £50—the savings or surplus of her pocket money. I was greatly obliged by this kind and thoughtful gift, and was not too proud to accept of it.

When I first saw London, I had only turned my twentieth year. I entered the mighty city as many a man entered it before me—that is, as a literary adventurer. My money was soon spent, for I did not then know its value. My spirits sunk with my sinking fortunes. I had formed no extravagant hopes of success, but I confess, that I had expected to meet with some employment for my pen. But there ever arose this difficulty—I was not only very young, but wholly unknown. Publishers and editors received me politely, but asked not what I *could* do, but what I *had* done? I was quite a stranger, wholly untried, and they were naturally unwilling to risk the experiment of engaging with one who had yet to make a name. I did not blame them, even then, and I certainly cannot blame them now. It was one of the liabilities of the career upon which I had entered; and I felt that if some lucky chance in the chapter of accidents did not turn up, it was possible that I might never have the opportunity of shewing what I really could do. Of all the misfortunes in all this mortal life, I know few more heart-sickening than that of a man of letters, who feels that he has the ability to do what would give him high reputation, but cannot obtain the opportunity of getting the wished-for field of action for that ability.

You may be sure that I did not forget to solicit the proprietors of the newspaper press. Here, again, the same thing occurred. Men of at least equal ability with myself, and the full experience which I did not possess, naturally were engaged; and while I lamented the fact, I could not wonder at it. I stooped—if a man can be said to stoop when

he seeks for honest employment—I stooped even to solicit the situation of reader in a printing-office: the same result—I wanted experience, and employers care not to pay a man, and also show him how to do his business, and wait until he has learned it. Then, as I wrote a fair hand, and was a good accountant, I endeavoured to obtain the situation of mercantile clerk, but I had no one to whom to refer for character, and give the requisite security for probity. It was the same with every thing I tried—there always was some excellent impediment to my success. I might have been own brother to the unfortunate gentleman who complained that, if he had been a hatter, it was probable the human race would have been born without heads.

At last, after I had been in London for some months, I was so fortunate as to obtain employment. Heaven knows it did not come before it was wanted, for my resources were literally *in extremis*. Why should I be ashamed to confess that I have known what it is to want food for more than a day, for I had to depend for mere existence on the remuneration (slight enough at all times), which I could obtain for such light articles of literature or criticism as I had disposed of to the magazines and weekly periodicals. But now, a more certain and remunerative field for literary exertion was opened to me. I was engaged as a principal contributor to a biographical work of some pretensions, and I prepared to enter upon it with the earnestness and industry which are requisite for such a purpose. I had established a character for punctuality and readiness while casually contributing to one of the magazines, and this induced its proprietor to offer me this engagement, which was prosperity itself, compared with the condition out of which my recent struggles had not been able to extricate me.

On a fine April morning, as I passed through the streets of

London, truly alone in their peopled solitude, I accidentally passed by St. George's Church, Hanover Square, just as a bridal party was entering that fashionable building. Curiosity led me in, to witness the performance of the marriage service. The bride was a charming girl, on the very verge of womanhood—not more than eighteen years of age, and scarcely looking as old. She was precisely, on that day, what Byron meant, when he described Aurora Raby as

"A rose, with all its petals yet unfolded."

The bridegroom was about four times her age. It certainly was not a love-match; but neither did it appear to be a forced marriage. The young lady exhibited no appearance of regret at what *I* could not help thinking a great sacrifice. She demeaned herself with graceful elegance, and may be said to have gone through the ceremony "as well as could be expected."

At the age of one-and-twenty, if ever, a man may have a little romance in his mind. What a dull plodder is he who has not. For my own part, I have always been building castles in the air; and, on that day, looking upon that young and beautiful bride, I felt a strong regret that she should have been so unmeetly matched to Age; that—shall I own the weakness?—that she was not more meetly mated to myself.

Up to that hour, I had been heart-free. While gazing on this fair girl, the arrow entered into my soul. It was foolish—it was wrong. I knew that; but I could not help lingering for a parting and nearer gaze upon her. To look on such beauty was nothing wrong; to look on it and love it, on the moment, as I did, *was*.

At last, the ceremony was concluded. I hastened out of

the church, to catch a parting glimpse. A carriage was drawn up to the steps. The aged bridegroom hastened down them as rapidly as his infirmities would allow, the bride supporting him rather than being herself supported. The novelty and excitement of her situation had slightly tinged her cheek with the most delightful and changeful blush imaginable. My fixed and eager glance met hers—I fancied that she blushed yet deeper beneath that steadfast impassioned gaze. The bridegroom, forgetful of the politeness which, *then* at least, should have been extended to the lady, entered the carriage before her. I saw all the embarrassment of her situation, and eagerly stepped forward to assist her. In truth, she had no other resource. Half confused—half angered, perhaps—she took my proffered hand in preference to that of a liveried lackey. A moment, and she was in the carriage. She gracefully bowed her thanks—the vehicle whirled off—I stood alone, on the steps of St. George's Church, gazing after it.

My self-possession immediately returned. I bounded off at my utmost speed. The people whom I passed must have thought me mad. I contrived to keep the carriage in view, though I became so exhausted by my long and rapid race, that I was more than once on the point of abandoning the pursuit. Still I mechanically toiled on—my heart heaving as if it were about to break; my temples throbbing as if the blood would burst from the swelled arteries; my knees bending beneath me. I was forced to lean against a lamp-post for support, utterly exhausted, when—the carriage stopped.

I stood in Harley street. My fatigue was at once forgotten. Again I rushed forward—just in time to hand the bride from the carriage. The servants had no time to interfere; perhaps they thought I was one of her friends. She grew pale and

red by turns. She did not refuse my hand, but her own trembled within it. She might not have wondered at my interference at the church-door, for that might have been only a simple act of courtesy; but how must she have been surprised to see me before her, at the end of her route.

All this was embarrassing—but there was no time for explanation, could I have given it. Her hand was ungloved; the glove fell to the ground. I raised it up, and ventured to press to my lips the fair hand I held. She looked into my face with a sort of smiling surprise as, with the air of a princess, she withdrew that hand. I turned aside. The aged bridegroom was on the threshold of his door by this time. The carriage rolled away. The white train of the bride swept within the hall. I saw her fair face turned towards me. I bowed. My salute was gracefully but hesitatingly acknowledged. The door closed, and I stood in Harley street, pressing the glove to my lips—feeling more alone than I had ever felt in my life, with a world of regrets that, until it was too late, I had not seen and known that bright creature who had glanced across my path for that brief time,

"Too brief to meet, but never to forget."

As I went home, I communed with my heart. The still, small voice spoke, and was neither unheard nor unheeded. I took a wiser resolution than young blood and heated imagination might have been expected to form. I perceived that the lady and myself could have no interest in each other; she was a wife now, and I but a struggling stranger. However unequally she was matched, still she *was* mated; nor could I forget the great gulf thus placed between us. So I turned to my solitary home—to be more solitary in future, by the contrast which Fancy would create—and dreamed away

the hours in a reverie, sad, and soul-subduing. The next day, I arose a wiser man, and endeavoured to think more of what I had to do, and less of the bright vision, who, to me, as Wordsworth says of his wife, was—

> "A sudden apparition sent,
> To be a moment's ornament."

I have said that I had obtained a literary engagement. It was peculiarly suited to my taste; for, even when a careless schoolboy, reading all books, except those which I should have studied, I had delighted to learn history through biography; to know public actions, and their motives, from the lives of the actors. The work on which I was engaged was biographical; and I wrote it, therefore, with a thorough liking for the subject. It gave me subsistence, and it brought me reputation. True, my gains were not very great; but my wants were few, and my habits were not expensive. I had not much fame, but still it *was* fame. I got the credit for having done my work well, and this was the stepping-stone to distinction. If not of the highest quality, yet it was of some value. I knew that he who hopes to look down from the mountain's brow, must first conquer the difficulties of the ascent; and I was content to toil my way onward as best I could, even though my stages of advance were but small.

Although my thoughts sometimes reverted to the fair bride of Harley street, she did not continue to engross my attention half so much as might have been expected from my sanguine temperament. I can account for this by stating, that, for twelve or fourteen months succeeding the adventure of the bridal, I was so much engaged in authorship, that I really had not time to think of love. Now and then, I gazed upon the white glove with mingled feelings. Perhaps, too,

if I saw a graceful figure in the street or at the theatre, I may have looked, with more than common anxiety, to see whether the face was that of my unknown charmer; but to prove to you how very little, beyond the first impression, my heart was interested, I never went into Harley street. You smile? You think that this avoidance proves I was not so very indifferent, or so very strong and sure in my indifference, as I would have persuaded myself I was? You may be right.

During all this time, I had scarcely heard any thing of those members of my father's family who had treated me with so much coldness and indifference. Once or twice, my uncle wrote to me on business; and I was not sorry to have the opportunity in my reply, of paying off pride with pride. It appeared that three of my cousins, ambitious of the doubtful distinction of being esteemed "fast men" at the University, had drunk themselves into fever, and had died soon after, from the consequences of their hard living. The Baronet was anxious to sell part of his estates; but as I stood collaterally in the line of succession, my consent was necessary, according to family settlements, "merely as a matter of form" (as I was told). previous to his proceeding to "dock the entail." I never wrote any letter with more satisfaction than that in which, respectfully but firmly, I declined all interference with the affairs of a family which had all but disowned my father, and had deserted myself. I was resolved to show them that, in spirit at least, I was a true Tressilian. I subsequently was informed that my haughty uncle rather respected me for my unbending disposition. As it turned out, he had ample cause to rejoice over it. He wanted the money to make a large investment in the purchase of mining property, at the suggestion of some Dousterswivel of the day, and my refusal to join him in executing the

necessary instruments saved him from ruin. The party who was induced to enter into the speculation, lost nearly half a million by it, and eventually died in a prison. I sometimes had a letter from my cousin Emma, always full of affectionate interest in my well-doing. She was the sole link to bind me to my house.

One of the dreams of my early ambition had been to write a successful drama. At that time, it was considered rather fashionable to have a dramatic taste. But Kean, who had carried the public along with him on his first appearance in London, some years before, was still in the ascendant, whenever it pleased his caprice to take the trouble of acting earnestly. There was truth in what he told his wife, when she asked him how Lord Essex liked his Sir Giles Overreach, "The pit rose at me." Never had triumph been more complete. The energy of the man—the passion—the truth—bore all before him. The secret of his success was tersely developed in the brief criticism of John Kemble,—"He is at all times terribly in earnest"—a frank tribute, and a generous one, from one great actor to another. The coldness of an English audience had vanished, for the public became enthusiastic when he played. Among them, I could not resist the power of the witchery.

I was literally spell-bound by Edmund Kean's powerful delineations. You forgot, as you bowed before the whirlwind of passion which he raised, that his voice was defective, his action abrupt, and his stature insignificant. You could only note, that there, you saw an actor setting at defiance and deposing the hereditary "points" in each character, and substituting Nature's well-regulated impulses for the conventionalities of what was called the Classical Drama. You felt that, at length, this was to realize what you had imagined as the perfection of acting; other great performers might have

been scholastic and disciplined, this one was intellectual and impulsive. You forgot at times, that the scene was a mimic one, the circumstances unreal, and that the actor was uttering words written by another man, and merely committed to his memory. You saw that he felt every word he spoke. His singularly expressive and well-cut Italian countenance illustrated the sentiments to which he was to give voice; and then, his brillant eyes,—they spoke as much as his lips did. Kean did not seem as if he were simulating a character, but as if he were the person he represented. Night after night, I followed with the public in the wake of his triumph, rejoiced to find that Nature and Truth were recognized upon the English stage, in the highest walk of the drama.

Suddenly came the thought—how brilliant would success be if partaken with him and by his means. Why should not *I* write a play, in which *he* could perform? Mine to make the creation—his acting to breathe into it the vitality of existence!

This thought I siezed upon as a miser would grasp a treasure. Soon I commenced my task. I meditated much on the subject, and how it should be treated. The main plot was fully developed in my mind before I put pen to paper. In two months I had completed the drama. Then followed a pause of a few weeks, after which, the enthusiasm of composition having cooled down, I could calmly play the critic on what I had written, and prune the exuberance of the language, and strengthen, by compression, the consistency of the plot. Lastly, came the difficulty, not undreamt of until that moment, but too much disregarded,—how to get it acted.

I had the boldness to do what the emergency required—what, perhaps the emergency alone could have justified. I waited upon Kean, with my play in my hand, and told him how his acting had enforced me to write. He encouraged

my hopes, and soothed my doubts. He carefully read my play, and, approving generally of it, suggested some alterations, to give greater effect to the acting. They were suggested by his stage experience, and knowledge of what is called *situation*. I saw that he was right, and made them. He approved, and even took upon himself to bring my play before the authorities of Drury-Lane Theatre—that establishment whose fortunes he had once redeemed. He did more; he introduced me to some of his most influential patrons and friends. I have heard that he was capricious in his manner and regard—to me he was ever most kind and considerate. With all his faults, what a noble heart did that wondrous man possess!

Kean had not miscalculated his influence at the theatre. My play was accepted and put in rehearsal, Kean himself consenting to take the leading part; which indeed, I had written for him. As, avoiding the errror of allowing one actor to monopolize all the effect, I had diffused the interest throughout the play, the others who were to perform in it were well satisfied with their respective parts, and assured me, each and all, that they would use their best exertions to effect my success. I had faith in the promise, as it involved their own success also.

The play was produced. As I sat in the pit, alone in that great crowd, tremblingly anxious for its fate, I caught a glimpse of the bride of Harley street, in a private box immediately opposite me! There she sate, more beautiful than ever. A mourning dress was in admirable contrast and deep relief with the purity of her complexion. I had never paid much attention to the minutiæ of female attire, and never until now had I occasion to regret the ignorance which prevented my knowing whether I saw a widow's weeds. But no! those *could* not be the proverbially unbecoming garments of widowhood.

The play went on beyond my hopes, but now I little heeded how it proceeded. My heart—my hopes had all been intent on its success; now the whole was changed, like the shifting slide in a magic lantern—and my tragedy, the world itself, was nothing to me. *My* world sat before me lovelier than ever my dreams had imaged her.

At last the ordeal was past. The play was over, and announced for repetition amid shouts of applause; and few would have suspected that the abstracted, anxious being in the pit was the successful author. Some of my friends recognised me, made way to me, thronged round me, shook hands with me, and warmly offered me their congratulations. A whisper ran through the house—"The author." Presently the whisper found a voice. I felt, as painfully as proudly, that I was the object of general interest. I was triumphant. Little more than two-and-twenty, I had gained a success such as, at that immature age few had even striven for. I had produced, they said, that novelty—a truly original drama; not a weak dilution "adapted from the French," but a play which was thoroughly English in sentiment and manner. All eyes were upon me, all voices swelling to do me honor—the eyes I wished to meet, the voice I longed to hear, these alone were wanting. At length, the beautiful Unknown joined in the general interest: the murmur had reached her also. She had warmly applauded the play in its progress; more than once, I saw that she had given it that sincerest of all tributes, her tears. Now she turned to look upon the successful author; but her eyes coldly met mine, without any recognition, and she rose to leave the theatre.

I also lost no time in quitting my place. So intent was I in the pursuit, that I did not heed, far less acknowledge, the plaudits which greeted me as I left the scene of my triumph. So much the better; it was attributed to my modesty! In fact, I was quite unconscious of the applause.

I was just in time. The lady's carriage was at the door. There was a dreadful crush, as there always was, at that time, when Kean performed. Coachman strove with coachman in most execrational and bitter emulation; ladies were frightened, gentlemen indignant. The lady was stepping into her carriage, when I saw the horses rushing on the pavement. I dashed forward to aid. I snatched her from her perilous position with one hand, while, with the other, I succeeded in restraining the nearest horse. Others came to give assistance, and I could then devote my whole attention to the frightened lady, whom I placed in her carriage. I also went in: the door was closed; and the vehicle rapidly disengaged from the tumultuous crowd, and homeward bound.

Meanwhile, my fair charge was scarcely conscious of what had happened. The rapid motion of the carriage somewhat restored her. "Where am I?" she asked, as she recovered consciousness. My reply satisfied her; a few broken words of explanation formed our conversation. I was too much excited by past recollections and the conflict of present thoughts; she, independent of her recent alarm, had sufficient excuse for silence. She might have felt disinclined to converse with a stranger, or probably she then was only conscious that somebody had rescued her from danger, and was escorting her home.

We soon arrived in Harley street. We stopped at the well-remembered house. I saw a hatchment over the door. I perceived that the servants were in mourning. This gave some confirmation to my hopes—God forgive me!—that my charmer was a widow.

I handed her out of the carriage. She lingered for a moment to return me thanks, and politely requested to know to whom she was indebted for what she was pleased to term my "very particular kindness." I did not half relish the cool manner in which the inquiry was made—as if it

were but a mere matter of form. Perhaps I was a little piqued that she scarcely deigned to look at me while asking the question. I expected that, at the very least, she might have turned the full light of her countenance upon the man who had saved her life, probably at the risk of his own: but there she stood, her face only half turned towards me, and her bright eyes most provokingly fixed, not upon mine. You smile at this? I can smile now, to think how such a trifle could have annoyed me then. But such things, in the days of youth, will cloud the sunshine of the heart, and pale the cheek, and dim the eye, and dull the spirit; for the joys and griefs of life are composed of trifles—even as the Andes are made up of atoms.

In reply to the lady's inquiry, I handed her my card, at the same time pronouncing my name. Nothing could be more rapid than the change caused by the utterance of the word "Tressilian." I doubt whether the "Open, Sesame!" of Ali Baba had a more sudden or powerful effect. The moment the word had passed my lips, she turned round, eagerly and earnestly fixing upon me an intense and searching glance, as if she would have read every secret of my heart. I have never pretended to be a very bashful man, but I quailed beneath the intensity of that look. To make matters worse, it continued long. I began to feel as much annoyed by her excess of attention, as I had previously been by her neglect of it. Even a man of the world might have been embarrassed—I was but a man of letters, and beings of my order are sometimes as little self-possessed as possible.

The lady found a voice at last, but not until she had read my features as you would read a book. If my identity were to be proved, she had qualified herself for a witness most completely.

"Tressilian?" she repeated. "It is very strange." Then, after another pause—"may I ask whether we have met before."

I answered that we had.

"Will Mr. Tressilian be so obliging as to mention where and when?"

"About two years ago, at St. George's Church."

"Ah?" she said, "I remember it now. I really was very stupid not to have instantly recognized the gentleman, to whose attentions on my wedding-day I was so much and so unexpectedly indebted. I was a little annoyed by them, too, at the time." These last words were spoken in rather a mirthful manner.

She went on:—"You are about asking my permission to call to-morrow, and inquire how I have got over to-night's alarm. I certainly cannot refuse to see the gentleman who has obliged me thrice."

I made some unintelligible reply. She cut short my compliments—"One word more: your name is Tressilian?"—I bowed assent.

"Julian Tressilian?"—I was surprised at her knowledge of my Christian name, as my look might have shown her.

"The nephew, I believe, of Sir Edgar Tressilian, of Cornwall?"—Again I silently assented.

"Then, Sir, though I have received few male visitors since my husband's death, I shall be happy to see you again; you will remember the house?"

The prettiest possible smile played upon her lips as she thus invited me to call upon her. Cheerfully enough I promised to pay the visit, and departed with my mind full of thoughts, the most varied and contending.

It was one consolation to learn that my now known Unknown was not shackled by the bond matrimonial; another, that she had forgiven, but not forgotten, my strange conduct on her wedding-day; a third, that she had been not only courteous, but apparently desirous to see me again. I was

puzzled with conjectures as to the means by which she could have obtained such an accurate knowledge of my family connexions. So intent was my mind on these speculations, that I almost forgot my success at the theatre. By degrees, my thoughts flowed in a calmer current, and a sound, dreamless sleep closed my contemplations on that eventful evening. You will fancy this a "lame and impotent conclusion;" but as I am telling you what occurred, and not inventing a romance, I cannot alter it.

I awoke early in the morning, and very anxiously longed for the hours to run on more quickly. Never had they appeared so leaden-footed as then. Shall I confess it? my most anxious thought was to see—the widow of Harley street? No; to have a glance through the newspapers. You cannot wonder at my impatience. Every one, whatever his occupation, is anxious to see what the newspapers say of him. As Hamlet said of the players, "They are the abstracts, and brief chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live." My drama had been very successful on the stage; but a great deal, as regarded the mind of the public, depended on what the critics of the Press might say of it.

All of them seemed in a friendly conspiracy to be kind to me. Of Kean's acting they spoke enthusiastically. A light heart was mine; I was, indeed, one of the happiest men in London on that morning.

As the day rolled on, visitor after visitor called upon me. Never before had my humble apartments received such distinguished visitors. To have written a successful play was a great thing in those days; therefore, I had quite a levée of the gifted and distinguished. I might gratify my vanity by naming some of them, and repeating what they said; but I have outlived that feeling, and must hasten my story to

a conclusion. Among my visitors was Kean, with his heart upon his lips, loud in my praise, and delighted with his own success. Never before had I experienced the deep, deep pleasure of hearing my own praises from the lips of those whose favourable opinion was distinction. I was proudly conscious of this great delight, for I felt that I had done something to deserve it.

At last—and I thought they never would have departed—my friends went away. Hurrying to pay my promised visit, I was in Harley street in a very short time. I asked, "Is Mrs. Stanley at home?" I was told "Yes;" and that she had waited within all the morning.

I was ushered into a noble, and magnificently furnished room. At the time, I had eyes for neither its size, nor its splendid adornments; but I saw *one*, the loveliest, greeting me with a gentle and winning smile. Two years had matured her into a very charming woman; and, she seemed to me beautiful as the glad image of a poet's thought.

My reception was courteous and even kind. In reply to some playful badinage as to my having fashionably delayed my visit until so late an hour, I frankly told her what had detained me.

"What!" she exclaimed, "the great dramatist condescends to bestow a few minutes upon such insignificance as mine! Here is the *Morning Post*, with a full column of praise and extracts, and a mysterious announcement that the unnamed author of this new and successful play is nephew of a Baronet of ancient family in the south-west of England. Good Master Tressilian, your modesty will run a fair chance of being ruined."

Once entered into conversation, I did not allow it to flag. Nor did we, even thus early, lack those mutual confidences which are so delightful when the parties are young, and of

different sexes. I confessed how much I had been struck with her on her bridal day. She seemed to encourage my talking of myself. Believe me that one of the most dangerous positions in which you can place a young man, is to allow him to speak of himself to a charming woman, who pays him the perilous compliment of being interested, or seeming to be, in what he says:—the seeming is scarcely distinguishable from the reality in such cases, and often merges into it. That day fixed my fate.

There was every excuse for it—if love ever can require excuse. The lady was not only beautiful but accomplished; more so, perhaps, than is usual at her age, for she was not yet twenty. But there was deep and solid good sense, like a rocky foundation, beneath the Corinthian embellishments of her mind. Added to this, there was strong feeling, a dash of enthusiasm, and that most dangerous weapon which can be possessed by a lovely, witty, wilful woman—a keen perception of the ridiculous. This she possessed rather than wielded—the jewelled scimitar flashed rather than smote. In contemplative repose, her face would have reminded you of the beautiful description of one of our poets,

> "Thought sits upon her happy brow—like light!
> The pure young thoughts that have no taint of sin!
> Making the mortal beauty yet more bright,
> By the immortal beauty from within."

With so many natural and acquired advantages, I doubt to this hour, which was most to be admired, her beauty or her talents.

The interest which she took, or seemed to take, in whatever concerned me, was very flattering. My visit lasted two hours. Time was not leaden-footed there, and in that interval she had become acquainted with rather more of my

adventures, few as they had been, than, a week before, I could have deemed it possible I should have communicated to any one. But when the auditor is fair and winning, the heart *will* speak freely.

There was this satisfaction—she was nearly as communicative as myself. Her father had held a high situation at Madras, in the Civil service of the East India Company. With the usual profusion of persons accustomed to Oriental habits of luxury, but without the prudence which many of them exercise, he had contrived to spend every sixpence of his income; so that, when he died, his daughter Mariana was almost destitute. Mr. Stanley, who had been his schoolfellow in youth, and his friend through life, took charge of the orphan, then a mere child; sent her to England to be educated; and on his return from India, was so much struck with the *naïveté* of her manners and the freshness of her beauty, that, instead of adopting her as his daughter, which was his first intention, he offered her his hand and fortune. She was without another friend in the world, was quite unconscious of the sacrifice she was making, and therefore had little hesitation in promising to espouse her father's friend. It was a new edition of "January and May," as far as years were concerned: for she was not seventeen, and he was about seventy. Shortly after she had made this promise, Mr Stanley's health broke up, from the effects of climate and its change, and during several months of acute suffering, she was his constant attendant, nursing him with the care and kindness of maturer years. On his partial recovery, he informed her that, in order to give her an indisputable right to succeed to his fortune, he still hoped she would become his wife—intimating that, as he could not desire her to sacrifice her youth to his infirmities, they should still preserve their relative positions of parent and child by adoption. On

such an understanding, their union took place. Its celebration, as I had seen, was private, but she was a wife only in name. For about a year, she continued to tend the old man —ever at his side, with the affection and kindness of a dear child. His death left her in affluence—the bulk of his fortune, amounting to some thousands a year, becoming her own without any restriction. She had continued to reside in the house which Mr. Stanley had purchased on his return from India. A female relative, to whom such a home was an object, lived with her as companion.

Such was the substance of what I heard, part of it not until long after—a story which rather damped my own hopes. If I despised one thing more than another, it was that wretched character, a fortune-hunter. I own that, if I had been smitten before, I was doubly struck now, when a few hours' conversation had revealed the rich and varied resources of Mrs. Stanley's mind. But here was a sudden dash to my hopes. If she had been poor, I would most gladly have been the friend to protect, and love, and cherish her through life. If she had been poor, I would have coined my heart into drachmas for her; I would have felt pride in tasking my mind to support her;—but here, amid wealth and luxury, with all the friends they can command, she was too far above my aim.

You who know any thing of the passion-springs of the heart, of the passion-stirrings of the heart, of the rapture which the heart feels in converse with one whom it loves—you may imagine how rapidly flew the hours, while we thus conversed together, free and friendly as if we had known each other for years. When I enquired how the accident of the preceding evening had affected her, she told me that, until that morning, she had not been fully conscious of the extent of her obligations to me—that, yield-

ing to some unaccountable impulse, she had gone to the theatre, escorted by a gentleman who was a near relative of her late husband—that, the play having ended, she was about departing, when having reached the vestibule of the theatre, her escort heedlessly quitted her for a moment to hasten her carriage, which drove up before his return—and that I had arrived just in time to be of service to her.

We parted. I promised to repeat my visit—how cheerfully I kept my word! Day after day the chain was more and more inextricably entwined around my heart. I knew it, yet I did not resist it. I gladly yielded to the spell, and to my great joy, the lady appeared as little loth as myself to continue the acquaintance. Sometimes, indeed—when out of her presence—I determined to be less passive, to wean myself, gradually and imperceptibly, from companionship so charming and so perilous. But the resolution was sure to be broken. There was this new poem to be read, that song to be practised. Byron and Moore were pouring out Poetry and Melody, with vigour and sweetness at that time: to say nothing of a host of minor singing-birds; now I had promised to accompany her to see her portrait in the Exhibition—it was one of the loveliest that Lawrence had ever painted; to-morrow we were to visit Windsor—the next day we were to join a party which had arranged to go to see the paintings at Dulwich—in short, there was a round of engagements, and, as these were fulfilled, new ones were proposed and entered into. Thus, it was utterly impossible to keep my resolution of allowing the acquaintance to grow cold—perhaps this was a principal reason why I so often made such a resolution.

I had a friend—a worldly-minded, hard man—who had made a fortune by the law, as respectably, no doubt, as it usually is ever so made. He was a shrewd, calculating man,

wholly free from any idea of romance. He never would neglect his own interests, nor would he willingly injure the interests of others. He was so strictly just, that I did not think him capable of also being generous. I had rendered this man a service; and, while thanking me, in a very few words, he had told me that whenever I required it, his advice was at my command. I do not know what motive impelled me to visit him, for he was about the last person in the world of whom one would think of making a confidant in an affair of the heart. Yet, I actually did go to him with that view. It may have been because I was confident he would not laugh at me. I told him what I felt, and feared, and hoped. He heard me with attention. "It strikes me," said he, "that this lady and her fortune would be a desirable speculation. It is as evident that *she* has a fancy for you, as that *you* are anxious to marry her. I see that you would marry her if she were friendless and fortuneless, and I cannot think that the accident of her being neither should stand between you and your desire."

All attempts to argue against his sophistry were put down with—"If *you* had fortune, you would share it with her; it happens that *she* has it, so the case is exactly the same, *mutatis mutandis*. You cannot do better than seriously pay court to this Mrs. Stanley, and marry her as soon as you can. You will want money, perhaps? Here is a draft for a hundred pounds: draw on me for any further sums, within reason, which you may require for this purpose, and repay me when you have the means. Not a word more. You once did me a service, more essential than you imagine, and you must allow me to acknowledge it just as I think proper. I do not risk my money—it is written, as the Turks say, that you will repay it in the manner I point out."

He literally pushed me out of his office. I was weak

enough—foolish enough—worldly enough, to suffer my better feelings to be subverted by what that old lawyer said. I reasoned myself into the belief that he was right—nay, I fear that I went farther, and made calculations of the advantages which a wealthy wife might afford to a person like myself. I believed that, possessed of a fortune, it would not be very difficult to open for myself a new and brilliant career. I had the vanity to believe that I was well qualified to strive for and gain distinction in public life. I already contemplated, as part of the fruits of a prosperous marriage, not only a seat in Parliament, but rapid success in the new and ambitious pursuits of a politician. In short, I brought myself to think that my old friend, though he had put the matter in a very worldly point of view, was right in the main; and I even found myself wondering, at last, how I could have allowed false delicacy to interfere between me and my preferment. I am very frank, you see: but the plain fact is, I then became anxious to marry, not only because I loved, but because the alliance would at once open to me a sphere of active exertion from which might spring personal distinction. As I walked home, I found myself thinking what a noble library I should have, what liberal patronage I should exercise towards living artists, what elegant hospitality should distinguish my establishment—in short, how many gratifications for soul and sense might be purchased out of six thousand a year. So, with this baser alloy mingling through my feelings, I continued my visits to Harley street, and saw with delight that the lady was not heart-whole. The crisis was at hand.

One morning, as I was quitting my residence, three letters reached me, which the messenger—one of the attendants at a coffee-house which I frequented, and to which my correspondents were accustomed to address—told me had been lying there for a day or two. I recognized the official seal of one

and found that it was from the treasurer of the theatre, inclosing a draft for three hundred pounds as the payment for my play. I should have told you that its success was *real*—the theatre had not been packed with friends, on the first night, to applaud it whether good or bad,—it had not been advertised with the stereotyped puff of "splendid success," to be dismissed after three or four nights' performance, into the tomb of all the Capulets.

This remittance gave me so much satisfaction, that eager to carry into execution an idea which had haunted me for some time, I thrust the other letters into my pocket without reading them, and hurried to my friend the lawyer. I seldom had greater satisfaction than when I repaid him his loan. He inquired when the marriage had taken place, and appeared surprised and vexed when I told him that matters remained precisely as they were when I had consulted him. It was clear that he considered me as a young man who had foolishly thrown away a good chance.

I proceeded to Harley street. Mrs. Stanley's manner was agitated, her words hurried. An indifferent subject of conversation was started, but neither of us pursued it. Silence followed. I know not how it was, but as we sat together in that silence, my hand unconsciously wandered, for the first time, gently to encircle her waist. My boldness increased, as I saw that the intrusion was scarcely reproved. Then, growing bolder, my lips ventured to press the ripe and pouting beauty of hers. Ere she could utter reproof, I was on my knee by her side, and had breathed all my fear, and had ventured to whisper some of my hope.

A deep, deep sigh—a long, long gaze—the eyes suddenly withdrawn—a delicate blush—a slight pressure of my hand—a silence more voiceful than the richest oratory—a gush of sudden tears; these made her answer to my confession. In

that answer, thus indicated, rather than expressed, I was fully repaid for all that I had suffered from the fever of my fear.

Then followed full and mutual confidences, each to each, of all that had disturbed our hearts. In the midst of this, I remembered that I had one confession yet to make—one due no less to my own honor than to my self-esteem. I made it thus —for well I remember every word uttered at that memorable interview—"My Mariana," (it was the first time I had ever addressed her by her Christian name,) "I have told you much; pardon me if I have not told you *all*. You have given your heart to mine, in the trusty hope that I deserved you. *I do not*. I am the veriest cheat that ever played with a trusting heart. I have dared, not forgetful of yourself, to remember your fortune. I have deceived myself—you I would not. I do not ask for forgiveness—I cannot forgive myself—spurn me—reject me—despise me. I will submit to it all—I deserve it all."

She appeared astonished, and exclaimed—"Julian, *you* a fortune-hunter? *you* a cheat? You unconsciously exaggerate. You must not deceive me now!"

I told her all that passed between me and my friend. She listened attentively; a shade of abstracted thought seemed to cloud her brow. She said, "Julian, I would even hope that all you say were true, rather than believe that, having seen my weakness in confessing that you are not indifferent to me, you would trifle with me thus, and *now*. Answer me, do you know any thing new concerning yourself? Do you know any thing new about Tressilian Court?"

I answered truly that I knew nothing.

"Nothing! Have not you got letters?"

I recollected the letters which I had received that morning, but had not opened, and I produced them.

She laid her hand upon mine before I could open them. "If," said she, "the contents of those letters should make your purpose waver for a moment, (and I know the intelligence they contain, have known it since yesterday, and thought it brought you to my feet to-day,)—if your purpose waver for a moment, remember, I release you from your vows. I, too, would not be held as winning a heart, and having a worldly interest in view. Read your letters now."

I read them. One was from the solicitor of my family, written a week before, informing me that my uncle and his two sons had been lost at sea, on their voyage from Madeira, and suggesting the propriety, as I now was heir-presumptive to the title and estates, of my visiting Tressilian Court, where Sir Edgar, my only surviving male relative, was anxious to receive me, and would have written with his own hand, but was afraid, from the tone of our previous correspondence, that his letter would be returned or ungraciously received. The other letter was from my cousin Emma, giving particulars of the shipwreck, and urging me to lose no time in visiting Cornwall. In a postscript—which is always said to contain the pith of a young lady's letter—she "hoped that my wooing throve?"

You may imagine what my first impulse was. I felt no inclination to release Mariana from her plighted faith, rejoicing that I thus could prove that it was indeed *herself* whom I had sought to win.

In the conversation which ensued, she told me that she had been a school-fellow of my cousin Emma, and from her had learned of my evil fortunes; that when I first told her my name, her interest had been greatly excited; that—but all the rest was only a repetition of what her looks and blushes had confessed before. Having already heard from Emma Tressilian of my change of position and fortune, she

had at first believed that, cheered by this ray of sunshine on my path, I had that day come to tell her in words what her heart had conjectured long before. More than all, she told me that, having won her affection, she would have wedded me for myself, whether my fortunes were low, as I believed, or prosperous as she knew them to be.

I went to Tressilian Court, where I became a favourite with Sir Edgar. Amid all his pride and neglect, it had been his cherished project to marry me to my cousin Emma, but *I* was engaged, and it appeared very soon that she was attached elsewhere.

One morning there was a double bridal at Tressilian Court. The beauty of Harley street became more beautiful in the wilds of Cornwall. My cousin Emma, transported to the garden of Wiltshire, was not less lovely than before, nor (her smiles said) less happy.

My uncle lived to see his grandchildren climb his knee—to embrace my children also. He died some ten years ago. If any of my friends here wish to see how we keep up old customs at Tressilian Court, I can only say that we shall be very much delighted to receive them.

As for *our* happiness—but here comes my Mariana, little altered, to my eyes, from what she was when I married her. A son, who already undutifully aspires to overlook his father, and a daughter, who seems nearly as womanly as her mother, are living witnesses how years steal on us, no matter how happily they may pass.

We thanked Sir Julian Tressilian for his story, and regarded his very charming wife with augmented interest. Slight as the narrative was, it bore the stamp of earnestness and frankness, with the appearance, amid much strangeness of circumstances, of being true.

"I have never, as an author, coveted any thing," said Mr. Butler, "so much as the reputation which arises from a successful drama—I mean in the higher rank of that department of literature. It is more enviable than that which any other kind of fiction can bring to the author, and infinitely higher, in its universality, than what a Painter usually can realize."

"There can be no doubt," observed Tressilian, "that the success of which you speak is pleasing and exciting, but I doubt whether it has any thing like the permanence arising from performances more purely literary. A book, for example, has its season of popularity, but if it possess real merit, it outlasts the immediate and more ardent success which it met with at first; it finds a succession of admiring readers, year after year; while a popular play runs through a season, is then laid upon the shelf, and rarely is heard of more."

"You forget that a good drama, though it may cease to be acted after a time—but this does not necessarily follow—is read in the closet, long after it has won a station upon the stage. He who writes what, for distinction-sake, we may call a book, achieves his reputation by a slower process than the dramatist. Weeks or months may pass by before the book-maker has the *éclat* of success, but the dramatist bounds to the goal with one effort, and in a single night. He may enter the theatre an unknown man—he leaves it covered with laurels; and while his play is before the public, he has a succession of nightly triumphs."

"Yes!" exclaimed Lady Morton, "and what triumphs!

He sees the highest histrionic talent employed to illustrate what he has written, throwing new light, as it were, upon his thoughts, and investing them with an atmosphere of superior intelligence. He hears the hidden meaning drawn out of every sentence, by the actor's skill—the inflections of voice, the variations of intonation, the grace of attitudes, the flexibility of countenance, the poetry of action, all uniting to develop the passion and the pathos, the force and the tenderness of what he has composed. He finds appropriate scenery and costume, judiciously employed to give the greatest possible semblance of reality to his drama. He has a brilliant theatre, rich in ornaments, and profuse in lustrous light, in which his play is represented, and, when required, Music lends her aid to the illusion. He turns from the stage to the audience, and beholds a moving sea of faces in the pit, a thronging crowd of people in the gallery, a crush of fashion and beauty in the boxes. Unless he be more or less than man, what thought *must* then occupy his mind?—that *he* has gathered all those people under that roof; that his writing, spoken by the actors on the stage, is able to make all these hearts beat and throb as with the power of an enchanter, and that his is the might beneath which the tears flow and the smiles arise as if at will. Do not say, then, that the more enduring fame of a man who writes a book is preferable to the enthusiasm which rewards the efforts of him who composes a successful drama of the higher order."

"You argue so eloquently," said Tressilian, "that I am almost afraid of replying to you with cold words of reason. But in your brilliant sketch, you view only one side of the question, and that by far the brightest. You use too much *couleur de rose*. You do not consider that even a good play may not succeed. You forget how completely he who *writes* is at the mercy of those who *act* the drama. We shall even

imagine, if you wish, that the piece has been produced, and has succeeded; and I grant you that the delirium of such success is very delightful. But, on each successive representation, as on the first, there is a constant chance of something going wrong, which may turn the passion of the scene into what is ludicrous. A moment's delay in the shifting of a scene—the curtain raised or lowered at the wrong time—the failure of one of the hundred mechanical processes behind the curtain on which depends the perfection of what is shown on the stage—these are things liable to occur at any time during a performance, and any one of these would change the plaudits into hisses. These depend mainly on the intelligence or the sobriety of workmen, and may be provided against, by the selection of proper persons. But who can guard against failures arising from the neglect, the forgetfulness, the caprice, the spleen, the ignorance, the dullness, or the envy of the actors themselves, or, sometimes, from the narrow jealousy of the manager. He who has the smallest character in the play—the mere delivery of a letter, for instance—may so mar the scene in which he appears, as to throw an air of burlesque upon the most serious and touching passages. On the other hand, the author of a book, if his reputation be of less sudden growth, has more certainty of its continuance. What he has written, will stand or fall by the impression which its perusal makes on each individual mind, and on the multitude of minds."

"I notice," said Crayon, "that the comparison between the success of a dramatist and of a painter has been only glanced at. For my own part, I think that Literature, as regards the permanence of fame, may claim a higher place than Art, which, in many cases is tradition rather than fact. A picture or a statue perishes, a book lives for ever."

"What!" said Tressilian, "with all the eternal specimens

of ancient and modern art before us—in painting, sculpture, and architecture—with which Europe is crowded? You forget the Titians, the Raphaels, the Guidos, the Correggios, the Murillos, the Michel Angelos, to say nothing of the master-minds to which we owe the Apollo Belvidere, the Medician Venus, the Laocoon, and a host of other statues."

"No, I fully bear them all in mind," replied Crayon, "but I remember also how the epics of Homer, and the dramas of Sophocles, Æschylus, Euripides, and Aristophanes have maintained a yet greater celebrity. When I think of the permanence of Letters, and the perishing nature of what the Fine Arts produce, I am tempted to exclaim, as Napoleon did, when some one spoke of an immortal painting, the material of which, with care, might last for five hundred years, 'Bah! the immortality of a picture!"

"The painting itself might perish," said Lady Tressilian, "but its memory would last. The graver perpetuates what the pencil has drawn. I remember that when we were at Milan, we were shewn Leonardo da Vinci's picture of The Last Supper, which was at once the glory of the Painter, and the wonder of the age which he had adorned. But, within a century after it was executed, it had so much mouldered away from damp, and want of care, as to have presented but the shadow of its original beauty. It is now a doubt whether it was originally painted in oil, fresco, or tempera. When we saw it, it was so much the fragile vision of a picture, that we had some difficulty, at first, in tracing even the outlines.*

* This renowned picture is yet to be seen, on the wall of the refectory of the Dominican Convent (now a barrack), at Milan. In 1726, and again in 1770, it was painted over by mediocre artists, who gave the name of restoration to their daubing. In 1855, Signor Barizzi, of Parma, removed this double coating from the picture, and what remains—though dim and faded in parts—is undoubtedly the original, as executed by Leonardo da Vinci. Several obliterated portions have been revived, and the whole restoration is most valuable, particularly for its bringing

But though the colouring could not be re-produced, the composition has been made eternal. There are so many engravings of this picture, that we can now almost bear with its loss. So, after all, it does not appear quite so absurd to talk of 'the immortality of a painting.' While the graver remains, with skillful hands to use it, no picture can be lost—the colouring may fleet, but the grace and form remain."

"Well," said Mr. Butler, with a smile, "I am not convinced—for the engraving can but give us *form*, and *colour* is an essential which nothing can supply."

"Just now," observed Tressilian, "I should rather write a book than a drama—because, after I had completed my play, the chance is, that it would remain in my own desk, or in company with a heap of other unacted dramas, in the Manager's drawer,"

"Truly, as you say," said the Major, "the English drama *is* at a low ebb, when we compare it with what it was, even a score of years ago."

"There are obvious causes for its decline," said Mr. Moran, who had been out of the room during the preceding dialogue, and had only just returned. "The actors, and the play-wrights, are not equal to what they have been."

"Why not?" asked Tressilian. "Because acting and writing, like spring-flowers, require the sunshine? Twenty or five-and-twenty years ago, it was the fashion in London to go to the play. Then a good company of performers at each theatre was a necessity. Writing for such performers was well paid for. When Royalty ceased to attend the theatres, the Aristocracy also ceased; and with them the crowd who follow in their footsteps. By degrees, the National Stage, for

out the principal head, in its profound, but mournful calmness, its divine benignity, and its sublimity of resignation.

acting, grew out of favour, and the Italian Stage, for singing became the fashion. Queen Victoria, had she taken kindly to the national drama, might have done much to restore its popularity, but her taste runs upon Italian opera and French plays, to the detriment of English plays and players. As she leads, the Aristocracy follow. To revive the drama, in any country, requires only the encouragement which original talent ought to receive, and has every right to expect."

"Yes," said Crayon, "provided the Starring system be abolished. It has led to extravagant sums being paid to a few puffed individuals, and, as a necessary consequence, to the reduction of the salaries paid to the bulk of the performers. When one hears of as much being paid to a melo-dramatic actor, as a Star, for a single night's performance, as was paid to Mrs. Siddons or John Kemble for a month's laborious and constant acting, who can wonder at theatrical speculations being unremunerative?"

"There is much in what you say," said our Irish friend. "My father told me that at the Crow-street Theatre, in Dublin, in his day, the drama was so popular that sometimes there used to be more in the house, than the house could hold."

"A bull, by Jove!" exclaimed the Major, amid laughter from all—none enjoying it more than the maker of the blunder.

"The result of dramatic discouragement in England," said Crayon, "is that the best performers, as soon as they establish a reputation at home, hasten across the Atlantic, where the drama is appreciated, and become absorbed in the stock companies there. Who that has seen theatres and acting in America, but must confess that while the drama gives few symptoms of vitality here, it is eminently successful there. And why? Because the demand for good performers creates

the supply. Because managers there seek support, not from the capricious patronage of Royalty and her satellites, but from the great mass of a community educated, as it were, to distinguish all the fine points of good acting. The patronage of the drama, is a conventional phrase, which we should reject from our vocabulary. Neither Literature, Art, nor Science should depend upon mere patronage. A Nation itself, rather than individuals, should patronise merit wherever it be found."

"Let me enquire," said Tressilian, "whether the Americans, whom you seem to know, give as much encouragement to Art as they do to the Drama?"

"Not yet. But never had a country a finer starting-point, for they possess—as the genius of the men has proved—painters, sculptors, and engravers, able to cope with the leading artists of Europe. Never had a country a finer scope for domiciling the fine Arts throughout its various sections. Every State should possess, and can readily form, a National Gallery of its own. My idea of such an institution, wherever placed, whether in the Old World or the New, is simply this:—The best paintings and sculptures executed by Native Artists, whether publicly exhibited or not—because works of merit are frequently not even received into the Exhibitions, on the plea of "want of room"—should be purchased, year after year, on the responsibility of a Committee of Selection, consisting of men of recognised taste and judgment, none of whom should be in any way connected with any Exhibiting body of Artists. A comparatively small sum, judiciously expended in this manner, would do more to advance Art and Artists than twice the amount disbursed by private purchasers. This would be the most effectual recognition of Art, for it would encourage native talent; and, if this system were once in operation, the Painter and the Sculptor would have their

faculties called into emulative action, from a consciousness that they were working for a National reputation. Thus there would be constantly increasing collections of works of native Art—the best productions of each year—and, as these accumulated, specimens of each Artist might be drafted off into provincial galleries, and thus extend a knowledge of Art, by placing constantly before the public, examples of what Genius and Talent are accomplishing, season after season, in each country."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Mr. Butler, "but would not this rather tend to dispense with private patronage?"

"On the contrary, it would lead to such a knowledge of Art, and a taste for it too, as would necessarily involve, with that knowledge and taste, an increase of private patronage. But this should commence at the right end. At this moment, with infinite talk about Art, we know so little of it, that when a man makes a purchase, he buys a *name* rather than a *performance*. The celebrity of the artist, rather than the real merit of the work, has too much become the test. In literature the educated mind forms its own judgment and, though a great name be labelled on it, will not approve of what is indifferent. A book is estimated justly, on its intrinsic value, though, naturally enough, its perusal gives increased pleasure if it be from the pen of an established and familiar writer,—for the reader then has the opportunity of comparing the new performance with previous performances, and of judging for and by itself, whether it exceed or fall short, not only of the general standard, but of the standard which that particular writer has enabled us to make of his own capacity and knowledge. The principles of Art should form part of every gentleman's education, just as the principles of Literature do. Then he would be able to recognise the value of a work of art, whoever the author (as readily as he now recognises the

value of a literary composition), and would not hesitate to become the possessor of what he knew to be good, even though the artist's name had hitherto been unheard of. At present, place a fine production, from an unknown hand, beside a piece of mediocrity by one who has gained the world's applause, and the good work will scarcely find a purchaser, even at a low price, while the indifferent work will be bought for a large sum, because its maker is known. Why is this?—because, with a few exceptions, those who buy works of Art, do not possess even that general knowledge of the principles of Art, which would enable them to appreciate merit whenever it was exhibited."

"I have seen most of the fine paintings in Europe," said the Major, "and have arrived at the conclusion that high art will be more benefited by the purchase of modern pictures than by the obtaining even undoubted originals by the old masters. I wish with all my heart, as America has been spoken of, that I were an American citizen, with a large fortune, and my present knowledge and appreciation of art."

"Perhaps you will condescend to inform us, if you please, on what grounds you form the desire of de-nationalizing yourself?"

"I may have clumsily expressed it, but I alluded to the facility and delight with which, in America, a man who understood and loved Art might gratify his taste, safely invest money, and give native talent the support it requires. Were I an American, with means to command, no foreign pictures should hang upon my walls. I should purchase works executed by the living artists of the country, and I am confident, if I exercised judgment and taste, that on my death my collection would bring at least four times the original cost, for the value of a good painting is always on the rise."

"The formation of a National Gallery such as Mr. Crayon

has suggested," said Tressilian, "would not prevent the fullest encouragement being given to Art by individuals. Rich as is the Louvre in the treasures of Art, what most won my admiration in Paris was the Luxembourg, in which are collected some of the best works of living artists. Depend on it that, until native talent be encouraged, in this or some other sufficient manner, artists will still have ground for the old and melancholy complaint that they struggle for glory, while they often want bread."

"Do you not unconsciously exaggerate?" said Tressilian.

"No," answered Crayon, "on the Continent, native Art ever was cared for, when worthy. Even amid their wildest schemes of ambition and conquest, the Princes and their Nobles encouraged Art. If the subject has not quite fatigued you, I shall be happy to illustrate this by relating an anecdote of Velasquez, the Spanish painter, whose King was also his familiar friend."

As we all concurred in wishing to hear this anecdote, Mr. Crayon thus related it:—

VELASQUEZ AND HIS MESTIZO.

In the Alcazar Real, at Madrid, two centuries ago, one suite of apartments was particularly honoured. Therein, Genius had its local habitation. There its works were executed under the personal *surveillance* of one who, amid the weight of Royal duties, not only delighted to hold familiar converse with the followers of Art, but was also the patron of Letters. The monarch was the same Philip the Fourth, to whose acquaintance, as Prince of the Asturias, we have been introduced by Gil Blas. The painter (distinguished in his own time, and for all time, as rivalling the skill, in portraiture, which Titian and Vandyke have elevated into historical importance), was Diego Rodriguez da Silva y Velasquez.

Born at Seville in the last year of the sixteenth century (the same time in which Vandyke was given to the world at Antwerp), of parents who were noble in blood, but reduced in circumstances, Velasquez received from them all that they could bestow—a liberal education. He showed such an early and strong predilection for Art, that he was placed under the elder Herrara—an artist whose temper was warm, as his genius was undoubted, and whose vigorous touch and brilliant colouring, even yet may be considered as scarcely inferior to what is exhibited in the best works of Rubens. From him, no doubt, Velasquez derived the boldness and vigour which so soon distinguished him. No pupil could long endure the ill-temper and harshness of such a master as Herrara, and Velas-

quez sought and found more agreeable instruction from Francisco Pacheco, to whose pen, as its historian, Spanish Art owes more than it does to his pencil.

It would appear as if (even like Titian with his masters, the Bellini), Velasquez soon emerged from the conventional methods and hard style of his second instructor. Pacheco was one who carefully observed the traditions of Art—he has been called "a man of rules and precepts,"—he was always elaborate, sometimes graceful, but he did not presume to follow Nature. Velasquez, on the contrary, commenced, continued, and ended, by keeping Nature always in view. From the first, he neither sketched nor coloured any object which was not actually before his eyes. For some time, he painted nothing but still life, and the few specimens of his early industry which remain, shew all the minuteness and literal fidelity of the Flemish school. Sometimes, he went among the multitude for studies—he found them in the streets of Seville, and on the highways of Andalusia—and he painted them with a spirit and faithfulness, such as are scarcely surpassed even in the works of Murillo. Thus, by a variety of Labour, he acquired Facility, and with these he combined Truth; hence, perhaps, the Actual has so largely predominated in his works over the Ideal.

After five years' study, under the roof of Pacheco, at Seville, Velasquez determined to visit Madrid, in order to study the great painters of Castile on their native soil, to examine the treasures of Italian Art which had been accumulated there by the taste and munificence of the Emperor Charles V. and his successors, and to establish himself, if he could, in a city, where Painting, Sculpture, and Literature were then eminently encouraged—the reigning monarch, Philip IV., their declared patron, being himself imbued with taste and knowledge.

During the reign of this monarch, the Castilian stage may be said to have been in its greatest glory. Men of letters filled honorable posts about the kingly persons. Philip, who wrote his own fine language with spirit and elegance, was himself a poet; and a tragedy from his pen, on the story of the English favourite, Essex, still maintains its place among the dramatic wealth of Castile. He has been praised as one of the most accomplished musicians of his time. He could draw and paint with skill and effect, and thus had practical knowledge to assist his judgment. He projected an Academy of the Fine Arts, which the jealousies of artists alone caused not to be established. He bartered the gold of Mexico and Peru, for the artistic treasures of Italy and the Low Countries. He culled the fairest flowers from contemporary studios in his own realm. Seldom has Art found a patron at once so discriminating and munificent as Philip the Fourth of Spain.

At the age of twenty-three, Velasquez proceeded to Madrid, accompanied only by Juan de Pareja, his slave. He arrived there in April, 1622, and through Don Juan de Fonseca (a man of noble birth, a native of Seville, an amateur artist of some merit attached to the person of the King by his office of Usher of the Curtain), obtained the *entrée* to the royal galleries, in which he industriously studied for several months, but had to return to Seville without having painted the King's portrait.

Shortly after, however, he received a letter of command to proceed to court. Thither he went, and immediately painted the portrait of his friend Fonseca, in whose house they lodged. The very day that picture was finished, it was taken to the palace, where it was seen and admired by the King, the Infantes, and the courtiers, all of whom immediately came to visit the artist. So favourably was it considered, that Velasquez was immediately retained for the King's

service, and commanded to paint a portrait of one of the King's brothers—made a sketch of Charles Stuart, Prince of Wales, then on his love-visit to Madrid*—and commenced that fine equestrian portrait of Philip, which, when completed in August, 1623, was exhibited in the most public thoroughfare of Madrid, eliciting sonnets from poets, admiration even from rivals, the praise from the Minister, the Count-Duke of Olivarez, that the portrait of the King had never been painted until now, and the expression of a design on the part of Philip not only to sit to none but Velasquez, but to collect all previous portraits of himself, in order to cancel them.

This was the culminating point of the fortunes of Velasquez. He was made the King's Painter—granted a handsome residence adjoining the palace, with a liberal pension—engaged constantly on portraits of the royal family—encouraged by large remuneration to execute historical and other paintings—received successive and lucrative appointments about the royal person—permitted, on the recommendation of Rubens, to go to Italy for two years, not without loss of station or income, but with liberal presents from the King—honoured for his genius while abroad—graciously received by his Royal master on his return, in 1631, and favoured with that removal to a studio in the Alcazar, which enabled the King to pay him daily visits—taken as the King's companion in his journeys—sent on a mission to Italy, in 1648, to collect works of Art, partly for the Royal galleries, and partly for the intended Academy of Madrid—executed at Rome a portrait of Pope Innocent X., so strikingly like, that one of the Chamberlains, seeing the picture through the door of an ante-

* From which sketch, there is every reason to believe, Velasquez painted the portrait of Charles, formerly in the Earl of Fife's collection, in London, and now in possession of Mr. John Snare, Egyptian Museum, New York. It is one of the finest portraits in the world.

room, advised his fellow-courtiers to lower their voice, as the Holy Father was in the next chamber—was rewarded, on his return to Madrid, after a three years' absence, with the appointment, at once dignified and lucrative, of Aposentador-Major of the King's household, which made him at once Master of the Ceremonies, Lord Steward and Lord Chamberlain—received the office of Gold Key, which gave him, as of right, a key to open every door in the palace, an appointment heretofore bestowed on none but the highest nobility—and was thenceforth consulted by the King, not only on matters of Literature and Art, but, as one who had read much and visited foreign countries, on state, and family affairs of importance and delicacy. Thus Velasquez, the Painter, was honoured, encouraged, rewarded, confided in, by a monarch singularly jealous and captious.

Years had rolled on, and it was now the twenty-third since the Painter had engaged the attention of King Philip. The monarch had now reached his fiftieth year, while the Painter was his senior by five years. In the studio, at the Alcazar, two persons might be seen—the King and the Painter. There was a third (if one so humble be, indeed, worth notice), the Juan de Pareja. Son of a Spanish Cavalier and a Moorish woman, Juan was a *Mestizo*, or half-caste, one of a description of slaves then common in Andalusia. He was some seven years younger than Velasquez, and had been his property from childhood. He was a bright-eyed, well-featured mulatto, neither lacking intelligence nor observation —but who would heed *him?* For years past his duty had been to attend on his master in the studio; to clean the brushes, grind the colours, prepare the palettes, adjust the canvas, and fix the easel in its proper angle of inclination. His life had passed in this employment. Too insignificant was a menial Mestizo, in the eyes of Prince and Painter, for

a single thought. They always conversed together, while he was in the room, precisely as if he were absent. Yet Nature had endowed the Mestizo with some gifts, and, among them, with that of Genius.

It was now the year 1656. Velasquez was busy on that last great work, which artists and connoisseurs have agreed to call his *chef d'œuvre*—as much from the difficulties which he combated and overcame, as the consummate resources of art, which he then developed. This is the large picture, called Las Méniñas (or the Maids of Honour), which now is one of the gems of the Royal Museum of Madrid. It represents Velasquez painting the Infanta of Spain, Maria Margarita, who afterwards became Empress of Germany. On the left, one Maid of Honour hands a cup, on a salver, to the youthful, and fair-haired Princess, shown in the centre of the picture; another is in the act of making an obeisance; two dwarfs vary the action in the fore-ground by caressing a majestic dog; behind, a Lady of Honour, attired as a nun, is speaking to one of the officers of the Court; through an open door is seen another officer ascending a staircase; in a mirror near this door, are reflected the countenances of the King and Queen, who, though actually out of the bounds of the picture, are thus brought on as part of the principal group. Around the room are represented pictures from the hand of Rubens. To add to the pictorial difficulties, the apartment is shown as lighted by three windows on one side, and an open door at the end, thus giving the cross lights, with which artists have so much difficulty. In the extreme right of the picture is placed the easel on which Velasquez is at work, and beyond it is the Painter, palette and pencils in hand, pausing for a moment, as if to look at the effect of his composition. Every figure is the size of life, and it has been justly said that the perfection of art, that

of concealing art, was never better attained than in this picture.

"The work advances bravely," said the King, "it will certainly be finished to-day. The Queen, who often comes to see it, speaks so much and so warmly of it, that all the Court are impatient to behold, and to admire it. You have certainly surpassed all that you have done before. Turn where I may, the blue eyes of the Infanta seem to follow me. I doubt, my Velasquez, whether the likeness be not even more striking than that of the Admiral Pareja, which you painted for me immediately after your second visit to Italy. You remember that?"

"Your Majesty has resolved that I shall not forget it."

"Could I forget the first, and only deceit you ever used towards me? I had sent the Admiral to his command in New Spain. He had taken leave. I thought him far away. I came into this room, from which you had excluded all light, save that which falls upon the canvas. The portrait that you had finished stood against the wall, in yonder corner. Mistaking it for the man himself, I angrily rated the Admiral for having delayed his departure. I received no reply, and then, as I angrily advanced, I discovered my mistake."

"Yet, Sire," said Velasquez, "this was nothing very remarkable. To say nothing of Zeuxis deceiving the birds with his grapes, or Parrhasius painting a curtain, which deceived even Zeuxis himself, it is related that when Titian exposed his portraits of Pope Paul the Third, and the Emperor Charles the Fifth, in the open air, one on a terrace, and one beneath a colonnade, the populace, who went by, reverently saluted them, as if one had actually held the keys of St. Peter, and the other the sceptre of the great Charlemagne."

"As to Zeuxis and Parrhasius," said Philip, "you have gone very far back for examples, which may or may not be

true, and it is clear that the grapes must have been better painted than the man who bore them, else the birds, alarmed at him, would not have pecked at them. With respect to the portraits by Titian, in sooth, if ever pencil could effect a miracle, it was his, and the story may be believed. But he only deceived the ignorant populace in the streets, while you, my Velasquez, did deceive your friend, a King who at least claims the merit of loving and of understanding the excellencies and difficulties of Art. I tell you that I thought that I actually was face to face with the swarthy features, and overhanging brows, and thick dark hair, and somewhat surly features of our Admiral. Why travel out of Spain for an illustration? Have you forgotten that Juan Pantoja, who was in great favour with Philip the Second, painted an eagle which had been caught in the chase near the Prado, and did it so well, that when the captured bird saw the picture, he broke loose, and tore the canvas with his talons and beak, believing he saw an opponent."

Thus familiar was the conversation between the Monarch and the Painter. Presently the pencil was laid aside—resumed once or twice, to give more and more finishing touches—and then Velasquez announced that his work was completed.

"Methinks," said the King, after he had attentively surveyed it, "there is no better picture than this in Spain. I rejoice that I suggested the main point of its composition, and persuaded—nay, even had to command you, to enrich it by the introduction of your own portrait. In after-times this painting may probably derive much of its interest from its exhibiting to posterity the resemblance of the artist. One thing, and one only, that portrait wants, but it can be supplied at another time, and by another hand."

Velasquez bowed—he was too much a courtier to bandy

compliments with his Sovereign. He then requested the King to excuse his attendance at that time, as the duties of his office called him away for a few hours.

"I shall even extend the time," said the King. "Be an exile from this studio until to-morrow."

So saying, and with a gentle familiarity which could not have offended even an equal, Philip pushed Velasquez out of the room, and took up the palette and the pencil which the Painter had laid down.

The Mestizo, meanwhile, had been pursuing his usual employment—grinding colours for his master. Besides the preparation of the palette and other materials of Art, he was intrusted with the arrangement of draperies, the care of pictures, the custody of books and manuscripts. Except when thus employed, Velasquez seldom required his services. Much leisure, therefore, the Mestizo had enjoyed, and well had he availed himself of the boon. Velasquez had him taught how to read and write, and he was familiar with the contents of every volume in his master's possession. During thirty years in which he had seen the constant practice in the Art, the poor Mestizo—unregarded, despised as he was—had been a keen and emulative observer. Perhaps, too, he sometimes even had the presumption to think that what he had seen he could imitate.

The King, who was an excellent judge of Art, now placed himself opposite the easel, and rapidly painted in with his own hand the distinguishing chain, badge, and cross of the Order of Santiago. He had skill enough to execute this with tolerable ability.

The King had nothing else to do. Half-an-hour yet remained before supper, which at that time was usually served ere the sun had set, and, as was his custom often when

he wanted to kill time, he ordered that the pictures which stood on the floor with their faces to the wall should be turned, that he might see them.

Picture after picture was thus rapidly exhibited. His Majesty yawned—he had seen them all before. At last the Mestizo ventured to show a portrait of the King, which, although it evidently resembled the colouring and style of Velasquez, as evidently was not from that master's pencil. Philip was startled. "Know you," said he, "who painted this? Assuredly I never sat for this portrait; yet its execution displays merit, and, if I may judge of my own features, it is an excellent likeness." Resting upon the Mestizo, his glance maintained the enquiry which his lips thus made.

The Mestizo threw himself at the King's feet, and faltered out a confession, that the portrait had been stealthily painted by himself—for, with much labour and difficulty, he had learned to imitate Velasquez—and that, fearing punishment for his presumption, yet anxious to interest the King in his favour, he had ventured on this expedient, in his master's absence, of showing what he could do.

At that time, in any part of Christendom, the idea of a Slave attempting to become a Painter, would have been received with incredulity and indignation; more especially in Spain, where the distinctions of society were rigidly maintained, and where Art, justly considered as a liberal pursuit, was often followed by persons of ancient blood, and sometimes brought high rewards and honour.

Philip, whatever his defects as a monarch, had a just appreciation of merit; and having ascertained that it existed in the poor Mestizo, determined that the lowliness of its station should not present obstacles to its recognition and reward. He condescended to examine other paintings which the Mestizo had privily executed, praised what he had done,

and voluntarily promised to use his best endeavours to obtain from Velasquez permission for him henceforth openly to pursue that art in which, untaught except by Genius and Industry—those wonder-workers who, combined, can do any and every thing—he had already accomplished so much.

The morrow came. By special invitation from the King, the studio of Velasquez was crowded with nobles of the highest rank. Presently the Monarch entered, leaning on the Painter's shoulder—a familiarity which he loved to exhibit. There was a pause, after Philip had taken his seat, and then he said—

"Three-and-twenty years ago I first sat for my portrait to Velasquez. It was in the house of my minister, the Count-Duke d'Olivarez, nor, until then, had Painter traced to my satisfaction, these features and this form. I think, my Velasquez, I am right as to the time?"

"The portrait," responded the Painter, "bears on it the date of August 30, 1623, for I was proud to record upon it, visible to all men, the very day on which I completed a work which had the good fortune to please my sovereign."

"I intimated to Velasquez, then," continued the King (who, it may be observed, followed the custom of his country in not speaking of himself in the plural number, like Editors and other potentates*), "that thenceforth, none other but himself should paint my portrait. He can answer how I have kept my promise. He has since worthily laboured for me, through a long series of years, not only to enrich my palaces with his works, but to elevate the Spanish name, by the execution of what may challenge competition with the best Italian and Flemish painters. He has devoted himself,

* Royal documents in Spain commence with "I, the King:"—in every other European Sovereignty, the editorial "We," is used.

at my request, to long and laborious journeyings to foreign countries, to procure for me works of art worthy of embellishing my capital and my palaces, while they afford examples to the native talent of this my Spain. A few appointments about my person have gratified myself more than Velasquez, for they gave me, to share my secret hours of retirement, one who is qualified by education, intellect, and address, to be the companion of Princes. Yesterday I received from Velasquez a painting, into which, by my desire, he has introduced a portrait of himself. To-day, I exhibit it here, with an addition, which my own unskilled hand has ventured to introduce."

At a signal from the King, the curtain which concealed the picture was here withdrawn, and when Velasquez saw what the King had painted in, he bent his knee to the earth, and gratefully kissed the hand which had thus executed a compliment, as graceful as Royalty ever honoured itself with by bestowing on Genius.

"No thanks!" exclaimed the King. "You will please to observe," he added, addressing the Marquis da Tabara, President of the Order, "that Don Diego Rodriguez da Silvay Velasquez has already been invested, on this canvas, with the red Cross of Santiago. No need for report on his qualifications. For them, and for his noble blood, and nobler worth, the King himself does vouch. Let his installation take place, in the Church of the Carbonera, on the feast of San Prospero, the birth-day of my son, the Prince of Asturias. Let the Marquis de Malpica, as Commendador of the Order, officiate as sponsor; Don Gaspar Perez de Guzman, and my cousin, the Duque de Medina Sidonia, will be honoured by placing the insignia upon the new Knight."

Once more the King and the Painter were alone—save the humble presence of Juan, the Mestizo.

"You think, my Velasquez," said the King, "that the portrait is not damaged by my touch? The chain which I have there placed round your neck is not precisely of the pattern usually worn by the Knights of Santiago. But I remembered that when Duke Frances of Modena visited our Madrid, eighteen years ago, you painted his portrait, and he rewarded you with a gold chain, which I have seen you wear on gala days, until some ten years later, when it was laid aside for that chain, with a medal of himself, which Pope Innocent the Tenth gave you, at Rome, for having made a better likeness of him than any Italian painter had produced. To record that you had been so rewarded, I even asked your Mestizo here to bring me the Pope's chain, and, as you see, have introduced it into your portrait."

"Never was Painter so exalted," said Velasquez, "as I am by this honour."

"I well believe," said the King, "that never before has the accolade of knighthood been conferred by a touch of the pencil instead of the sword. But you err if you think that never before, in this country, has genius been duly honoured. The Emperor Charles, who regarded the acquisition of a picture by Titian with as much satisfaction as the conquest of a province, created him a Count Palatine of the Empire. My grandfather, Philip the Second, raised Tibaldi, the painter, to the rank of Marquis in the Milanese States, by the title of Valdelsa, the village in which his father had laboured as a mason. To Calderon, the dramatist, and Francesco de Roxas, the poet, have I already given the Cross of Santiago. In such cases, the honour is to the bestower, not the receiver. I should think ill of myself, if, loving Art as I do, I did not honour its followers. Know you not that from the good Dominican, Juan Bautista Mayno—who introduced your friend and fellow-student, Alonso Cano, to my notice—I

received that practical knowledge of painting, which enabled me, ere the cares of Royalty fell upon my brow, to exercise the pencil in a manner which, I have been told, might have made me a tolerable artist, if the heavier cares of the sceptre had not descended to me? But I have surprised you once to day, perhaps I can do so a second time. You doubt?—Let your Mestizo turn the picture opposite."

It was done. Velasquez examined the painting carefully, and then remarked, "If it were the work of any rival artist, methinks I should have cause to dread the rivalry. Not because your Majesty has painted this, but because of its intrinsic worth, do I give this painting the fullest approval."

"No matter who the artist? Suppose it had been painted by one of my servitors?"

"Your Majesty compels me to speak the truth. I must not wrong my judgment. Whoever the painter, were he lowest servitor in the meanest ville in Spain, is worthy to stand before princes. If my own Mestizo there, who mixes my colours, had done this, I would say the same."

"Learn, then," said the King, "that your Mestizo *is* the Painter. See, he kneels at your feet. Velasquez, you must pardon, for the success, the presumption which has tempted him into the path you have so worthily pursued."

"Such a Painter as this," said Velasquez, earnestly, "ought not to remain a Slave."

The King smiled his approval, and Juan de Pareja, kissing his hand, arose a freed man. He had knelt, a slave; he now stood erect in the dignity of freedom. Without any loss of time, Velasquez executed a formal deed of manumission, and told him he was now at liberty to pursue his own course. He solicited, as a boon, the privilege of continuing his voluntary services to Velasquez, and (lightly tasked, however), did so continue them for four years longer, until the

death of his master, in 1660. Nor did his connection with the family of his benefactor cease even then, for he continued in the service of his daughter, married to Mazo Martinez, who succeeded Velasquez as Painter in ordinary to the King.

In the history of Spanish Art, the name of Juan de Pareja, the Mestizo, is honourably recorded. The pencil of Velasquez has preserved his features. His own works, and the romantic circumstances of his story have caused him to be remembered. These works, whether in portraiture or composition, are now very few, exhibiting, as might be expected, a close and successful resemblance, in colouring and handling, to those of his great master. Some of his later portraits, are spoken of as possessing greater freedom than he at first displayed—the public exercise of his pencil probably gave him confidence in his own powers—and have been sometimes taken, from their force and boldness of touch, for the works of Velasquez. He died fourteen years after his manumission.

Memorable in the annals of Art was the day of the double adventure, which tradition has preserved, undoubted in its incidents, to these later and less romantic times. On that day Velasquez was created Knight of Santiago, and Juan de Pareja, the Mestizo, obtained his freedom, by means of his ability as a Painter.

"Thanks," said Tressilian, "for a true story, from the history of Art in Spain."

"Do you not recollect," said Lady Tressilian, "that when we were at Seville, we were shown pictures executed by a Mulatto? I think they told us that he had been in the service of Murillo and not of Velasquez."

"You are quite correct in your recollection, my dear," answered Sir Julian. "At Madrid we saw The Calling of St. Matthew, by Pareja, the emancipated Mestizo of the great Velasquez. In Seville, we saw some of the works and heard the story of Sebastian Gomez, the Mulatto slave of Murillo. He slept in his master's *studio*, and having taught himself how to paint, used to practice secretly at night. Once, having taken up the pencil to touch a picture of the Virgin which his master had sketched and left upon the easel, he was led to forget that it was the design of another, and continued to paint, heedless of the daylight having dispersed the shades of night, and equally unconscious that Murillo had entered the studio, with some of his pupils. Murillo motioned them into silence, and remained for some time, a spectator of the Mulatto's labours. At length, he broke silence, to the dismay of the Mulatto, who trembled for the consequences of his temerity. Murillo took him by the hand, and said, 'He who can so use my colours must no longer continue to grind them. Be a freed man from this hour. Continue with me—as a pupil. I am, indeed fortunate, for I have made not only pictures, but a Painter.' Henceforth, Gomez pursued the practice of the Art, and with such success, that he has left a name as one of the great Painters of Spain. At Seville, several of his works are shown,—they have much of the rich harmony of colouring which distinguish those of Murillo."

"It is singular," said Crayon, "that Velasquez and Murillo, flourishing at the same time, should each have had a mulatto

with sufficient genius to advance into the rank of Painters. But there are many curious coincidences in Art. The well-known anecdote of Quintin Matsys, the blacksmith of Antwerp, who, for love of an artist's daughter, himself became a painter, was anticipated, more than a century earlier, by the romantic story of Antonio Solario (commonly called Lo Zingaro, or the Tinman of Naples), who, after ten years' probation, achieved so much success as to obtain the hand Claudia, daughter of Colantonio del Fiore, a noble, who was himself an artist, and had vowed that she should wed none but a Painter equal to himself. So in Spain, Francisco de Ribalta, born twenty years after Quintin Matsys had died, became enamoured of the daughter of a Painter at Valencia. The father positively refused to accept, as a son-in-law, one so young and inexperienced. The maiden decided to wait. Ribalta went to Italy for four years, and during that time, carefully formed his style on that of Raphael and the Carracci. On his return he found the lady as faithful as he had hoped. On the easel, at her father's, was an unfinished picture—Ribalta took up the pencil and rapidly finished it. The father, returning, was so delighted with the painting, that he declared the artist, whoever he might be, and not that stupid Ribalta, should wed his daughter. Then came the discovery, followed by the nuptials, and to this hour, Ribalta ranks among the foremost of the painters of Valencia, and memorable also, as the instructor of the famous Spagnoletto. Thus, Italy, Spain, and the Low Countries, have each an authentic anecdote of a Painter made great under the impulse of Love! It would seem that Art, like Life, has strange coincidences."

"Like effects springing from like causes," said Tressilian. "It is a remarkable thing, and what cannot be said of some countries which boast themselves as much more civilized, that in Spain, under five successive monarchs, during a period of

nearly two centuries, the fine Arts should have been constantly and munificently cared for. There was the Emperor Charles the Fifth (so familiar to us through his brilliant historian, Robertson), encouraging the painters, sculptors, and architects of Spain—boasting of the friendship of the great Titian—honouring him with titles of nobility—enriching him with liberal gifts and pensions—picking up his pencil, with the graceful compliment that Titian was worthy to be served by Cæsar—rebuking his courtiers, who thought he was too familiar with the painter, by saying there were many princes and only one Titian—and declaring that no other hand should draw his portrait since he had thrice received immortality from the pencil of that artist. There was his son and successor, Philip the Second, so well remembered in England as the husband of Mary Tudor, and the sender forth of that Armada which, with vain anticipation, he had called "The Invincible." Although morose and gloomy as a monarch and a man, he delighted to manifest kindly feeling towards his artists; he also was the friend of Titian—was an intimate acquaintance with Antonio More — lavished regard and wealth upon Herrara, the builder of his palace of the Escurial, and encouraged and rewarded the genius of Morales, Sanchez Coello, El Mudo (who has been called the Spanish Titian), and El Greco, who, as painter, sculptor, and architect, has a reputation which will not perish. So, also, though with meaner capacity, did the Third Philip encourage art and its professors. He appreciated Don Quixote, though he did not think of inquiring whether Cervantes was not in poverty. When a fine gallery of paintings, at the palace of the Prado, in Madrid, was destroyed by fire, he eagerly exclaimed, 'Have they saved the Antiope of Titian? we may replace other pictures, but the loss of that Titian cannot be repaired.'

Then came the golden age of Art in Spain, under Philip IV., his affectionate regard for Velasquez commencing when the monarch was only eighteen and the painter four-and-twenty; his munificent expenditure in the importation of works of Art from Italy and Flanders—his kindness to Rubens—his liberality to De Zurbaran, Alfonso Cano, Murillo, and the younger Herrara, with a continued and liberal encouragement of Art during a reign of nearly forty-five years. Even Charles II., the last of the Spanish kings of the Austrian line, would delight in his pictures when nothing else could give pleasure to his limited capacity. In his reign, though Art had declined, it still could show some noble followers, and the works of Carreño, Palomino, and Alfaro, yet challenge admiration in the galleries of Spain."

"You speak of patronage," said Butler; "what is called 'a clear stage and no favour,' appears to me to be the best mode of giving encouragement to Art. Any attempt to patronize it is certain to lower it."

"That," said Crayon, "depends on what we may term patronage. For my own part, as an artist, I am not ambitious, as some men are, to measure my merit by the number and quality of the visitors to my studio, nor yet by the quantity of pictures I may sell in the year, nor the gross amount I may receive for them. To have a work of mine in the collection of a man of recognized knowledge of Art, and feeling for its beauties and difficulties, would of itself be a diploma of merit, of more value than if I had received a large sum for it from some one who could not decide for himself whether it were good or bad, and had merely bought it because the painter happened to have a name."

"All patronage," said Butler, "is worse than useless, which does not elevate the artist. So, too, with Literature; it is not the mere fact of a man's work selling largely, to his great

gain (a consummation, devoutly to be wished for by authors, which often is the result of judicious management by their publishers), that assures him of the success he covets, but the knowledge that minds well calculated to be critical, acknowledge that he has done well. Are we not becoming too critical and didactic? Will you allow me to end this disquisition, by relating an incident in which, though slightly, the shepherd-poet of Scotland, bore some little part?"

Then were related to us the marvellous adventures of Andrew Horner.

A NIGHT WITH BURNS.

Sir Walter Scott has recorded that, when he was a lad of fifteen, he saw Burns. "I may truly say *Virgilium vidi tantum*," are his own words. Much more fortunate was Andrew Horner, who spent an evening in the poet's company, and—must I tell it?—there and then imbibed so much liquid, rather stronger than spring-water, that his head ached sorely the next morning.

About sixty years ago, or thereabouts, there flourished a worthy, in the city of Carlisle who—bless the mark!—was smitten with the desire of fame; and, not content with the dim and distant prospect of obtaining it by his humble occupation as a vendor of linen, adventurously fixed his glance upon no less a mark than that pedestal whereon, with a pencil of light, Renown has inscribed the names of most illustrious men.

Andrew Horner was the name of this wight who (in his own estimation) was worthy to break a lance with those proud heirs of fame who have gained the world's admiration. He had reached the sage age of half a century, ere he had fully made up his mind in what manner he should astonish the public. He determined, finally, to "witch the world with noble"—*not* horsemanship, but rhymes. Like many men before, in, and since his day, he mistook the aspiration for the ability—the desire for the power to write. Thus do we constantly see practical illustrations of the frog trying to

swell to the expansive size of the lordly bison, and thus have we been afflicted with manifold imitations of the better brethren of the quill, in which, like Chinese artists, the copyists give every defect with remarkable fidelity, but invariably contrive *not* to convey the grace, the expression, and the freshness which breathe life and beauty into the bright originals.

Sundry quires of what he courteously and complacently called poetry, were written by Mr. Horner. These he would read to such of his customers as could be prevailed upon to listen. When he lacked this "audience fit though few," he was wont to spout his effusions aloud, *ore rotundo*, for his own edification; and if he was in a particularly placid and pleasant vein, he would send for a neighbour, who had brightened his intellect by making the theatrical tour of England (as candle-snuffer and bill-sticker for sundry strolling companies) and bribe him, with a noggin of whisky, or a gill of ale, to listen to the mellifluous lines which their author monotonously poured out—like a child pouring a thin stream of muddy water into a bottomless vessel. Andrew Horner's *amour propre* would be gratified, ever and anon (between gulps), with such interjectional remarks, as "Gude—vera gude!" "Real fine rhymes!" "Excellent! ma faith, Shakspere ne'er wrot sic po'try as that!" But by the time the fluids were disposed of, the listener usually was in a calm sleep. Whatever other merits they possessed, it was pretty obvious that Mr. Andrew Horner's rhymes were of a composing nature:—the art of writing such has not died with him.

The proverb which tells us that a prophet has no honour in his own country, is equally true when applied to poets. In the city of Carlisle it has long been rather a recommendation than otherwise for a man to be somewhat of a dullard. The citizens were as blind to literary merit in 1785, as they are now, or as they have been in any year of grace since

Paley, by residing among them, cast too much light upon their mental obscurity. Is it wonderful, then, that Andrew Horner shared the common doom? that he gained, at best, the dubious distinction of being sneered at as a half-witted rhymester, or positively condemned for the folly of neglecting his business for his verses?

How could a soul like his be "cabined, cribbed, confined," in the dull and dirty city of Carlisle? What more natural than that

"Aspiring upwards—like a star,"

it should seek a more extended range, a wider sphere of action? What more obvious than this should be gained by the then important and rare, but now common step—publication?

Andrew Horner read his own poems over for the thousandth time—worked himself, once more, and for ever, *out* of his lingering doubts, and *into* the heart of his old conviction (that they were truly exquisite), and then magnanimously resolved to print them.

It is faithfully recorded, in one of the gossiping memoirs of the time, that Henry the Fourth of France once entered a small town, and was met at the gate by the Mayor and Corporation, with a right loyal address—that is, an address in which the reigning monarch is told, even as his predecessors were told, in terms of adulation, that he is all but a God upon earth. "May it please your most august and sacred Majesty," added the chief representative of municipal wisdom, "we should have saluted you with cannon, according to ancient custom, but for seventeen reasons; the first, your Majesty, is, we have not got any cannon ———." "That will do," hastily interrupted the impatient King, as he gave spur and rein to his charger, "I excuse the remaining sixteen reasons."

In like manner could be enumerated a great variety of circumstances which unfortunately prevented Andrew Horner having his book printed at Carlisle. The first was, that in the year 1785, there actually was not a printing office in that ancient city. Perhaps, like the French king, you will excuse all the other reasons.

The nearest place, at that time where he could have his book creditably brought out, was the good city of Glasgow—then, as now, famous for the punch-making and punch-bibbing powers of its worthy inhabitants.

To Glasgow, therefore, Andrew went. There he speedily learned that the expense of printing and publishing was no trifle; but then, what was a little money—nay, what was a great deal of it, in the balance against immortal fame! Although not actually a Scot by birth, Horner was "too far north" to close any bargain on the instant with the Glasgow bibliopole, but left it pending, or as he would have said, "hanging betwixt and between." His mind was too enlarged to be made up at a moment's notice—like a travelling bag or prescription. He had to consider, on his way back to Carlisle, what number of copies it would be proper to print. On the moderate calculation that there certainly must be at least *one* lover of poetry in every parish in England and Scotland (to say nothing of the Kingdom of Ireland and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed), his original idea was for a small impression of—ten thousand copies. The more prudent bookseller recommended the *maximum* to be a paltry two hundred and fifty; and when Andrew had the estimates before him, he was fain to confess that it might be as well perhaps, not to venture upon thousands until the sale of hundreds had furnished the means of paying expenses.

Andrew Horner, like Barney Riordan, the Navigator, when he met the American liner far out at sea—was "homeward

bound" when he came to the principal hostelrie in the ancient town of Ayr; not very far from which is Mossgiel, the farm held by Robert Burns at the date of this true story, and where, if *he* lost some money, the world gained the fine poetry which—in a continuous, deep, yet flashing stream—welled out from his heart, during his residence there.

It never was ascertained *why* Mr. Andrew Horner took such a detour to the west as Ayr, some thirty miles out of the direct road from Glasgow to Carlisle; but poets have odd fancies sometimes, and poetasters, having the organ of imitation very strong, affect to be discursive, in the hope that Oddity (copper-gilt), may be mistaken for the sterling metal of Originality.

It was a fine evening in September, 1785, when the redoubtable Andrew Horner entered the common room of the Inn at Ayr. Some half-dozen ranting, roaring, dashing young fellows—fond of their glass and joke—were sitting down to dinner as he entered, exactly in the nick of time. Room was immediately made for him. The oldest occupant in the room took the chair, according to Inn-usage within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and, by the contrary rule, Andrew Horner was made Vice-president, by virtue of his being the most recent arrival.

It may be taken for granted, that what Mr. Carlyle, the able mannerist, would call "the remarkablest justice," was executed upon all the viands. The cloth being removed, the Chairman gave "the King." It was Andrew's turn next; and in the customary routine, he should have given "the Queen and Royal Family;" but, much to the surprise and amazement of the company, he started on his legs, made a vehement speech, "de omnibus rebus" (which, being interpreted, does *not* mean *a rebus in an omnibus*, as a blue-stocking once translated it)—branching off to London politics and Cum-

berland bacon—glancing at William Pitt, the boy-Minister of that day, and Lord Thurlow's *gracious* manner—gliding into a dissertation upon salmon-fishing, and Irish linen; and, by a nice gradation, winding up with a lengthy eulogy of the British Poets, with a modest allusion to his own metrical merits. So intent was he on the subject, that he plumped down into his chair, at the end, without having proposed any toast whatever.

The wit who presided had a very particular and pleasant *penchant* for fun. Therefore, no sooner had Horner resumed his seat, than, with a gravity of manner which deceived no one but the self-satisfied and unconscious butt, he intimated to the company that it would be no more than decorous to drink the health of the eminent literary character, whose society they were then, fortunately and fortuitously, enjoying. After a few more compliments, the hyperbole of which was exquisitely ludicrous, he proposed "the Poets of Great Britain, and Mr. Horner, their worthy representative."

Such a toast could only be drank "with all the honours"—an infliction which has invariably made me envy a deaf man. Horner, of course, responded, as best he could. His speech would have been very Ciceronian, no doubt, but that the orator had the misfortune to stammer. However, he stuttered out his thanks—the unusual excitement having much augmented his natural infirmity—and, though he said little, that little, owing to his defective utterance, was like a traveller to far climes—*it went a great way.*

So copiously was he fed with flattery and punch, that, ere the second bowl of the latter was exhausted, Andrew Horner had mounted on a table (by special desire), and, with great emphasis, read for his new friends sundry extracts, from what he ever loved to call his "poetic poems." So much mock applause followed this exhibition, that, more than ever did he believe that *he* was predestined to revive song in the land.

To carry on the joke yet further, and fool him to the top of his bent, a critical dispute was commenced, as to the relative merits of each poem which the company had heard. At last, one of the gay companions ventured to hint, with a show of independence, that their guest might not be such a *very* mighty bard as they imagined. Horner's mettle was up immediately, and he defended himself, with rather more warmth than modesty. His opponent then affected to become yet more critical, and fully aroused Andrew's indignation by exclaiming, "tut, mon! there's a lad near by wha wud mak maire pomes in ae day than yoursel' cud propose, as ye ca' it, in a month o' Sundays!"

Extremely indignant at this imputation on his bardship, Andrew Horner rashly backed himself against the field. A wager was immediately offered, taken, and booked, as to the result of a trial of poetic skill between Andrew Horner and the "lad near by," who was put forward as his opponent. It was resolved to bring the matter to a conclusion on that night, if possible. It may be confessed—but this, of course, is merely hinted in the most "private and confidential" manner imaginable—that, as Andrew had hastily made the bet, and as speedily repented having done so, his forlorn hope lay in the fancied impossibility of meeting his poetic opponent that evening, as it was now getting late. His firm intention was to quit Ayr at dawn of day, and thus literally gallop out of the responsibility he had rashly incurred.

Horner's companions knew—what, alas! he did not—that the Ayr Freemasons held their monthly sitting that night, and that the young poet whom they sought, was then actually in the house, "in lodge" with that goodly fraternity—he being one of the brethren of the mystic tie. He was called out, briefly informed of the ludicrous circumstances of the case, and readily persuaded to enter the lists against the Carlisle bardling.

The stranger-poet entered the room, and even Andrew Horner could see, at a glance, that he was no common man. At that time, his age was about some six-and-twenty years. His form was vigorous, rather than robust. He was well-made, and very strongly set together. His height was rather above the middle size; but a slight stoop of the neck, such as may frequently be noticed in men who follow the plough (and in Scotland, at that time, few farmers were above doing this part of their own business), took somewhat from his stature. His complexion was dark—swarthy indeed; and his features might be called massive rather than coarse. His face was any thing but common; in repose, it had the contemplative, melancholy look, which so often indicates the presence of high imagination; and when he spoke (sometimes with a sharp, and frequently with a witty, or boldly eloquent remark), there was a preponderance of intelligence —of genius, in his aspect, and its expression was then such as Lavater would have been happy to behold. His broad pale brow was shaded by dark hair, with rather a curl than a wave. His voice was sweet, yet manly and sonorous. But the chief charm of a very remarkable countenance lay in his eyes, which were large, dark, and beautifully expressive. They literally seemed to glow when he spoke, with feeling and interest. When conversation excited him, as it usually did, they kindled up until they appeared to all but lighten. Truly did a poet from a far land, who made a pilgrimage to the spot which this poet's genius had hallowed, say that

> "A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
> That could not fear, and would not bow,
> Were written in his manly eye,
> And on his manly brow."

Such was the young man now introduced to Andrew

Horner, and whose very glance subdued him, amid the flush of Bacchanalian revelries, into a feeling of his own insignificance. It might have been as much by accident as design that the stranger was not introduced by name. At that time, indeed, he had achieved only a local reputation. Shortly after, he was acknowledged as one of the most eminent and brilliant men his country ever produced. How did that country reward his genius? To this hour and to all time, his is

> "A name
> That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,
> A nation's glory and her shame,
> In silent sadness up."

He readily joined in the conversation, and by no means allowed the cup to pace the table, "like a cripple," to borrow a phrase from Maginn's memorable motto to the Noctes. His language, if sometimes careless, was always vigorous; and it was very evident that whatever his education might have been, his mental powers were great. There are men who achieve greatness without the dust of the schools having made cobwebs in their minds, and such would probably dwindle into common-place persons if they had all the advantages of education. They become original thinkers and doers, precisely because they have had to teach themselves. At the head of this class may be placed this Ayrshire poet.

It required little pressing to get him to sing several songs of his own composition; and the unfortunate Andrew Horner had sense enough to perceive that either for stinging satire, touching pathos, or passionate tenderness, these lyrics were inimitable.

After sitting with them for some time, he made a show of retiring, when the party insisted that he should allow the

wager to be decided by competing, in poetry, with Andrew. With well-acted humility, he declined what he called "the certainty of defeat;" and so real seemed his disinclination for the contest, that Andrew Horner fancied he was actually afraid to enter into the competition: so that, urged on by the insidious advice of some of those around him, he asked the stranger, in the exulting tone and manner of anticipated triumph, to have one trial, at least. The challenge could not, in honour, be declined; so, with apparent and well-acted doubt of its result, it was accepted.

An epigram was chosen, because, as Andrew internally argued, it is the shortest of all poems. In compliment to him, the company resolved that his own merits should supply the theme.

He commenced—

"In seventeen-hunder' thretty-nine——"

and he paused. He then said, "Ye see I was born in 1739, the real date was some years earlier, so I mak' that the commencemen."

He again took pen in hand, folded his paper with a conscious air of authorship—squared himself at the table, like one who considered it no trifle to write even a letter, and slowly put down, in good round-hand, as if he had to make out a bill of parcels, the line—

"In seventeen-hunder' thretty-nine,"

but beyond this, after repeated attempts, he was unable to advance. That line was the Rubicon his muse could not pass.

At last, (when Andrew Horner reluctantly admitted that he was not quite in the vein), pen, ink, and paper were handed to his antagonist, who rejecting them, instantly said—

"In seventeen-hunder' thretty-nine,
The Deil gat stuff to mak' a swine,
And pit it in a corner;
But shortly after, changed his plan,
Made it to something like a man,
And called it—Andrew Horner!"

The subject of this stinging stanza had the good sense *not* to appear offended at its satire, cheerfully ordered in the bowl of punch which he had lost, set to for making a night of it with his new friends, and thrust his poems between the bars of the grate, when "the sma' hours" came on to four in the morning. As his poetic rival then kindly rolled up the hearth rug, into a quiet corner of the room, to serve as a pillow for the vanquished rhymster—then, literally a *carpet knight* —the old man, better prophet than minstrel, exclaimed, "Hoot, mon, but ye'll be a gran' poet yet!"

How was the prediction fulfilled?—A few months after, a volume of poems was sent forth from the press of John Wilson, of Kilmarnock. The author was a peasant by birth, a poet by inspiration. Coarse was the paper on which these poems were printed, and worn was the type: but the poems themselves were of that rare class which the world does not willingly let die. The fame of their author has flown, far and wide, throughout the world. Pilgrims have come from distant countries to visit the cottage in which he was born, the scenes in which he lived, the "banks and braes" of which he sang, the house in which he died, the churchyard in which he was buried. His genius and his fate have become at once the glory and the reproach of Scotland. That author, now with world-wide fame was the same who, in sportive mood has given memory of Andrew Horner through the "amber crystallization" of an epigram. His own name was—Robert Burns.

"My father," continued Butler, "was one of the company, before whom Andrew Horner entered into competition with Robert Burns, and has often repeated to me the epigram in which, by the amber crystalization I spoke of, the poet has preserved the name of the poetaster."

"Horner," observed Tressilian, "appears to have belonged to that class of men who complacently think their own brief taper better and brighter than the meridian blaze which gathers around true merit. Living in a contracted circle, they find no superior within its narrow bound. The vainest man of letters I ever encountered was a young person who *did* the criticism in an obscure provincial newspaper. On the contrary, when in company with the 'better brethren' of the pen, what has most struck me has been the absence of pretence. Scott and Southey, Irving and Lingard, particularly attracted me by the simplicity of their unaffected manners."

"Though it makes rather against my own order," said Crayon, "I incline to the belief that artists are more vain and egotistical than men of letters. Take the author of a clever and popular book, for example, and throw him into society; —you will rarely find him anxious to enter into conversation upon what he has written—he would rather get out of the way of praise, and sink the author if he can. But Painters and Sculptors will talk fluently and boldly on what they have done,—drawing your attention to the manner in which they met and conquered such and such difficulties—pointing out the beauty of this composition, the harmony of that colouring, the effect of the gleam of light here, and the depth of shadow there,—not hesitating to assert, of their own works, that the painting has all the beauty of the Italian, Spanish, or Flemish Schools, or that the sculpture throws every *chef d'œuvre* of antiquity into the back ground. If an author ventured to hint a hundredth parth of such self-praise for

any thing he had done, he would be voted an intolerable incarnation of vanity. But artists often do it and are not minded—musicians are painfully egotistical, and he who 'arranges' the music for a ballet or a vaudeville often thinks himself as brilliant a composer as Rossini or Mozart. Singers also possess, and sometimes painfully exhibit, this offensive self-esteem—one good thing is, they have as much emulation as envy, and will not hesitate to praise as it merits—so that it does not stand in actual rivalry,—the singing, the music, or the instrumentation which their ear and taste tells them is of good quality. Actors have their share of vanity—who can wonder at it—and it exists in an inverse ratio with their celebrity. The first tragedy-man or the leading comedian may be comparatively modest in his own self-estimate, but every Rosencrantz and Guildenstern cherishes the satisfactory idea that he is a very badly-used man in not being allowed to astonish the world by playing Hamlet. One thing I have noticed of actors, the probable result of their being a gregarious class, is that for the necessities of unfortunate members of their craft they have a 'hand open as day to melting charity.' Returning, however, to the literary character, will you allow me to read a sketch which I wrote, some time ago, to illustrate a little fancy-piece, the hero of which is not a fancy-sketch, which I had executed for an Annual. I have the engraving with me."

The engraving was looked for, found, handed about, admired, and then came—the Artist Story.

LOVE AND PHRENOLOGY.

Rabelais, the wittiest, if not the truest of all historians, relates that Gargantua, when a youth, found employment in setting cows to catch hares, in carrying water in sieves, in fishing for whales in tea-cups, in shoeing goslings, in hunting for needles in haystacks, and such profitable and pleasant occupations. What Gargantua did, in youth, Professor Richter, of the University of Heidelberg, pursued in age—that is, his pursuits, if not exactly the same, were equally practical and philosophical. A great man was the Professor.

How he had become Professor, no one knew—how he contrived to continue in that capacity, astonished every one. His duties principally consisted in the receipt of a handsome income, paid quarterly. It was necessary, while he was an official, that the students should have certificates of attendance on his Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind, as part of their *curriculum*. The custom was to pay the fees, to receive the certificates, and *not* to hear the lectures. Thus the Professor had a sinecure, which has been described as "nothing to do, and well-paid for doing it."

A venerable youth was he—on the shady side of sixty. He knew no language but his own, and that not very well; but his essays in the *Heidelberg Mercury*, were well-sprinkled with Greek and Latin sentences, seldom applicable to the subject, and industriously *conveyed* from a huge "Dictionary of Quotations." He had commenced life as a spectacle-

maker, but having no skill in that calling, he used the political interest which his press-connection had made, to obtain an appointment as Professor. He ever was mounted on some hobby: now, he would give a lecture on Swimming, to the effect that little boys should practice on dry land, never venturing into the water, until they had thus acquired adequate skill, nor even then without cork-jackets of his own invention; anon, he would wax garrulous, if not eloquent, upon the philosophic mystery of making a spinning-top perform its gyrations on a clean plate for half an hour at a time—for, having heard that Franklin had made *his* electrical experiments and discoveries by means of a paper-kite, this Heidelberg man of science thus resorted to spinning-tops, in the hope of discovering Perpetual Motion! He was equally practical and deeply scientific in all his other experiments.

Latterly, the Professor, caught by its novelty, had been seized with a *penchant* for phrenology, which, at the time he flourished, was becoming popular in Germany. After some twelve months' musing and muddling (he always was such a damp soul, that had he ever possessed any religious faith, it would naturally have made him become what is called "a wet Quaker"), he conceived the wonderful idea that, as the character and conduct of human beings depend upon the size and shape of their respective and respected skulls, the character could be formed, and the conduct mainly guided, by elevating or depressing, bringing forward or reducing the different "organs." His idea was, that they might be reduced by means of compression, and developed by such a simple method as the creation of a *vacuum* by an air-pump. Accordingly, he had a compress made of gold, which (when he could get a suitable subject), he resolved to fix on the head by a strong band, secured by a *tourniquet*. This appa-

ratus was to remain on the head day and night; and, by giving the tourniquet a slight turn each morning, when the *cranium* is said to be most compliant, he trusted that, in a short time, he should be able to compress any organ to its desiderated normal size. On the other hand, the use of a portable air-pump would create a *vacuum* in a vessel of strong flint-glass, which, if placed over any bump not adequately developed, would, he calculated, cause its gradual elevation on the skull. The person operated upon would only have to wear the compass and *tourniquet* day and night for the short space of twelve months, remaining for the same period under the air-pump, to effect all that the Professor's mighty wisdom had anticipated. As yet, unfortunately, he had not met with any one willing to make the experiment, personally, for the promotion of science.

I should like to make a sketch of Caroline von Pichler, as pretty a German maiden as ever, when a lover spoke particularly, blushed the "Yes" which her lips would not utter at once. When I mention German beauty, you do not think, I hope, of the Teutonic importations who annoy our eyes with bronzed faces, mob caps, clay-coloured hair, thick legs, short petticoats, dumpy hands, and churn waists. No; such is *not* German beauty. Walk with me down the Kohlmarkt (the Regent street of Vienna), and you will see a hundred brilliancies and varieties of female beauty. Now you are jostled in that thronged thoroughfare, and the finest form in the world flits by you, and the most speaking eyes vividly flash their bright apologies for the accident. A moment—ere you have time to regret that sweet vision,

> "One of those forms which flits by us, when we
> Are young, and fix our eyes on every face,"

you meet another and another, and another. There they are,

frequent as the sweet flowers in May, or the bright stars at midnight.

> "And oh! the loveliness at times we see
> In momentary gliding; the soft grace,
> The youth, the bloom, the beauty which agree
> In many a nameless being we retrace,
> Whose course and home we know not, nor shall know."

They are varied, too, in their brightness and their clime. The radiant freshness of the English complexion; the violent eyes and dark lashes of the Irish beauties; the beaming intellect of those thoughtful Italian faces; the sweet pathos which throws a shade of sadness over Polish loveliness; the Asiatic cast of the Hungarian aspect; the indescribable grace which elevates the Parisian lack of what we call beauty; the classic contour of the Grecian outline; the brilliant but evanescent loveliness of young America; the mingled fire and dignity of those large Spanish eyes, which seem to look into you and through you; all may there be seen and admired, as they flit and flash by you—but among them all, none is fairer than the earnest and simple expression of the German maiden, just as she has begun to feel that she has a heart, and that there is such a thing as love to make it swell with a tumult of passionate thought.

After such a preface, which may lead you to expect something very surpassing, how can I venture to describe Caroline von Pichler?

Fancy a lovely, loving, and loveable girl, of bright nineteen, and you may have a thought of Caroline. Then, like Cordelia's,

> "Her voice was ever soft,
> Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman."

Her eyes were of the most charming gray—such orbs as in

the lovely face of Mary of Scotland, won many a heart. Her figure was slight, without being fragile. Her hair was light, and in beautiful abundance. Her complexion, carnationed like an infant's, was not *too* fresh. I need not catalogue all her charms, but let me add that she had what Byron calls "thorough-bred feet and fingers." In a word, both in person and mind, she was a delightful specimen of womanhood in its earliest prime; well-educated, too, though she made no display of her attainments; fond of music, and even suspected of having composed some of the airs which she sweetly warbled; and gloriously good-tempered, in spite of sundry and frequent trials from the vinegar disposition of Madame Annette von Pichler, a cross-grained old maid, her aunt and guardian. When Madame scolded (which, to do her justice, was only five minutes in every half-hour), Caroline resorted to painting or the piano. If these did not please her, she retired to her own apartment to prepare her lessons for her private tutor, Ernst Manheim.

Ernst was young—not yet five-and-twenty. He was handsome. Caroline, somehow or other, always identified him, in her thoughts, with the Apollo Belvidere. Poor girl! She was not the first, by thousands, who had raised a mortal into an idol, making her own heart the shrine.

For twelve months, Ernst Manheim had been visiting tutor to Caroline von Pichler. I cannot say whether he taught her much in languages and sciences; but I know that he taught her Love, which is the very life of Life.

A great crime!—Ernst had been absent six entire days, and had only sent a formal apology to Madame, that he was compelled by business to quit Vienna for a week. Caroline, albeit taught, from childhood, to avoid even the remotest breach of the Eighth Commandment, "appropriated" Ernst's note from her aunt's work-box, and carried it next her heart. What odd fancies little Cupid leads people into!

She reclines upon the sofa in the Library—dull, *distraite*, and languid. Ha! whose step is that? It is outside—in the street—and yet she can distinguish it among every foot-fall in Vienna. As Scott says,

> "Oh, lovers' eyes are quick to see,
> And lovers' ears are quick at hearing!"

Caroline had intended something like reproach—an extraordinary condition of society, when the scholar could even harbour the idea of scolding the master!—but, when Ernst entered, the intention evaporated. So they sat down to read; but Ernst was almost silent, and the expression of his countenance was very grave.

"You are dull to-day, Ernst," said Caroline, in the sweetest voice, and with the brightest smile in the world. "What has annoyed you? Why are you sad?"

"For you, Caroline," said he, taking the small white hand from the book on which it rested. She blushed, but did not withdraw that little hand.

"I have discovered," continued Ernst—"*how*, it does not matter—that your excellent aunt has bargained to marry you to Professor Richter. Your fortune, as she knows, is a thing of doubt; for there *is* a male heir somewhere, and if he claim it, you are penniless. Therefore, as she has lately received notice that this long missing heir is alive and at hand, she would secure you against poverty, by marrying you to the Professor."

"All this is new to me," said Caroline, in a trembling tone.

"I do not wonder that it is," answered Ernst. "Your grandfather, the Count von Fugger, of Augsburg, bequeathed his large estates to you, if your cousin, then in the Bavarian army, and supposed to have been slain in the battle of Leipsig, did not appear to claim them within five years. The time has nearly elapsed, but your cousin has made his claim,

with the fullest proof of his identity. Our good Emperor Francis could scarcely refuse him speedy justice, for your family have an hereditary right to obtain not only justice but favour from the Imperial ruler of Germany. The Emperor Charles the Fifth borrowed a million florins from Anthony von Fugger, one of your ancestors, one of the merchant princes of Augsburg. The money was to enable him to support the war against the majority of the Princes of Germany. He returned through Augsburg, a conqueror, and his creditor not only entertained him and his retinue for two days, in the most sumptuous manner, but, before the Emperor departed, put his bond into a fire of cinnamon bark made for the purpose, and burned it before his eyes. In acknowledgment of this generosity, he and his brother were made Counts and Bannerets of the Empire, receiving lands and fiefs in perpetuity for themselves and their descendants.* Your cousin's claim has been made, has been admitted by the Imperial Chancery, has been confirmed by the Emperor; and, this very day, if he will, he may take possession of your lands, your wealth. But enough of this. Are you inclined to marry, and to marry the Professor?"

There fell no accent of reply from the ripe lips of Caroline; but Ernst saw her cheek flush and then become pale, while he felt her hand tremble within his.

"Your intended will be here to-day," added he, "and it is proposed that you shall marry him to-morrow."

* This is historical. The brothers were invested with the estates of Kirchberg and Weissenhorn, and obtained patents, granting them the privileges of ranking with the Prince of the Empire, of creating nobles under the rank of Count, and of coining money. On Anthony's death, in the middle of the 16th century, he left six million golden crowns, besides jewels, pictures, merchandise, and other personal property, as well as possessions in various parts of Europe and the Indies. When Charles V. was shown the royal treasure at Paris, he said, "I have one trader at Augsburg, who could pay as much as this with his own gold."

Caroline raised her eyes and looked earnestly into his, but still she spoke no word. There was such a silence for about a minute that he could have counted her heart-beats. Then he gently pressed her hand: she blushed again, but her eyes did not seek his, this time.

Ernst whispered, "You would avoid this marriage? Perhaps your affections are already engaged?"

Even yet the young lady continued mute, and her eyes still sought the ground.

"Perhaps you love another? love him deeply, have loved him long?"

"Alas, yes!" she sighed, "too deeply, but knew it not until now."

"Dearest Caroline!" And here, as if by magnetic attraction, their lips imperceptibly came close—closer—and met in the first, fond kiss of youthful love. The prudish may blame them, if they please—but we know the fable of "sour grapes"—and, for my own part, so far from blaming one or both, I cannot refrain from the natural and involuntary wish that it had been my own good fortune to have been in Ernst's place at that enviable moment.

The soft talk which followed need not be repeated in detail. There were gentle confessions, tender words, honied phrases, soft promises, earnest pleadings, hearted smiles, and joyful tears. They had a great deal to say, and they said it. They were not overcome with their sensations—for the threatened marriage dimly loomed in the distance—but present confessions united to make a chastened delight. As Keats says of his Diana and Endymion,

"Perhaps they were too happy to be glad."

After all these raptures, they came back to common sense.

"I have been absent for a week," said Ernst. "I had a previous hint of this intended marriage, and went to Heidelberg to see my learned rival. *Such* an exhibition! On the strength of his approaching change of condition, he has assumed the airs and dress of a *petit-maitre*. Fancy a man, old enough to be your grandfather, dressed like a modern Exquisite; with Hyperion curls—his own—by purchase; as fresh a bloom upon his hollow cheeks—as carmine can bestow; a thin moustache, dyed to the colour of his peruke; a frame bending beneath the burden of seventy winters—decked out to ape the juvenility of one-and-twenty. In a word, dearest Caroline, the dotage and decrepitude of age arrayed in all the vanity of boyhood. Such is your intended."

"We must avoid this marriage?" said the young lady, with a smile.

"*That* I have arranged, lady-bird! I have seen him, spoken to him, and ascertained that he is well-disposed to make you the victim of his great experiments in phrenology."

"Phrenology!—what a hard word. Can you tell me what it means?"

"My Caroline, it means the art of knowing what is in the head from merely looking at its outside. A Phrenologist thinks that the mind is in the brain, so that there is no great use for the heart, except to send out blood through the arteries and get it well back through the veins. He does not believe, as you and I do, that hearts were made ——"

"For what, Ernst?"

"For love, my princess!"

It is a pity to interrupt such an interesting dialogue, but we cannot allow the young people to remain talking *ad libitum*, on such exciting subject.—Fancy it some four-and-twenty hours later, if you please; the next day in fact.

The morrow had duly arrived, and so had the Professor.

There, also, was Ernst,—giving Caroline her lesson, as if nothing ordinary were to happen, in that very library where they had all their soft talk on the previous day. At breakfast, Madame Annette had told her niece that it was full time for her to be married—Caroline had answered, that perhaps it was. Madame Annette had then praised her own discretion, and announced that Professor Richter would be a fit and proper nephew-in-law—Caroline had smiled, and not ventured to contradict her aunt. Madame Annette had intimated that all the wedding-clothes were ready—Caroline had gravely thanked her. Lastly, Madame Annette bade her take her last lesson from Ernst, as she was to be married that evening—and Caroline went, like a dutiful niece.

A loud crack of the postillion's whip, the rattle of a carriage in the court-yard. The Professor had arrived. What a wonderfully scientific man! He was accompained by twenty thick volumes of the *Heidelberg Mercury*, containing all *his* Essays. He had brought a large box filled with cork-jackets, in case that he should go boating. He had also brought a magnificent spinning-top. Nor was this all—he was accompanied, also, by his curious collection of skulls and casts, to be used in teaching Phrenology to his bride, and he had moreover brought with him the gold compress for reducing, and the portable air-pump for enlarging the bumps of the human *cranium*. It was a mystery how all his luggage could have been safely brought, with himself, in one vehicle.

Wonderful things! But, to apply Coleridge's quotation, the "voonder of voonders," was Professor Richter himself.

One might have thought him turned out of a band-box, so well was he made up. The moustaches had received a fresh application of Turkish dye,—he had put on his new ventilating peruke—he had pearl-powder, as well as rouge, upon his cheeks—he had invested himself in a magnificent suit of

clothes,—he appeared quite a modern antique, re-set and ornamented.

Having been shown into the library, he saluted the fair Caroline, with an affectation of youthful spirit, and graciously condescended to express his satisfaction at renewing his acquaintance with Ernst. While they were exchanging compliments, Madame Annette came in—rather discomposed, for one of the boxes of skulls had been broken *en route*, and the relics of mortality were rolling around the hall. The Professor rushed out speedily and carefully picked them up, and then gallantly escorted Caroline to the *déjeûné*, dividing his attention between it and the ladies. After this they returned to the library.

Madame Annette soon introduced the subject of their meeting, intimating that the marriage would take place that evening. The Professor expressed his delight at the arrangement which would so soon render him the happiest of men, but gravely added a hope, that Caroline would previously have the goodness to submit to a Phrenological examination.

"A Phreno—what?" said Madame, who had never heard of the science.

"An examination of her head, my dear Madame," blandly replied the Professor.

Madame did not appear to know what he meant, so the Professor continued:—"We take a skull, such as this, for instance," running into the hall, and returning with a skull in his hand, "on which the location of each organ is mapped out. We see how the brain is disposed in the living subject by comparing it with these organs, and thus we judge of the character, the intellect, and the disposition of each individual. You will find it all lucidly explained in the thirteenth volume of the *Heidelberg Mercury*, page 157. There are notices of

it in many of the other volumes, which you can readily consult, as I have brought the whole set of twenty elephant folios with me, thinking that my Caroline might like some pleasant reading to amuse her during the honey-moon."

"What nonsense is the man saying?" muttered Madame, in an ominous under-growl.

"If the young lady will sit down," continued the Sage, unaware of the threatening storm, "I shall now proceed with the examination." Accordingly, obeying a nod from Ernst, the young lady sat down. The Professor placed the skull on the table before him, and was about commencing, when he found that he had mislaid his spectacles—they were very safe in Ernst's pocket, at the moment—but Ernst volunteered his aid as assistant, and the Professor was fain to accept it. So, the examination commenced.

"Now," said the Professor, "begin with the affective organs. Let me judge what sort of a wife she will make."

As it was not Ernst's game to speak of them as they actually were, he thus catalogued them: Combativeness, *large:* Destructiveness, *full:* Amativeness, *small:* Philoprogenitiveness, *none.*"

"Hold!" cried the Professor, starting up; "this will never answer. She is deficient in the natural and ordinary faculties of her sex. We must subject her to my experiment. This," said he, turning to Madame Annette; "this will shew the triumph of Science. I shall apply my compress and *tourniquet* to reduce Destructiveness and Combativeness, and shall use my portable air-pump and exhausted receiver, to develope Amativeness, Philoprogenitiveness, and the other matrimonial organs. The double apparatus—how fortunate that I have brought it with me—does not weigh more than forty pounds, and she will have to wear it, day and night, for not more than a twelvemonth. Madame, may I trouble you to cut off

your niece's hair, that we may lose no time in commencing the development and depression?"

Unfortunately for the interest and advancement of Science, Madame Annette Von Pichler no sooner comprehended the nature of this proposition, than she quietly flung the mapped skull out of the window, and calling up her servant, gave such decided orders for her house to be cleared of "all that rubbish" (as she irreverently called the Professor and his cargo), that this eminent and highly indignant man immediately quitted the domicile, and made the best of his way back to Heidelberg, where he might be seen to this very day, if he had not died on the first of April, thirty years ago, being, by a curious coincidence, the appropriate anniversary of his birth.

"There," exclaimed Madame Annette, when the Professor and his learned lumber had been cleared away—"there! The man is mad. I thought so, when I saw him decked out as if he were only one-and-twenty. I had rather that my Caroline lost forty fortunes than gain such a loss* as the competency of that absurd old creature could have given you. Never mind, Caroline; though your cousin *has* turned up, and will take your fortune from you, there is enough left of mine to make you comfortable. But oh! that beautiful wedding dinner! what is to be done with it? We cannot use it now —it will all be spoiled!"

"Suppose we prevent such an awful catastrophe," said Ernst. "If you will take the trouble to read this missive, to which the imperial seal and signature are duly attached, you

* "*Gained a loss.*"—Madame Annette could have quoted authority for this phrase. An Irish gentleman, who had married a dashing lady of fashion, with a moderate fortune, and an immoderate taste for expenditure, replied mournfully to some gratulations on the happy event: "Thank you kindly—but I am afraid *I have gained a loss.*"

will see that I, whom you have known as Ernst Manheim, the private tutor of your neice, am the very cousin, whose return to his native country, after much journeying, and long absence in remote lands, was to rob her of her fortune. If I do—it shall be to share it with her, and give her the title of Countess Von Fugger."

Madame Annette could offer no objection to such a sensible proposition, involving the happiness of her niece, the increase of her family by the accession of a young gentleman, standing in double relation as cousin and husband to Caroline, and, above all, the certainty of the wedding feast being consumed by a wedding party. Ernst had, previously, made all the necessary arrangements, even to the inviting a select party of friends, and in due course of time, his wife and his aunt were made acquainted with all the "moving incidents by flood and field," into which his truant disposition had plunged him.

"Perhaps," asked Tressilian, "it may not be too much to inquire whether this adventure comes under the head of fact or fancy? Has it been written to illustrate the sketch, or has the work of the pen preceded that of the pencil?"

"I plead guilty," said Crayon, "to the invention of the story; but though the incidents have been imagined, to illustrate the drawing, the main character was real, and the original might be encountered, any day of the week, in the town of Liverpool. To shoot folly as it flies, is a legitimate task for any one who writes; and the original of my Professor Richter presented so many, and such obvious marks, that I could not help hitting them. As the Irish gentleman said, at Donnybrook fair, when he dealt a blow of his hurley to some bald head, which the wearer had thrust out of a slit in the tent, with the purpose of cooling it, 'It was so tempting, that I could not help striking it.' For my own part, however, I rather fear that I have not shown my hero half so absurd as the original; in this respect, my failing has leaned on the side of moderation."

"It would not be difficult," said Butler, "to make a curious chapter out of the originals whom one meets with in the daily path of life. I encountered one, as peculiar as Andrew Horner or the hero of Mr. Crayon's story. Do me the favour of hearing who he was, and how I happened to meet him."

THE COMPOSER OF POETRY.

Some years ago, when I first visited London, I used to pass to the British Museum through Wych street, Drury Lane; in which, as all the world knows, stands the Olympic Theatre. Immediately opposite this temple of the drama, an old book-shop very unpretendingly reared its humble front. I should probably not have noticed it, if my attention had not been caught by a very fine engraving, after Phillips's well-known portrait of Lord Byron, which hung in its half-window. Crossing the street, to examine and admire it, I could not refrain from looking at the collection of books which were displayed on the shelf, in the said half-window, beneath the portrait—from a hundred to a hundred and fifty volumes, perhaps.

It was rather startling to find that these books were all upon one subject. Dallas's Recollections of Lord Byron—Galignani's edition, containing the Letters to his mother and Mr. Dallas, the publication of which a Chancery injunction prohibited in this country—were *vis-à-vis* with Leigh Hunt's unfortunate quarto on Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries. Medwin's Conversations of Lord Byron at Pisa, were close to Dr. Kennedy's Conversations on Religion with him in Cephalonia. There, too, might be found Moore's quarto biography of the wayward Childe, and Galt's pert duodecimo. The annual Biography and Obituary for 1824, containing another Memoir, reposed by the side of Clinton's

Life of Byron—which will yet be curious to a book-collector, as containing a variety of spirited wood-cuts after George Cruikshank. Knight and Lacy's Byron Anecdotes paired off with Nathan's Fugitive Pieces and Reminiscences of Lord Byron.

Nor was there any lack of works relating to Byron's last Visit to Greece, and his Death there. I noticed the volumes published by Colonel Leicester Stanhope, Count Pietro Gamba (brother of the Guiccioli), Colonel Leake, Mr. Blaquière, Dr. Millingen, and Major Parry.

In that collection, also, were several works of fiction in which Byron was exhibited as the hero: Harold the Exile, a forgotten offshoot of the Minerva press; Lady Caroline Lamb's Glenarvon, and Miss Cursham's Norman Abbey. Here, also, might be found the Vampire, written by Dr. Polodori, and greedily accepted in France, for a long time, as a veritable work of Byron's. As fitting company to that contemptible fiction, there was the account of Byron's Residence in the Isle of Mitylene (an island which he never even visited); and the equally accurate Narrative of his Voyage to Corsica and Sardinia in 1821, in his yacht Mazeppa.

William Howitt's Poet's Pilgrimage to Newstead was there, with its quaint little view of Hucknall Church; it was companioned by tributes from the pens of foreigners—the Countess Albrizzi's Portraits of Illustrious men, including the clever pen-and-ink sketch of Byron; M. Beyle's notice of the poet, in the History of Painting in Italy; Casimer Delavigne's Messenian on Byron; Lamartine's Last Canto of Childe Harold; the Marquis de Salvo's Byron in Italy and Greece; and Madame Belloc's more critical tribute. I also noticed several translations of Byron by French authors, including the prosaic attempt, in metre, which Madame Lucile Thomas has perpetrated on The Corsair. In that collection

were also several translations, into the Russian language, by Joukovsky, and others with more unpronounceable names.

There were numerous copies of the poet's works; Galignani's single volume, with the Memoir, by Lake; the eight small volumes, issued to the universal Yankee Nation, by Carey and Hart, of Philadelphia; the six duodecimos of Murray's issue (which preceded his seventeen volume edition of the Life and Works), and the supplementary volumes, containing the whole of Don Juan, and the latter poems, published by the Hunts. There, also, was not only the *editio princeps* of each of Byron's works, but every successive edition: a curious collection this, for it was headed by the thin quarto of Juvenilia, printed by Ridge, of Newark, in 1806, but destroyed (all but four copies) at the desire, and by the persuasion of Mr. Beecher, the poet's early friend. There was The Hours of Idleness, emanating from the same country press; the English Bards, which some one had illustrated, at great expense, with the portrait and autograph of every writer therein named; the original edition of Lara, issued in conjunction with Mr. Rogers' Jacqueline; every thing, in short, from the earliest of Byron's published writings to the last cantos of Don Juan, which appeared in London only a month before his death in Greece. And there might also be found the half-a-dozen continuations of Don Juan, which, from time to time, have appeared to show the writer's benevolent desire that the trunk-makers should not be distressed for waste paper. A thin pamphlet, containing The Parliamentary Speeches, consistently reposed on The Liberal, by the side of which was Mazeppa Travestied, and Childe Harold in the Shades, "an infernal Romaunt." Ranging with these, was Hobhouse's Historical Illustrations of Childe Harold; nay, as if resolved to show that whatever was allied to Byron should have a place there, I noticed

Commodore John Byron's Narrative of the Loss of the Wager (niched in Don Juan, whose sufferings were

> "Comparative
> To those related in my grand-dad's narrative),"

and the present Lord Byron's quarto Voyage to the Sandwich Islands.

Nor was there any lack of friendly and unfriendly criticism and comment, from Gifford, Scott, Wilson, Lockhart, Joseph Cottle, Dr. Styles, Dr. Croly, C. C. Colton, Maginn, Hazlitt, and Harding Grant, with Don Juan Unmasked, and a heap of anonymous pamphlets; and towering among them, like a pyramid surrounded by huts, was a bulky Album, into which had been collected the thousand-and-one anecdotes, slanders, praises, and inventions which had appeared in the newspapers during Byron's life, and since his death. Among them—indeed it figured as the first thing in the volume—was the Original Proclamation, announcing Byron's Death, and the laments of Greece, issued at Missolonghi by Prince Maurocordato, on the part of the Provisional Government, on the evening of that 19th of April, 1824, when the cause of Freedom lost its truest champion, with the Funeral Oration spoken by Spiridion Tricoupis at the same place, a few days after. There they were, in the original Greek, and some one had taken the pains to supply translations, which had been carefully and neatly written out and placed in the book, with the original mourning-edged documents. Such eulogy, from such men—speaking with the voice of a grateful and grieving nation—outweighs all the bitter censure and faint praise of open enemies and pretended friends. There, too, framed and glazed, was a quarto page of Childe Harold, in the poet's scrawling autograph. It was singular to find, thus heaped together, all that Byron had published, together

with the bulk of what friends and foes have related of him, either as matter-of-fact, conjecture, or opinion.

I had fallen, it was evident, on a Byronic bookstall. There was no volume in that collection which was not either written by or about the author of Childe Harold. I have seen such strange things in my brief day, that, in self-defence, I have adopted the "nil admirari" of Horace, as my maxim, and am rarely overcome with surprise at any thing; but this exclusiveness—so completely *à la Byron*—did surprise me. I looked through the shop-window to discover what manner of man was the bibliopole. I could not see any body within—but *that* was the less marvellous, inasmuch as it appeared doubtful whether the window-panes had ever been cleaned. There was no view of the interior. The books were left exposed to public view and examination, as if the Byronic vender had a fond confidence and consciousness that any one would as soon commit sacrilege as steal *them!*

I stood by the window for nearly half-an-hour, during which time many persons passed. Some casually took up the books, to look at them. Two or three seemed half-inclined to purchase, but went off, because no salesman was forthcoming. Yet, unprotected as was this literary stock-in-trade, no one appeared inclined to abstract any part of it. After spending some time in looking through the books, with vain expectation of the advent of their chapman, I, too,

"Homeward sped my solitary way."

Day after day, I passed by this mysterous dwelling—day after day, I was disappointed in my expectation of seeing its inhabitant. There was a touch of mystery in this—akin to that which formed an atmosphere around the goodly person of Washington Irving's "Stout Gentleman"—which put me in a sort of literary fever. Who could this Byron book-

collector be? Was he an Eidolon, or a reality? Was he always invisible?—how was it that I could never get a sight of him?

Once upon a time, happening to attend a public meeting where Dr. Spurzheim was also present, that phrenologist suddenly intimated to me, that the organ of "Ideality" was so strongly developed on my brow as to make him desirous to have a cast of my *cranium;* a very unpleasant process this cast-taking is, by the way, for when the head is cased in plaster of Paris, the slightest touch of a pin on the crust will make you fancy that you have been buried alive, and do not only hear, but *feel* the earth scattered on your coffin. This "Ideality" has played me a thousand tricks, especially when it sets me to become the architect of those exquisitely-formed edifices known as Castles in the Air. In the case of the invisible book-seller of Wych-street, it plunged me into a world of conjecture. Sometimes I fancied him a poetic *incognito*, who, having pap-fed his mind with album verses, had resolved to turn over a new leaf, and endeavour to quaff stronger aliment from the passion-filled pages of Byron, and had set out the volumes to air, before he commenced cramming himself with their sublimity and sense. Sometimes I conjectured that it was some modern Sappho, who, having herself spun a ream or two of verses, was about setting up on her own account, and wished to dispose of her Byron library, as of no further use to her. Sometimes—heaven help us—I fancied that it might be some dreadful incarnation, some angel of the lower sphere, who having heard that Byron was founder of what Southey sharply calls "the Satanic School of Poetry," had been sent up to collect a library of reference for that place which remains unnamed to ears polite, and had commenced with this set of Byron, his critics, translators, and biographers.

Conjecture, however wild and varied, did not help me to a sight of the bookseller—the *custos* of the Shop. Where was he?—where *could* he be? Had he any right to set people wondering at his constant absence? Why should he, above all men, resemble what Mr. Galt described Byron as—"a mystery in a winding-sheet, crowned with a halo"? I began to have serious thoughts of privately setting fire to the premises, on the presumption that if *he* were on them, *that* would bring him out. But I happily recollected that the houses in that neighbourhood were old—that the Olympic, being chiefly built of wood, might easily catch fire, as it did, the other day, when it was burnt down,—that it was easier to make, than to check a conflagration—that the crime of arson is looked at very unkindly by the law—and that, perhaps, I might find it difficult to get a jury to understand and excuse my motives. So, I refrained.

Through Wych street I made it a point of passing at all hours of the day:—the books were invariably exposed to view, but the door of that mysterious shop was never open. There the books always were—there, their owner was not. At that time I was engaged in severe and time-engrossing studies; but I could not help thinking, much oftener than I ought, of the little book-stall in Wych street, and its unseen owner. Who could he be?—where was he?

Once, as I was passing by, a tall gentleman, in spectacles, came up to me as I was standing with one of the books in my hand—a feint of mine to obtain a sight of the bookseller. "A strange fellow keeps this shop, sir," said he. "You have seen him, then?" I asked, with some eagerness. "I know him," said he. "When he first came here, nearly three months ago, I purchased some of these books from him, giving him the price he asked, for I had known his father many years ago, and wished to encourage the son. He sent

the books to my house, as I had desired, but he came to me, about a week after, looking so very unhappy, that I asked him whether any misfortune had happened to him. He said, that he had nothing to complain of, but, if it did not make much difference to me, he would be very much obliged by my taking back the money I had paid him for the books, and letting him take them away with him. It turned out, when I questioned him, that he did not like to break his collection—even though it was by their sale that he was to live. I granted his request, and he took away the books, evidently set at ease by thus readily regaining possession of them. It is a decided case of monomonia. To be sure, *he* has cause to respect the memory of Bryon, for he is ——"

At this moment, just as I was in hopes of learning something about the Unknown, a gentleman came up, took him with the spectacles by the hand, walked him off, with "My dear Galt—you are the very person I want to advise with;" and thus, on the very eve of having my curiosity gratified, it was cruelly left to eat its heart away.

Fortune, like the rest of her soft-hearted sex, does not always frown on those who have faith and patience to entreat her earnestly. So I found, when, one day, as it rained heavily while I was passing the Olympic Theatre, I saw a door open, on the opposite side of the street, and having neither cloak nor umbrella, I rushed across to that portal for shelter from the pelting of the pitiless storm.

The luckiest shower in the world! The front door which I found open was that of the mysterious book-shop. I had gained the haven.

Once there, I resolved not to "quit the premises" until I had solved the riddle. Between me and the *sanctum sanctorum* of the actual shop, there yet remained the intervening obstacle of a partition-wall: but that was a trifle to

the adventurous. I was in the hall—some three feet wide—common to two shops. One of these (that of the bookseller, the male Sphynx of Wych street!) was closed. But I heard sounds from within—the clatter of a knife and fork—which assured me at once of the actual vicinity of the Unknown, as well as of the fact that he was, like myself, "of earth, earthy." The man was evidently engaged on that great work—his dinner.

Of course, I made up my mind to wait until I saw him—until I had speech of him: aye, though I should have had to wait in that dim, narrow passage until midnight. Very patiently did I delay, for nearly half-an-hour, for some kind genius to let me in. At last—reward for all patience, compensation for all anxiety—the door stealthily creaked upon the hinges, as if it were opened in a mysterious manner. I quickly darted in. I was at once bold and fortunate. I was within the *penetralium*.

In many books of travel which I have read, I have observed that the authors were invariably "struck all in a heap," when they first laid eyes on *the* shrine, whither their pilgrimage was tending. Some have become breathless at the first glimpse of Rome, "the Niobe of Nations;" others have been smitten with voiceless expectation when, passing down the Brenta, the cry of "Venezia! Venezia!" is heard, and the City of the Sea opens on their view: more have bowed their heads when Mecca met their sight (but these were turbaned Hajjis): some have fallen on the ground and prayed, with tears, when from the rocky eminences which overhang the city of David, they have seen the Holy Sepulchre—it is a pity that the monks will shew more than one, each being exhibited as the undoubted original. Some, when the mighty avalanche of waters first met their gaze at Niagara, as if the fountains of the deep had burst

their bounds, have silently shed unconscious tears, awed by the mighty majesty of Nature. But all these were affected raptures in comparison with what I (should have) felt on entering the interior of the Byronic bookvendor's retreat. However, I may make a clean breast of it, and confess that, owing to my intense curiosity to look upon the man, I had not presence of mind to recollect the propriety of being wonderfully awe-stricken and heart-delighted. I had no time for raptures.

I boldly advanced into the middle of the shop. It was, without exception, the smallest I had ever set my feet within. As far as dimensions went, it was but half a shade more extensive than a cobbler's bulk. But if, as Dr. Watts said—

"The mind's the stature of the man,"

the standard by which he is to be measured—we may safely estimate the proportions of a bookseller's shop, not by *cubic*, but by *mental* measure. If so, although *this* shop was not very much larger than the interior of a six-inside stage-coach, its moral dimensions may have been considerable.

Not *quite* into the middle of the shop. It was already half-filled by another person. So contracted was the space, that it was a matter of some difficulty to stand within it, without coming into bodily contact with the previous occupant. He evidently had been busily engaged upon, and had just disposed of, a beef-steak agreeably redolent of onions, and, at the moment I first saw him, I did not catch his eye, because he was deeply bent on an endeavour to behold the bottom of a pot of stout (while you live, always drink malt liquor out of "its native pewter"), to which invigorating beverage he was very heartily paying his devoirs. When he had finished his mighty draught, concluding it with a deep

sigh and an emphatic smack of the lips, which might have been almost heard across the street, he turned his head in my direction, and thus gave me a full opportunity of taking his likeness at a glance.

He was a young man, somewhat under the middle size, and wholly unlike any ideal of romance or mystery. He had a large quantity of fair, sun-burnt hair, curly as that of a negro. The blemish of a red stain—one of the wishing-spots, whereof matrons speak—extended over a large portion of one cheek, without much disfiguring it. He had bright blue eyes; a broad, low forehead; full lips, and turned-up nose. He had a bluff, yeoman-like air. His address smacked of country breeding—perfectly civil, but with a dash of independence. I wondered how such a man could have been a bookseller, and in London, too. He seemed more adapted to follow the deer and dogs over the green glades than to have his free spirit fret itself against the prisoning bars of city life.

Not in the slightest degree embarrassed by my sudden entry into his little place, he announced himself, with some ostentation, as owner of the shop, and informed me that his stock-in-trade consisted of the books I had seen exhibited to the inspection of the street passengers, and of a portfolio of engravings. This portfolio he placed before me, and I saw that it contained a great many illustrations of the life, travels, and writings of Byron—I should say, fully nineteen-twentieths of all that had been published at home and abroad. The walls of his little room were covered with large engravings—all of the same character. There were a few brackets in the corner, and on them he had mounted busts of Byron. He then shewed me some of the minor poems, in the poet's own handwriting, and exhibited, with much reverence, a lock of hair which, he told me, had been cut from Byron's head,

while his body lay in state at Great George street, Westminster, before it was taken down to Hucknall Church-yard, for interment. He quoted several passages from the poetry — appearing familiar with the whole of it—and his recitation, albeit a little too much mouthed, was spirited, and shewed appreciation and feeling.

I could not understand all of this. I remarked that he appeared to have a decided liking for all things appertaining to Lord Byron, and a wonderfully close acquaintance with his writings. He replied, "Why, sir, I have every cause to love Lord Byron. He was the making of me and mine. I am his son."

Mystery upon mystery. Here was a discovery. But I made no remark, knowing of old, that you run the chance of marring a confession, by interrupting it. "Yes," he continued, "I am Lord Byron's own godson. My father is that Mr. Fletcher, his valet, whose name so often occurs in these books"—pointing to the two quartos of the biography, by Moore. "My father was the humble and devoted friend and servant, to whom he endeavoured to speak his last wishes. In that far-away country, it was he who

> 'Sat by his lone couch, when even the mind
> Which swayed the world, was wavering, undefined.'"

On further conversation, I found no reason to doubt that this really was the eldest son of faithful Fletcher, and the namesake and godchild of the great poet, whose fame fills the world.

He told me that he had been born on the Newstead property, and it was not of the dull routine of every-day thought and action, to see the tears stream down his cheeks, as, with all the natural eloquence of overflowing gratitude,

he spoke of the favours his family had received from Byron. In reply to my enquiry respecting his father, the faithful Fletcher, he told me that as Lord Byron's will had not made any provision for him, Byron's dear sister Augusta had done for him what she could—which, however, was not much. He wrote me his address, "Mr. Fletcher, 3, Charles street, Berkeley square," where he was in business as a vender of vermicelli, and such culinary nick-nacks.* The handwriting of the younger Fletcher corroborated the theory, that character and temperament may often be predicted from the caligraphy of individuals. The writing was a bold, clear, round-text—exactly such as might be looked for from a yeoman. I should have been greatly disappointed if it had been thin, and wiry, and angular, like that of a boarding-school Miss or a *petit maitre*.

By this time, the rain had ceased, and with my curiosity as much disappointed as gratified, I was quitting the place, expressing my intention of purchasing one of the books. But Fletcher contrived to raise some objection in every instance. He feared that this work was as good as sold—that the other was not quite perfect—that a third should be sent to the binder. I saw, in short, that he really was unwilling to part with any of his stock-in-trade. Therefore, promising to call again, I was departing, when respectfully soliciting future favours, he put one of his own cards into my hand. I have carefully preserved it, and here it is:—

* "After all his adventures by flood and field, short commons included, this humble Achates of the poet has now established himself as the keeper of an Italian warehouse, in Charles street, Berkeley square, where, if he does not thrive, every one who knows any thing of his character will say he deserves to do."—*Murray's Ed. of Byron, vol. viii. p.* 19. Unfortunately he did not thrive, for he passed through the Insolvent Debtor's Court, in June, 1837. Immediately after, a subscription was set on foot for him, under the auspices of Mr. Murray, which did not yield much. He died, in November, 1839, in distressed circumstances.

GEORGE FLETCHER,

BOOKSELLER, PRINTSELLER, STATIONER,

AND

Composer of Poetry,

55 WYCH STREET, DRURY LANE,

OPPOSITE THE OLYMPIC.

Composer of Poetry, as adjunct to the bookselling and stationery business, was a novelty, although it certainly is as correct as "Composer of Music." I asked to see some of his productions. He briskly opened a desk—the place was too small for a drawer—and handed from it a pamphlet containing some rhymes, very indifferently printed on paper to match.

The subject of these verses was Reform—a stirring question about that period. I had not time to read the poem then, so, seeing, "price sixpence" imprinted on the cover, I produced that coin, laid it down, and was pocketing my purchase, when the Composer told me he could not part with that copy, as it was the last of two editions of five hundred each, and he must retain it, to have a third edition printed therefrom. In a few days, he said, he should have this new issue ready.

Thus it happened that I did not become the possessor of this literary gem. I have lamented, ever since, that I had not time to give it a perusal on the spot. My memory of odd things is so very tenacious, that I ought have carried off ten or a dozen of the fifty stanzas of this *brochure*. I

recollect, however, that one verse was somewhat to this effect:—

"And, when the Nation came to see
What a great Reform there would be,
They were as glad as any thing,
And blessed the Queen and also the King."

Something in the same vein were verses which "a Composer of Poetry," at Aberdeen, named John Davidson, published on the same subject, at the same time:—

"'Tis true we live in Aberdeen,
A northern city cold;
But that our hearts are true to him
King Wil-li-am hath been told."

Mr. Fletcher, to eke out the sixteen pages of his publication, had added a few Miscellanies. I remember the opening stanza of a "Poem on Mr. Green's Balloon ascent, at Nottingham, in September, 1826." It is this:—

"That moment was an awful hour
To all in hall, in court, in bower,
When up, in beauty, to the sky,
Like a beautiful bird, the balloon did fly.
In all my days I never seen
A bolder man than Mr. Green.
I wish he may have, with my praise,
A happy end, and length of days."

To what Sterne called "the cant of criticism," I leave the smile at poor Fletcher's confounding the duration of a "moment" with an "hour." The same word-picking may decide how, except by poetic license, the adventurous aëronaut was first to have a "happy end," and then the boon of "length of days." The Composer certainly had not heard of the itinerant preacher who, when discoursing on the goodness of Providence, said—"But, my brethren, even Death itself,

which for our many offences, we all have merited, Providence has wisely and kindly placed at the *end* of our lives: for, oh! what would Life be worth, if Death was at the *beginning?*" In the same discourse, the preacher made the *naïve* remark—"It is a remarkable instance of the goodness of Providence, that large rivers invariably flow by large towns."

The perusal of Lord Byron's works had not made a poet of his valet's first-born.

A week or two after my interview with this "Composer of Poetry," I again went to his residence. I found the shop closed, and no one could inform me what had become of the occupant. Fletcher had given up business—if ever he had any—and yet the bustle of London went on as usual. A great luminary had departed from Wych street, Drury lane. This is the last I ever saw or heard of the Composer of Poetry.

"It grieved me, I assure you," said Butler, "to have unluckily missed the opportunity of cultivating my acquaintance with this 'Composer of Poetry.' There was a rough, honest independence about him which, in the wilderness of London, was quite startling. His was a firm belief that he actually had great poetical genius; and yet, despite this glaring defect of judgment, he understood and was familiar with the writings of Byron. I do not know whether he had read other authors, but nobody could doubt that he had studied, and could appreciate the author of Childe Harold. It was as if a diamond merchant should have exquisite appreciation of gems possessed by others, yet fancy that his own bits of paste were stones of the first water. Account for it who can: it puzzles me."

"It only shows," remarked our Irish friend, "that there are more things in earth and heaven than *your* philosophy hath dreamed of. It would have rewarded your pains had you traced out this man, and ascertained the causes which had made his judgment of other men's writings so vastly superior to his exaggerated estimate of his own. The anomaly appears remarkably curious. To think so accurately, and write so wretchedly—to have lighted his lamp by the pure lustre of Byron's genius, and fed it with the commonest whale-oil of his own mind—to have a true appreciation of what the greatest genius of our time has written, and yet to cling with egotistical satisfaction to the inanity which his own pen produced—these things show a peculiarity of mental organization which it would have been curious to have analyzed."

"I assure you," replied Butler, "that I 'nothing exaggerate, nor set down aught in malice,' respecting the man. I speak of him as I found him—enthusiastically attached to the memory of Byron, capable of delicately appreciating the

immortal poetry of that immortal mind, and yet, when attempting to imitate it, producing not merely what was common-place and tame, but such doggrel as the ballad-mongers of the Seven Dials would have perused with scorn."

This was the last story related on our first evening at Matlock. The ladies retired, and we, who remained, held a council as to the best mode of spending the morrow. My own local knowledge was of some advantage in fixing the programme. With vehicles and horses at command, we were within accessible distance of a variety of places well worth seeing.

North of Matlock are many points which may be pleasurably visited. At the extremity of Darley Dale is that admirable inn, the "Peacock," at Rowsley, which is reached after traversing from Matlock through the beautiful valley of the Derwent—the transition from the majestic grandeur of the Tors at Matlock, and the far-extending valley in which Rowsley stands, being not the least remarkable. Through it now runs a Railway, which changes the peculiar character of the scene, while it certainly makes it more accessible to the many than it was in the time when I first knew it. But not even "improvement" can wholly destroy the beauty of such places. The confluence of the Wye with the Derwent, which artists have loved to sketch, and travellers have delighted to admire, remains—the windings of the river are unchanged—the view up the valley of the Derwent, from Rowsley Bridge, continues to attract admiration—and, within a few paces of the bridge, still flourishes the "Peacock," which looks rather like such a residence as a country gentleman would have reared in the Elizabethan reign, than an inn in the heart of

a romantic district. Within the last thirty years, how many distinguished men have sojourned in that comfortable hostelrie! Artists and statesmen, botanists and geologists—men of letters and science—black-letter lawyers and grave physicians, have resorted thither; for the brethren of the angle abound in all professions, and the trout and the greylings in the Derwent and the Wye are numerous enough for all who cast the line. After the day's employment—self-imposed tasks which are relaxations to minds ordinarily occupied with grave and pressing thought—to come home to the pleasant hospitality which "The Peacock" affords to all who pay (nor need the purse be very heavy there), is the very height of rational enjoyment, and enviable by those who unfortunately, are in populous city pent, by occupations which admit of scanty holidays.

Nearly half-way between "The Peacock" at Rowsley, and the old town of Bakewell (built a thousand years ago, by the Saxon King Edward), it is as well to turn aside and visit Haddon Hall. The rich pasturage of the Vale of Haddon sweeps between the two places, and, in the centre, on a hill which abruptly rises from the Wye, stands Haddon Hall, which, seen through the trees by which it is surrounded, appears to realize the idea which the mind forms of one of the ancient fortalices, in which the baron sought refuge from the encroachments of the monarch, and from which he sometimes hurled defiance at the kingly power. Here, in the olden time, those Vernons—whose wealth and power, caused them to be called "Kings of the Peak"—lived in hospitable splendour. Here are still retained evidences of the magnificent manner in which these lords of the ancient time kept house. But, in the imperishable pages of Scott, the past has been made to live again, and the best idea of Haddon, next to what can be obtained from personal observation, is to be

found in his Peveril of the Peak, the Martindale Hall of which is but a description of the more striking points of Haddon. The great hall with its oaken wainscot, capacious fire-place, and raised dais—the dining-room, with its quaint carvings, oak panels, and rich gildings—the drawing-room with its curious tapestry—the immense gallery (with its floor made from planks out of a single oak), which was honoured, it is said, by Queen Elizabeth's "treading a measure" in it, at the ball given when it was opened—the antique gardens—the terraces—the lime-tree avenue—and, to crown all, the beautiful views from the summit of the Eagle Tower, form a combination of attractions, such as are rarely to be met, and, in truth, are almost peculiar to Haddon. The novelist, the painter, the poet, and the antiquarian, have found something wonderfully suggestive in Haddon Hall, and good feeling, as well as good taste, has been shown by the Manners family (to whom it came by intermarriage with the Vernons), in carefully keeping it up, even as we see it now. Appropriately, therefore, do the peacock, the crest of the Manners, and the boar's head, that of the Vernons, conjunctively meet the eye in the principal apartments of that stately building. It is almost desolate now, for the Duke of Rutland prefers Belvoir Castle, in Leicestershire, with its more modern appliances for comfort; and indeed, it may be doubted, whether it does not impress the mind more effectually in its deserted state, than if it were crowded with the "troops of friends" who might be attracted there by modern hospitality. Unless the ancient apparel, arms, and attendants could be brought back into the ancient Hall, there would be that incongruity which invariably arises from the admixture of new and antique things and persons. As it is, Haddon Hall is one of the best relics of the olden time in England—it is at once interesting and

picturesque, and to have seen it is something which one would not willingly have missed.

Within so easy a distance of Haddon, that a pedestrian can cover the ground in less than an hour, even if he walk by the winding margin of the Derwent, stands Chatsworth, "The Palace of the Peak"—as it was called long before it deserved the appellation so well as it does now. We resolved to visit both places, the next day, to contrast the massive grandeur of the old baronial hall, with the magnificence of the new and splendid palace.

Our whole party started, soon after breakfast, for Haddon, which we examined with great pleasure and admiration. Returning to "The Peacock" at Rowsley, we had personal experience, by means of an abundant luncheon, that fame had not over-rated the goodness of the "creature comforts" which were there supplied.

Leaving our vehicles at Rowsley, we went to Chatsworth, on foot, by the side of the Derwent—a charming walk, which leads quite into Chatsworth Park. What occasion is there to describe what pen and pencil have so often, and so well delineated?

The contrast between Haddon and Chatsworth struck us, as it strikes every one, as a contrast between the Past and the Present. If the picturesque antiquity of one edifice be charming, not less pleasing is the modern refinement of the other. To me, Chatsworth was a familiar place, for I had often visited it—not only in the ordinary manner, by payment of the usually expected douceur, but by invitation, when the Duchess of Kent was a guest, in company with her youthful daughter, the then Princess Victoria. On that occasion, the state apartments had been thrown open *en suite*, and—stretching as they do through the whole length of that palatial

mansion—a vista of between seven and eight hundred feet was formed. There—with brilliant lights, attendants in gorgeous liveries, guests sparkling with jewels, music breathing melody throughout the evening, and the adornments of the rooms rich beyond even our ideas of Eastern luxury—the future Queen of England, then a child of some thirteen years, sate as the guest of one of England's richest and most exalted nobles. Nor were the adornments of these rooms such as mere wealth could produce. A pervading and intellectual spirit had presided over all; statues, vases, pictures, books, and a varied collection of other articles of art and *vertu* bearing testimony to the taste as well as the fortune of their possessor.

Our Matlock party, thanks to my own previous knowledge of Chatsworth, loitered through its noble apartments, and rich galleries, without being compelled to depend on the information supplied by the persons who usually showed the place.

The great Conservatory was not then wholly completed, but, in a building containing rare plants and flowers, were then to be seen bassi-relievi of Morning and Night, by Thorwaldsen. The Sculpture Gallery already contained many beautiful specimens of Art, among which is Canova's colossal bust of Napoleon, which, more than any other, gives a *full* idea of the mental capacity of him who was legislator, as well as soldier and sovereign. There, too (also from Canova's hand), we saw the sitting statue of Napoleon's Mother —worthy of *him*, the greatest man, all points considered, who ever rose, and reigned, and fell.

We lingered on those terraces which the fairy feet of lovely and unfortunate Mary Stuart had so often trod. We traversed the splendid gardens, in which, thanks to wealth and Paxton, the entire vegetable world appears to be repre-

sented. We lost ourselves amid the leafy woods and the romantic glades, startling the bright-eyed fawns in their resting-places. We saw the play of the artificial waterfall, and the upward spring of the fountains, breaking into spray above the trees, and falling like shattered diamonds when viewed between the sunshine. We narrowly escaped a sprinkling from the artificial willow-tree, which, when the spirit of mischievous frolic is predominant, scatters thousands of water-drops from its hollow leaves and branches. As our feet pressed the velvet and elastic sward of that rich demesne, we could fully appreciate the delicate truth and gallantry of the farewell compliment spoken to a former Duke of Devonshire, by Marshal Tallard (whom the great Marlborough had taken prisoner at Blenheim), "that all the time he had spent at Chatsworth, he should not think of counting as part of his captivity in England."

Sauntering back to "The Peacock," we reached Matlock at too late an hour for an advanced sitting, and too much overcome with pleasant fatigue for any enjoyment except repose. So, deciding on having the morrow as a day of rest, we had no story-telling that night, but each sought his pillow, thereon to hope for "rosy dreams and slumbers light."

THE DIVAN.

What a contrast to the bright and glad yesterday did the next day present! Fierce sunshine out of doors, dullness within, and (as this last is an epidemic), the whole party suffering from *ennui*. Books lay upon the table—no one felt disposed to read them. The newspapers had arrived—soon condemned for not containing intelligence. The harp was out of tune—what matter, when neither of the ladies was inclined to wake its slumbering soul of song. The Artist's portfolio was there—for the first time, its treasures were unheeded. The Novelist was silent—thinking, perhaps, how he should dispose of his characters in a picturesque *tableau*, for the closing chapters of his next fiction. The Irish gentleman was out of spirits, and looked as if—he could not help it. The Major was musing—perhaps planning how best to carry on a campaign against the widow's heart and hand. Sir Julian was reported to be writing letters in another room—happy man, to have any thing seriously to occupy him. The ladies were silently engaged in the manufacture of some of the nick-nackeries on which the fair sex so often delight to waste their time and to expend their ingenuity. The very lap-dogs basked in the sun, as the newspaper paragraph-makers say, lazily resting in "the arms of Morpheus."

Thus it was within doors. There was not much difference outside—save, that there was a trifle more air, a little less shade. The day was intensely hot, as if it had been one of

the dog-days, rather than a morning in May, for scarcely did a wandering zephyr venture out to whisper through the leafy trees. Below, the river murmured by in a quiet sleepiness, more akin to stillness than to sound. The hum of the bees, the monotonous cawing of the rooks, the tinkling of sheep-bells in the distance, and, now and then, the spring-bird calling "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" were the only sounds abroad. All appeared like the essence of dreamy inaction. Never before, had I seen, in England (and ere the summer had fully set in, too), a day which bore so close a resemblance to an autumnal one within the tropics. Of course, we anticipated a magnificent thunder-storm, with sheeted lightning, and an inundation. There came neither thunder, lightning, nor rain: we had nothing but *ennui* and extra summer-heat.

How unlike the rural mirth of yesterday, when innocent Enjoyment had a thousand voices—when Pleasure scattered many a delight from her starry diadem—when the flush of Joy added new charms to the cheek of Beauty — when lips which were wont to be silent were made eloquent by the delicious excitement of the moment—when bright-eyed Hope shed her smiles in such wild profusion, that some of them fell like pleasant balm, upon the hearts of the thoughtful—when the blood ran through the veins with a quicker flow than in the every day stagnation of what we miscall Life—when the joy-crowned goblet of present Delight passed from lip to lip, and the nectareous draught gratified without maddening the senses. *Now!*—the means of enjoyment were the same, but the prevailing spirit that had sparkled was evaporated. There was as much difference between yesterday's enjoyment, and to-day's dullness, as between the ocean, stirred by the strong breeze which the mariner loves, sending a thousand richly-freighted argosies to their destined and distant ports, and the calm lake, in the midst of some stately pleasure-grounds,

without a breath of wind to crisp its glassy surface, or ruffle its glassy smoothness. Who, with a heart to feel, but would prefer the one, even with its chance of peril, to the safe but monotonous calmness of the other!

The forenoon passed, as heavily as can be imagined. Conversation was an effort, and indeed, all exercise of mind or body appeared alike unpleasant. It wanted some hours to dinner—that grand epoch in the daily life of true-born Englishmen. We should have been in despair, if—all of us feeling the pervading dullness, while none of us made an effort to dispel it—Tressilian had not entered the room. He informed us that, after writing his letters, he had gone out and sauntered by the banks of the river, getting into the shade as much as possible, and thus found it not so oppressively warm out of doors as he had anticipated—that he had found the most enviable coolness in half-an-hour's visit to the Rutland Cavern, with Bryant for his escort—that, on the strong recommendation of that worthy, who had even volunteered his companionship, he had entrusted his person to a sort of pony-chaise, curiously contrived with the merest apology for springs, and, passing through Cromford, had adventured as far as Wirksworth, the ancient capital of the Roman mining district of the Low Peak—that there he had seen the brass dish, chained up in the Moot Hall, which, by the statute of Henry VIII., is still the standard measure for lead ore in the Peak district—that, while refreshments were getting ready at the Red Lion, they had visited Stonnis—that there, on the topmost pinnacle of a very high hill, from out the fissures of which spring multitudinous pines, they had ascended a pile of great blocks of stone, from the summit of which he had a view as striking as any in the county of Derby, the prospect stretching far around, and embracing a variety of scenery at once varied and rich—and that, finally,

as we might see, he had returned full of life and spirits, to wonder at *our* being dull and subdued by the imps called "blue."

We wondered, as the Spanish sages did when Columbus made the egg stand, how none of us had happened to think of such an expedient, as he had found, for passing the time.

"Confess," said he, "that you are *ennuyé*. What aggravates the disease is, you yield to it. Learn, that the slightest effort of will suffices to dethrone this incubus of the mind. If you should happen to die now, a reflective jury would be justified in delivering a verdict of, 'Died from want of excitement.' Play—walk—read—dance—even have a game of blindman's buff on this hot day, rather than sit like so many inhabitants of the Castle of Indolence. Breathe, as I have done, the fresh air which continually passes over the Derbyshire hills, and wonder how, in the midst of scenery so romantic, you could ever have permitted *ennui* to enter. If you think the day too warm for out-of-door exercise—though I have taken and managed to survive it—try such a course of mental excitement within doors, as will keep your faculties on the *qui vive*, without fatiguing them."

The advice was excellent, but we confessed our inability, on the instant, to know exactly how to act upon it.

"I do not hesitate to say," said Sir Julian, "that you are perfectly unconscionable. It yet wants some hours to dinner, and none of you appear to know how the time is to be wiled away before that welcome event comes off. Newspapers you cannot read—sketches you do not look at—music you will not hear—skill at chess you care not to exercise—luck at old-fashioned backgammon you will not try—why not, in such a dead lock, resume what we commenced so satisfactorily on the first day of our sojourn here? Lady Morton has heard our stories, and has been duly edified by them, no doubt: let

me suggest that, in return, she shall now contribute some narrative of her own; and if—as we have somewhat run into personal confidences—she will do us the additional favour of being the heroine of her own tale, I venture to say that it will be the more acceptable. I could swear, in any court of Romance in Christendom, that she has not passed thus far through life—though she yet lingers on the threshold of youth—without some adventure worth listening to."

Lady Morton—after some pretty protestations, like those of Canning's Weary Knife-Grinder, which went for nothing—protested that it was difficult to sit within doors, on such a day, and impossible to speak. At another opportunity, she would cheerfully become a story-teller for our gratification; but it was really impracticable at present.

Sir Julian, the Major, and the Irishmen, were here observed to lay their heads together in grave and momentous consultation. Presently, the trio quitted the apartment. Half an hour afterwards, the Major returned, and communicated the result of their thought and action.

The New Bath Hotel, at which our party stopped, is one of the prettiest places of public accommodation in England.

In front, there is a capacious esplanade, stretching the whole length of the building and its extensive garden. The house itself consists of a centre and two wings. The gardens, which are of some extent, and tastefully laid out, are to the north of the building. There is an artificial piece of water in this garden, near which a patriarchal lime-tree—certainly more than six hundred years old, according to Rhodes' "Peak Scenery"—as fine as any of those which are the boast of Oxford, spreads out its leafy canopy.

Underneath this great tree, and so arranged as to give the full benefit of its shade, the Major, drawing on his recollection of former bivouacs in the Peninsula, had contrived to

erect as good a substitute for a tent, as the combined skill of himself and his friends had been able to improvise. It was sufficient to exclude the gaze of the curious spectators in front; and with the help of ottomans, sofa-cushions, rugs, and cloaks, it was a very pleasant combination of gipsyism, *al fresco*, with some of the aids and appliances of Eastern ease. So well had the ladies' comforts been cared for, that even a Psyche had been brought down, and placed—as a *reflective* companion—in the situation best adapted for imaging their features. To this place the ladies were now duly conducted by the Major, that pleasure and honour being conceded to him as the suggester of the *pis-aller*, which he dignified, for the nonce, with the name of The Divan. Here, too, he had taken care to provide refreshments—fruit, wine, and cakes. Here, also, he told us, he fancied that Lady Morton, with the blue sky in view, and as much fresh air about her as could by any possibility be obtained, might be able to perform her promise, and indulge her friends with the expected narrative.

The attentive kindness which had made all of these out-of-door arrangements, and so evidently for her accommodation, met with its reward in a very sweet smile, and Lady Morton expressed herself quite ready to gratify us.

Premising that she was a lively, agreeable woman, with quick and intelligent dark eyes, and pretty coral lips, half concealing the whitest teeth I ever saw—that her features, though not what any one, except a lover, would call beautiful, or even handsome, were strikingly *spirituelle*—that her voice was sweet as the song of a nightingale—and that her years were yet very distant from the "certain age" which women have a horror of approaching—it may be imagined that we were disposed to listen and be pleased. The cerulean imps, whose unwelcome presence had so much annoyed us, vanished from that moment.

Grouped there, like the listeners in the garden of Boccaccio around one of the story-tellers of the "Decameron," we awaited the promised narrative; and our expectancy was the more keen, because we were to hear a personal adventure, and a true one—so ran the implied compact. After an inconsiderable pause, during which the fair lady seemed to be collecting and arranging her remembrances, she thus related her narrative, to an audience as attentive as ever listened to an Oriental story-teller, full of reminiscences,

> "After the fashion of the time,
> And humour of the golden prime
> Of good Haroun Alraschid."

THE HEIRESS.

Story! I have none. I am simply a woman, and not a heroine. I can boast of no hair-breadth 'scapes. I have had no adventures. I have been a stay-at-home traveller most of my days. I have led a calm, quiet, lady-like life, and have nothing, positively nothing, worth my telling, or your listening to.

Besides, at what a disadvantage you would take me. Nearly every body else has told a story; and mine, after all of yours, cannot, as poor Desdemona said, be other than a "most lame and impotent conclusion." Absolve me from my promise, and I will dance, play, sing, do any thing else you wish. Instead of dissipating *ennui*, I shall but increase it.

You shake your heads and hold me to the bond. Well, yours be the penalty. Bear witness, each and all, that I give you warning full and fair.

If you *will* have a narrative, and, more than all, a true one, I shall even give you a personal anecdote. It is quite matter-of-fact; no mystery, no horrors, nothing extraordinary, and only dashed with the slightest possible quantity of romance.

Fifteen years ago, I was just fifteen years old. It seems but as yesterday. My father resided in this very county of Derby, where he had a tolerable estate. He was an honest, true-hearted, willful-minded country gentleman, burthened or blessed with a family of daughters, whose number equalled

that of the Muses. How earnestly and vainly he longed for a son! By the time I was born, he had made up his mind to bear the disappointment with all proper patience. I do not think that, latterly, he lamented the want of a male heir more than ten times in every day.

He was one of the old school. That is, he was fond of field sports—fond of the bottle—so fond of his family honour that, although he could dispose of his landed estate as he wished, he had made up his mind to leave it to Sir Edward Morton, the head of the house—and so attached to the Constitution that, often to the detriment of his own, it was his time-honoured custom, night after night, to stand by it, when, truth to say, his libations to the rosy god had left him unable to stand by any thing else.

On the whole, however, my father was what is called "a good sort of a man." Your three-bottle men—your mighty Nimrods—your thorough John Bull gentlemen, who imported their own wines, brewed their own October, and killed their own mutton, have nearly all passed away; and, if the truth be told, we have no great loss in them. It is a pity that, in losing this class, we seemed also to have lost their genuine, hearty hospitality. I know that there are exceptions—so, Sir Julian need not think that I mean any thing personal as respects Tressilian Court—but the open-hearted hospitality of our English gentry seems to have vanished, and to be succeeded by cold ceremony and vain ostentation, which very inefficiently supply its place.

I am too digressive. Let me return to my father. He lived happily enough among his friends, and the only care that ever flitted by him—always excepting his grief that he was *son*-less, like a Greenland winter—was caused by the thought that life was short, and that he could scarcely hope to see his nine daughters married before he died. But, my

dear, kind, managing mother was an adept in matrimonial tactics—she must have been a match-maker by intuition, for she lived far from the London marriage-marts—and she contrived that, year after year, a daughter was launched into the circulation of connubial currency.

Heaven only knows *how* this was accomplished, for no fortunes were paid or promised—it was known that my father meant the estate to go to the elder branch of the family—and it certainly was not the beauty of my sisters that got them well-wedded, for I may say, and without any very extraordinary vanity, that plain as *I* am, I was by far the best-looking of the family.

[Though her Ladyship was not what one would call "a beauty," she undoubtedly did not merit the insinuation of plainness, and it was one which nobody but herself would have ventured. As she made it, her eyes involuntarily turned to the reflection of herself in the mirror opposite the ottoman on which she sat. Her auditors noted the glance, and smiled. The same glance which showed herself to herself, also allowed her to perceive the eager gaze of admiration which the Major fixed upon her. At this moment, when the fair cheek blushed, and the dark eye brightened, she looked almost lovely—and she knew it! So, she felt that the ardour of that admiring gaze might be forgiven—for when did Woman ever feel really angry at homage rendered to her charms? To us who, on the principle of the spectators seeing more of the game than the players, had the advantage of overlooking the moves, and noting the bye-play, it appeared pretty certain that the lady would presently cry "check" to the Major—and it seemed as if it would be his own fault if, with the slightest possible delay, after that, this

gallant gentleman might not prevail upon her to consent to be "mated." This was our general feeling, not audibly expressed in words, but silently intercommunicated by significant glances from each to each.]

Nay, not a word. I see what you would say. Spare your compliments. In very truth, my sisters were not very famous for good looks. They were pretty well accomplished, as accomplishments went at that time. They could draw a little—play a little—sing a little—and dance a great deal. They were excellent house-wives—most notable managers. You smile—let me tell you that this last is a first rate advantage in the country. A woman so endowed, although portionless in other matters, is something of a prize in a country household. If she does not *bring* a fortune, she sometimes may *save* one—though I have known families in whose case the verdict might be "Ruined by Economy."

It is not of any consequence how it happened, but it is certain that my sisters, to use the proper and conventional phrase, went off exceedingly well. Mine has been a more stirring life. I have moved in higher circles; I have been stanzäed for my beauty—I have been quoted as a wit (mind, I use the words that others used, for I hate wit, and I do not possess beauty)—I have been as happy as most women in my station, but I question whether, after all, my enjoyments (society, fashion, flattery, literature)—have been more in number or in value than theirs. The same dull round of routine employments — the same homely and household pursuits—the same unintellectual society—the same sort of stupid husbands, whose highest ambition is to breed stupendously fat cattle for the county agricultural exhibition, make dull speeches at a vestry meeting, look consequential on the

Bench at Quarter Sessions, or dine at an inn with the county Member—the same sort of bullet-headed children, with white locks, and fat paws, and chubby cheeks—the same petty rivalries—the same humdrum society, from year's end to year's end, have been the lot of my contented sisters, and on that lot they have vegetated very happily. It is exceedingly fortunate that all people have not the same tastes. Such a life as they have led, poor things, would kill me in a week.

Eight of my sisters were taken off my father's hands—you perceive that I can use the true market phrase—before I was quite fifteen. I was the ninth, and the youngest by some years. When all the rest had been disposed of, literally to the best bidders, I was yet such a mere child in years, thought, and appearance, that matrimony was a goal to which, for some time at least, my steps were not to be directed. Perhaps, as I was the youngling of the flock, I was kept on hand a little longer, in the hope of being the more advantageously disposed of. Perhaps my youth would have been no great impediment to my "settlement in life"—how convenient are the terms!—if my mother had not died suddenly, greatly to my sorrow, for I very dearly loved her. This event made a great change at home, and I was sent to a boarding-school near Derby, until farther orders.

We knew very little of Sir Edward Morton, the distant relative to whom my father intended that the estate should revert, to carry out the principle of primogeniture, than that he was very old, very rich, and very eccentric. On the formal announcement of my mother's death, he sent a letter of condolence, courteous, kind, and formal, in which he requested particular information respecting the domestic affairs of our family, and intimated a desire that, connected as we were in blood, we should also be connected in friendship.

My father replied, in his usual frank and hearty manner,

that it should not be his fault if the friendship thus solicited were not freely formed and fostered. From this there followed such an interchange of compliments, that, some six months after the commencement of the correspondence, Sir Edward Morton invited my father to visit him at his seat in Yorkshire.

The visit was paid, and each father must have loudly sounded the praises of his child, for they agreed that the estates should be united by the bond matrimonial. I was fluttered and flattered at receiving an intimation that I was to proceed forthwith to Morton Hall, where my father still remained. I had a vague suspicion that something in the marriage-line was on the *tapis*, for my father's recent letters had been brimful with praises of Mr. Henry Morton, the only child of his kinsman. These praises must have been wholly on hearsay, for the young gentleman was then on the Continent.

I was received at Morton Hall affectionately, as if I were Sir Edward's daughter, instead of his guest. Women have a sort of freemasonry by which they know when they are favourites, and I saw, at once, that I was on the high-road to the old Baronet's heart. He was so kind, so considerate, so generous, that I must have been cold and ungrateful indeed, if I did not seek to repay him by all the attentions in my power.

Soon after my arrival, I was summoned to a cabinet council in the library, where, after a preliminary harangue of half-an-hour's length, my father informed me that Sir Edward and himself had agreed that Henry Morton should marry me, and that it was expected I should be rejoiced at this arrangement. Sir Edward drew me towards him, and kindly kissed my forehead, adding a few words to the effect that he knew my disposition was exactly similar to that of his dear son, and

that this greatly relieved his mind, by giving him the assurance that the union would be a happy one. The gentleman quite forgot that neither of the contracted parties had yet seen the other. But in a family compact of this kind, there is little consideration for the feelings or affections —it a simply a matter of convenience, and seldom an affair of the heart.

I usually have a good memory—yet I now forget what reply I gave to this matrimonial proposal. Perhaps I gave none—perhaps none was expected—perhaps I did not then quite comprehend what he told me. At any rate, the affair was considered as fixed, and I was sent back to school, a betrothed damsel, loaded with presents.

A few months later, I was suddenly summoned home. My father was on his death-bed, and I arrived in time to see him die, and receive his blessing. Although he was rather a negative character in society, as a man, I had ever found him a kind and affectionate parent, and the tears which I shed for him were neither few nor unmerited.

On his will being read, it appeared that he had annually laid by a considerable portion of his income, and this accumulation, divided among my sisters, was some consolation to them for the remaining provisions of the bequest, which were to the effect that, by mutual agreement between Sir Edward Morton and my father, it had been determined that Henry Morton should become the husband of Isabella Charlton—that he should tender his hand to me within one year after his father's death—and, that, in the event of either party neglecting, or declining to make, or accept such offer matrimonial, the united estates were to become the sole property of the other. If the gentleman neglected or declined to become my suitor, he was to be cut off with an annuity of £300 a year. If the negative came from me, I was to have

the same amount for my yearly income. To prevent the possibility of any thing like a compromise, there was a proviso by which one party was prohibited from adding any thing to the income of the other. All this would have been of little use in a mere will, for it was clear that my father could not legally control the manner in which Sir Edward Morton might choose to dispose of his own property, but there had been a bond between the two parties, by which, under heavy penalties of forfeiture, the compact was firmly made. Very soon after this, Sir Edward Morton also died, and *his* 'last will and testament,' was found to correspond, in these essential parts, with that of my father. Intent on the fulfilment of their wishes, they had taken care to provide for it by all that the law could render most binding. In their eyes, the union of the estates was all important—for the union of hearts they had made no provision.

Here, then, was I, at the age of sixteen, conditionally an heiress, and conditionally betrothed. I was engaged to a man whom I had never seen, but if he had the manly option of asking me to be his wife, I had the feminine power, on the other hand, of saying "no."

Sir Henry Morton speedily returned to England, and was little pleased to find on what conditions, and with what a prospective burthen, his parental estates were transmitted to him. For my own part, I was not in the least surprised at learning, as I afterwards did, that he took legal advice upon his father's will. I am so little of a lawyer, that I may, probably, make a confusion of terms, but I believe that, some short time before he quitted England on his Continental tour, he had joined in what is called "docking the entail," a process by which, if I am not misinformed, he gave his father the power to alienate the landed property as he pleased. He was in no very pleasant dilemma. His legal advisers told

him that it would be useless to attempt to dispute the validity of his father's will, nor am I quite sure that he would have done it if he could. His chagrin, however, was by no means concealed.

Did he dislike me? He had never seen me—scarcely knew, until now, that such a being was in existence. But his feelings were romantic—his mind was imaginative—his sensibility acute, and it, therefore, is not surprising that he had a horror of being wedded "per order," as the tradesmen have it. He did not attempt to conceal his dissatisfaction, and, through one friend or another, I was not long in ignorance of his avowed intention of *not* soliciting my hand. What an affront!—not to let *me* have the credit and pleasure of refusing *him*. I do not think that, after all, I was half so much displeased as I ought to have been with this rumour of the young baronet's spirit. I am confident that I should have heartily despised him, had he made up his mind, as some of his sex would have done, to take the estates, with myself as the incumbrance. From the moment I heard that he vowed he would see me only once, to tell me that he could not become my suitor, he rose rapidly in my esteem.

The singular provisions of the two wills were publicly discussed, and, as it was rumored that she might come into a large fortune, the little brunette, who had been at Madame Le Plaisir's "establishment," for twelve months past, without attracting any attention, became the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes," all at once—that is, as much as a parlour boarder well could be. As if by a miracle, it was discovered that I had bright eyes—that my figure was graceful—that my manners were refined—in a word that I was a sort of conditional heiress! Such attentions as I was paid, might have turned a wiser and an older head than mine. But, although very young, I distrusted this novel kindness—these new

friends—this new situation. Young as I was, I was singularly suspicious of flattery: therefore, though beaux stared at me in St. Alkmund's Church, and bowed to me in All Saints', I estimated these attentions at the proper value. I was conscious that, until then, nobody had condescended to notice me, and I might rightly attribute the change to my improved prospects.

Admirers hover round an heiress, like flies round a honeycomb. A dashing, bold, handsome fortune-hunter formed the resolution to heighten the dislike to marry me, which, it was rumoured, had sprung up in Sir Henry Morton's mind, from the injunction to offer his hand to me. This person was a Captain Smith, possessing talents and address sufficient to render the success of his scheme far from impossible. He did not contemplate my being husbandless. His idea was, if he deprived me of the spouse who was duly willed and bequeathed to me, to supply his place—in person.

Captain Smith contrived to make the acquaintance of the young baronet. Being a pleasant and well-informed companion, the acquaintance soon warmed into intimacy, and the intimacy duly ripened into friendship. Sir Henry had but a lonely time of it at Morton Hall, and there was nothing particularly agreeable in marrying a lady whom he had never seen, or in relinquishing the fine estate to which he had so recently succeeded. The gallant Captain soon became so necessary to him, as a relief from his own sad thoughts, that he was quite domesticated at the Hall in a week or two. The baronet made something of a confidant of his new friend, who, as I afterwards was told, did not draw my character in the most flattering terms. On the contrary, he had not very much difficulty in persuading Sir Henry, that he could live much more happily on £300 a year without me, than on a yearly income of £14,000, burthened with such an

incumbrance as myself. What people wish, they readily believe, and if there had not existed a strong bias against me, Sir Henry could not have been so persuaded. Captain Smith was careful never to *say* anything directly to my prejudice—but he was a very *insinuating* man! I was condemned by implication and by inference. He could "hint a fault, and hesitate dislike," in the most adroit manner. He dealt out his speechless obloquy, with perseverance and tact—carefully avoiding making a dead set at me, as that might have induced a generous mind to champion the absent. But he contrived to let it be understood that I was ordinary, awkward, and imperfectly educated.

Marian Smith, only sister of the adventurer, officiated as half-pupil, half-governess, in Madame Le Plaisir's "Establishment for Young Ladies." She was a clever, shrewd, showy girl—exactly such an one as might easily become a knowing *intrigante* in love or politics. She was naturally good-natured, and, some time before I had become an orphan, had taken a fancy to me, and had treated me with an affectionate and disinterested kindness, for which I was very grateful, the more so, I suppose, because such attentions were rare at the time and place. When, from the mere nobody I had been, fortune elevated me into a sort of somebody, with high expectations, every one seemed anxious to distinguish me, but I turned a deaf ear to their blandishments, somewhat haughtily, I fear, and my only school-friend was Marian Smith, who had been kind to me when no interested motive could have influenced her. Accordingly we were Damon and Pythias in petticoats.

In this, she had a great advantage over me:—she was nearly ten years my senior; and, from this, as well as her position in the school, I had been accustomed to look up to her with a strong degree of reliance. So, when Captain Smith

began to manœuvre for my hand and the rich acres, his sister was one of the best instruments he could employ.

There could not have been a better confederate. She had good cards in her hand, and she played them well. She had all the arts of a practiced tactician, and the chief of them was the concealment that she had any. She glided into my confidence—unsuspiciously extolling the manifold virtues of her brother—blaming him for an utter want of selfishness which had often interfered with his worldly interests—gently condemning his romantic enthusiasm—commenting in most pitying terms on the horrid necessity of my being compelled to marry a man whom I had not yet seen—insinuating that he had spoken slightly of me, and, after that, could seek my hand for nothing but the fortune it would carry with it. All this was conveyed in such a tone of sympathy, sorrow, and sincerity, apparently arising out of a deep wish for my happiness, that even watchful suspicion would have been disarmed of its apprehensions. It easily imposed upon me, knowing no guile, nor thinking that one who called herself my friend could practise it.

No wonder that all this had much of its intended effect. I already was slightly predisposed against Sir Henry, on account of the peculiar position in which we were relatively placed; and what I heard of his avowed dislike to our union, together with hints as to engagements and excesses on the Continent, was not very unwelcome to me, as it seemed, in some manner, to justify the prejudice which floated in my mind. The soil was well prepared for the seed; and dear Marian Smith was a cunning cultivator.

Her brother sometimes came to pay a flying visit to her; and it was usually contrived that I should be present during part of the interview. On these occasions, whenever Sir Henry Morton was alluded to, the subject was dismissed with

a significant shrug and sigh, which, in their very silence, told a great deal.

All this had made me half determine to have the gratification of refusing the hand of Sir Henry, if it should be proffered. But the Smiths had no wish that such should be the issue of the adventure. They believed that it would not require any very difficult management to throw the rejection upon *him*. This done, the Captain was to make an effort to obtain my hand for himself, and what he desired more than that, my broad lands also. The man had many things in his favour besides his appearance and manners—but his chief instrument would have been the influence upon my mind quietly exercised by his sister. It was unseen and unsuspected—strong though secret. It is probable that success might have fully crowned their scheming, but for a slight accident, on which they had not calculated.

You may recollect my mentioning its being provided by the double wills, that Sir Henry Morton must marry me within twelve months after his father's death. That period had now so very nearly elapsed, that my guardians, who had no doubt that the marriage would take place in due course, sent for me, thinking that Sir Henry might not wish to woo and win his bride under the *surveillance* of the bread-and-butter misses of a boarding-school. The announcement came on me so very suddenly, and my removal was effected so very promptly, that, my dear Marian Smith being accidentally absent, I had no opportunity of taking counsel with her.

My uncle, who was one of my guardians, did me the honour of coming for me, and taking me with him to his house. He was a plain-spoken gentleman, full of the idea that he was very facetious, and that any boarding-school young lady must enjoy unequivocal satisfaction in the approach of marriage. He therefore managed to make my journey very uncomforta-

ble by a series of jokes upon my approaching "change of condition." Smiles and frowns—protestations and silence—were alike in vain. My very tears failed to disarm him. He put every thing down to "a little modesty, my dear, very natural to your situation, and becomes you exceedingly." I never was so tormented before nor since.

When our journey was ended, I found, most happily and fortunately for me, that my aunt was of a very different character. She was shrewd, sensible, and sympathizing. She had mixed with the world, but this had quickened all her womanly sensibilities. Without my perceiving that I was subjected to the process, she drew from me some idea of my feelings, and neither frowned nor smiled, scolded nor ridiculed me, when I told her that I had no inclination to marry Sir Henry Morton, if he were to ask me, and that I believed I should be much happier if I never married at all.

My aunt, who looked at events with the resolve to trace them back to their causes, had the tact to ascertain how my prejudices against Sir Henry had been developed and encouraged. "It is well," said she, with a smile, "that this dangerous Marian Smith is not with you just now. I know, from authority indisputable, that her clever brother has been acting much the same part by Sir Henry Morton. It is not very difficult to surmise the motives of this double game. Perhaps, too, my dear, there may be a little pique in your mind at Sir Henry's having let so many months pass by without making an effort to see you?"——I protested, of course, against such inferences, and defended Marian Smith, with zeal, if not with eloquence. But I saw that my aunt was incredulous.

It now wanted only six weeks of the expiration of *our* year, and—though I *was* annoyed at the indifference with which he treated me, just as if he was ignorant of the existence of

such a being—I began to cherish hopes that Sir Henry would not come to ask my hand. I ventured to hint at such to my aunt, and her reply set my spirits in a flutter; "My dear child, you will see Sir Henry in due time. He certainly *does* come. He will be at your cousin's next week, and we shall see him in due course, so make up your mind to be 'wooed, and married, and a'' in due season."

One of those irrepressible impulses—caprices, if you will—which sometimes influence us, now came into my mind. Hitherto, I had been persuaded, and had persuaded myself, that I cared as little for Sir Henry, as he for me. Now, I felt as if I would give all the world to conquer his indifference. My aunt saw, by the changeful expression of my countenance, that something like a heart-quake was heaving below, and she frankly told me that though she did not solicit my confidence, she hoped and believed that, if I did confide in her, some good might be the result. "I have no daughter," said she, "but I think that if I had, I could not feel more interested about her, than I am about you at this moment." I threw my arms around her neck, and whispered, "I have never seen Sir Henry. Let me judge of him, myself unknown. I have long promised to spend a month with my cousin—let me go at once, under another name, so that when Sir Henry arrives there, he may find me one of the family, and thus make my acquaintance, without his knowing or suspecting who I am."

"My dear child," said my aunt, caressingly, "you would play the part of Miss Hardcastle, in the comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer.' The idea is romantic, the execution difficult. If you fail, and there is every chance that you may, you are lost. Yet I would like to let you have your own way, for you have no ordinary motive. Where much is to be gained, something may be risked. Your cousin's living in a

retired manner, and in a remote part of the country, where she sees few visitors, and where you have never yet been, prevents the likelihood of your incognito being discovered a moment before your own desire that it should be. I think I may venture to let it be even as you please. I must only hope that you will play your part with as much caution as address."

This great point was gained. The next day, my aunt went with me to my cousin's, who was also entrusted with the secret, and so delighted to enter into my little plot, that she confidently undertook to arrange so that, except through some imprudence of my own, there should be no chance of untimely discovery. This was the easier, as Sir Henry, who had known her from childhood, had stipulated that, being in indifferent health and spirits, his visit was to be so strictly private, that no guests or visitors were to see or meet him.

He visited Oatlands, therefore, without the remotest idea of beholding me there. That I was in the neighborhood, he knew. His friend, Captain Smith, with more delicacy than I had given him credit for, did not accompany him—indeed, he was not invited. *His* coming would have spoiled everything.

I felt ashamed, deeply ashamed of my own credulity, and very suspicious of Marian Smith's motives, when I saw the Baronet. He was then about three-and-twenty, tall and slight in figure, with the air of a man of fashion, and that innate gentleness of manner, which more than anything else is peculiar to gentle blood. When I looked at his handsome face, met the gaze of his expressive eyes, glanced at his well-shaped forehead, with its whiteness well relieved by his dark-brown hair, and heard his low and musical voice, I confess that, like Mr. Acres's courage, my prejudice against him began to ooze out at my finger's ends.

He was just such a man as the quick fancy of "sweet seventeen" might reverence as a hero, or idolize as a lover. How shamefully had he been slandered! His intellectual attainments were at least equal to those of any man whom I had yet met. His knowledge of books had been corrected and aided by his knowledge of life. Travel had not been thrown away upon him; he had not only seen, but observed and remembered. He appeared at home on every subject, and yet, even when he was led to exhibit his knowledge, he did not parade it. He was entirely free from foppery, yet always dressed with taste. His personal attractions, considerable as they were, should be taken as the smallest of his merits. His subdued manner, the thoughtfulness that rested upon his brow and in the depth of his dark eyes, the sweetness of his voice, the earnest eloquence of his words, the purity of his taste, all made him an acquaintance much too interesting. With me it may not have been love at first sight, but it was something very like it.

He considered me, as he was told, a mere nobody; an orphan girl visiting at his cousin's, because she had no home of her own. He very soon laid aside the reserve with which he met a stranger, and we became good friends without loss of time. His melancholy sometimes brightened into smiles, as he listened to the lively sallies which fell from my lips; for I know not how, while my actual spirits were at *zero*, my seeming spirits were as high as fever-heat. We walked together, we talked together, we read together, until, at last, the flush on his cheek, and the flashing of his eye, and the deepening tenderness of his voice, when in my company, made me suspect that my task was over. I had long since mastered my own foolish prejudices; I now trusted that I gained a friend, even if I had not won a lover.

At last came the time to part. I must return to my uncle's

house, for the year named in my father's will would terminate in a few days. As time had passed on, Sir Henry had sunk deeper and deeper into melancholy, or rather into gloom, and I could perceive that, of late, my society had but tended to augment it.

I had been introduced to him as a portionless and almost friendless orphan. Another day, and he would see me as myself. But how would the discovery affect him? Would he think lightly of the deception? or was it not more probable that his delicacy would revolt from her who had sought to make his heart the object of an experiment! With such conflicting thoughts, I was almost as much disturbed as himself.

The crisis arrived. I was sitting alone in the drawing-room, when Sir Henry entered. He took his seat by my side, and, for a time, both were silent. But words soon came quick and thronging; for, when the heart is full, it *will* speak. He said—

"You leave us, Isabella. Will you leave regrets behind you? will you think of those whom you leave? Before you go, let me tell you how much I love you. Nay, do not shrink. Your colour changes, and you tremble. Pity me, if you will not pardon."

He took my hand, and—I could not withdraw it. I *felt* that he was looking into my eyes—I knew that they were wet with tears; and then—there is no occasion for telling all the details. I knew—and the sensation was exquisite—that I did not love without return. Trembling and blushing, I felt it right to repress the very warmth which was so delightful. I arose to adjust the window-blind, and took my seat not quite so close to him as before. It was now my turn to speak, and I had still to manœuvre a little, though I grieved at the necessity of continuing the deception.

"Let us try to forget this weakness," said I. "To you it can matter little what, in after life, may become of me. You will yet think of me, perhaps, as one who has contributed to amuse your idle hours—to divert your thoughts from *ennui* or gloom. You will forget the friendless orphan, the acquaintance of a few brief weeks, whose youth may have been her greatest charm—and it is only right that you should forget her. Recollect, Sir Henry, how soon you must pay to another the devotion which you now have proffered me. Leave this place, and with it leave all thought of me—except a kindly memory, sometimes—and go hence to become, even as your father willed it, the husband of one who, far better than myself, has a claim to the right."

"By Heaven!" he exclaimed, "this will drive me mad. What right had my father to dispose of my hand without my own free choice? how could he know what would be my ideal of a wife? how could he pretend to throw a check upon my warm and gushing feelings? Did he think that I was to take to a wife whom I had never seen, as I would to a picture, a hunter, a house, or an estate? No, Isabella; let the lady of his choice take the broad lands which my fathers won at the point of the sword in the olden days—let her become possessor of the stately ancestral trees which they planted a thousand years ago—let her take the old Hall in which so many generations of them were born, and have lived, and died—let the heir of an ancient line live without wealth, so that he may cherish the pure and first affection which has sprung into his heart, and ripened there. I cannot marry a woman whom I do not love—whom I have not yet even seen. The world is wide enough for honourable exertion. Enough will remain for simple maintenance, even if I decline to fulfill the unhallowed compact which our fathers made. I have hands, and I can toil—I have brains, and I can exercise them.

I have health, and hope, and energy, and education; and these win fortune and make fame. Be mine. Share my pittance now—sustain me, by your smiles, your affection, while I make the effort to augment it; and, my life on the cast, we shall yet live with hopes brightly fulfilled. Whatever your decision, mine is made; nothing shall tempt me to an union to which I have always been opposed, but unalterably so since I have loved you."

He spoke with so much eager vehemence that I could see his mind to be firmly resolved. I inquired whether his objection extended to the union as a family compact, in which the parties chiefly concerned were not consulted, or whether he had any particular reason for disliking the lady.

"My objection," said he, "is upon both grounds. My faith is plighted without my knowledge—without my consent—without my having the power, which my groom claims as his right, of pleasing my own fancy in a partner for life. This, of itself, would create the strongest spirit of opposition. But Miss Charlton ——"

"What of her?" said I, with an attempt to appear indifferent.

"What of her?—That she is as unlike you as possible. If she were not vain and pedantic—at once a coquette and a blue-stocking—I could easily pardon her want of personal attractions. I think, too, that if she possessed ordinary delicacy, she ought to have been even more angry at the attempt to marry her to one whom she had never seen than I am. But you change color—perhaps you are acquainted with her?"

"I do know her," said I, with some, bitterness; for though I had expected some disparagement, I was shocked at finding my character drawn in such colors. "I know her as well as I know myself."

"I am sorry, then," said he, "that in my anger, I have said any thing concerning her, that could wound you, her friend."

My reply was that it made no matter,—he had drawn her portrait, and allowed the shadow to predominate. "It is not every artist," I added, "who, like Lawrence, can use the *couleur de rose.* It is somewhat remarkable, however, that the young lady in question should have heard much the same account of you as that which you have given of her."

"Of me?" said he with a look and tone of surprise.

"Yes, of you. I cannot pretend to repeat half the pretty compliments respecting you, which have been carefully communicated to her, nor am I quite sure, calm as you try to look, that you would patiently bear their repetition. The least offensive were to the effect, that you are a *roué* in morals, a pretender in fashion, a clown in manners, and a gambler to desperation."

"Good Heavens!" he cried, "what dreadful imputations, and how unfounded. Surely *you* do not believe them? Gaming I abhor. The character of a *roué*, I shall take up, when I lay aside that of a gentleman. For my manners and attainments, they are—what you see and know."

Here he drew himself up with some stateliness, and awaited my reply. I kept silence, and he continued——

"My information respecting the lady is more true, I am afraid. My informant——"

"Was Captain Smith, whose sister drew your character for Miss Charlton, so it is likely that the misrepresentation has been mutual, and for a special purpose."

"If I thought so —"

"You would throw yourself at Miss Charlton's feet,—vow to be her *preux chevalier* for life—make sonnets to her eyebrows—look tenderly into her eyes—hasten to become a contented Benedict—and, with all imaginable rapidity, apply the

energies of your mind to forget the world of protestations you made me just now."

"No!" said he, smiling, "that would be indeed, to prove myself what I have been described as. My mind is made up, and my only dread is, that I may unconsciously give pain to her, whose feelings should be spared as much as possible. I go to see Miss Charlton to-morrow—I shall resign all pretensions to her hand, with as much delicacy as I can,—and then, if you link your fate with that of a man of broken fortune, but unbroken hope, we shall think of wealth as a thing not good enough to have youth and love sacrificed for. My Isabella, you cannot say nay — you must not, if you could."

I was so much affected by these proofs of his kind and true regard, that I scarcely durst trust myself to answer him. "It will be better for all parties," said I, "that I decline my reply at present. I believe that you are in earnest, and I am gratified at finding myself the object of such regard. Considering what my situation is, and what yours must be, if you do not become the husband of Miss Charlton, no one can doubt the disinterested nature of your proposals. But you must grant me one favour. See Miss Charlton, as you originally intended, and satisfy yourself, whether you have received an accurate description of her person and her mind. If you then determine to reject her hand, or rather, if you decline to offer yours for her acceptance or refusal—for, after all, she may be as reluctant as yourself—I will——"

"Be mine? Is it not so?"—I checked his raptures, for I heard the carriage wheels.

"And when, my dear Isabella, shall I see you again? You have not told me where you are going. Let me know where I can see you, after my interview with Miss Charlton."—I told him that I could not precisely tell him then, but certainly he should see me, since he was so anxious, as soon as possi-

ble after his important conference of the morrow. With this promise, he was compelled to be content. He handed me into the carriage, and I departed for my own house, in which my guardians had arranged that Sir Henry Morton should wait upon me.

I reached home late, for I had some distance to travel, and there found my Aunt awaiting my arrival. Pleading fatigue, and not without cause, I hastily half-gratified her curiosity by saying, that all was going on favourably, and hastened to my chamber—for thought rather than repose.

The result of my experiment was to be developed on the next day. I looked forward with mingled anxiety and hope—though the latter was in the ascendant. Sometimes, I own a chilling doubt *would* creep through my mind, that Sir Henry's rather fastidious feelings might experience disgust at the finesse I had been using. His own frank and open spirit, as I well know, had little toleration for anything like double-dealing. But when hearts were trumps, what woman would not play a bold game?

I determined that the Library should be my Hall of Audience, and, to maintain my character of a *bas bleu*, maps, books, drawings, mathematical instruments, were scattered about in most admired confusion. The floor was strewed with "learned lumber" from the shelves—a pair of globes were on the table immediately before my seat—a compound microscope was also visible—a variety of plants and flowers was present, to indicate my botanical pursuits—in short, the whole apartment was in a state of learned litter, well-calculated to strengthen the impression that its occupant was, what all well-informed men heartily hate—a vain, pedantic female.

The morning advanced—did ever hours move more slowly? At length, Sir Henry was announced. I knew the sound of his footsteps as he paced down the passage. As the song says,

there was "music in it." He approached, and I arose to receive him. As he entered, he paused at the door, and started as he caught a glimpse of my figure. I had forgotten to cover it, and now I drew my shawl around me. As for my features, he could not well distinguish them, for I had taken care to sit with my back to the window, the curtains of which were half-closed, and, for greater safety, had covered my flowing tresses with a mighty cap, adorned with a world of lace, and a little garden of artificial flowers, which had formed the once fashionable head-gear of my Aunt.

Nothing could have been more cold, more formal, than the commencement of our *tête-à-tête*. There we sat—a pair of frozen proprieties. A few cold sentences from him—a few inaudible monosyllabic replies from me. At last he took courage, and respectfully told me that, after due consideration, he had presumed to decline the gratification and honor of presenting himself a suitor for my hand. He apologised for what he called his insensibility to my merits, but frankly said that his heart was not his own to offer. It would pain him, of course, to relinquish his paternal estates, but he was consoled by the thought that they would only pass to his next of kin, and sincerely wished that I might long live to enjoy them. For himself, he added, though he thus abandoned wealth, he had enough left for competence—the world was before him, where fortune and reputation were to be won by industry, if not by talent—and, at all events, he was happy in the belief that he could persuade the object of his affections to share his lot, whether gloomy or bright, and that, thus sustained, he was sure of happiness.

There was so much manly gentleness in this declaration—such an anxiety to avoid wounding my feelings, while doing justice to his own—that the conflict of my thoughts overpowered me. The excitement was too much. I grew faint, and sank

back in my chair. Sir Henry hastily arose, and threw open the window, to give me fresh air. His touch revived me. He had admitted light as well as air, and the cap which I wore had fallen off. Could he trust his sight? Was he awake or dreaming? Conviction flashed across his mind as my Aunt entered the room. Her smile told him all. He earnestly pleaded for my hand, and, you may be sure, he did not plead in vain.

What followed may readily be imagined—explanations, and confessions, and wonderings. My Uncle had already provided a special license. My Aunt had taken care that a bridal wardrobe should not be wanting. There was no difficulty in finding a clergyman, and so, as all comedies end with a wedding, we were married that evening.

Of the Smiths, I never heard again. I never inquired after them. As a wife, I had as much happiness as usually falls to the lot of mortals. I never had reason to repent of the success of my experiment. Even yet, though five years have elapsed since my husband's death, I cherish the memory of his affection.

Here ends my story. If it has been dull—do me the justice of remembering that I warned you, at its commencement, that it could not well be otherwise.

"And now," said the lady, "I have performed my part of this tale-telling compact, and may fairly claim a return. The Major has borne very little part in the relations which we have heard. Our young friend, Mr. Moran, has scarcely heard his own voice yet. Lady Tressilian, too, has literally not uttered half a dozen sentences."

"As regards the lady," responded Mr. Moran, with all the gallantry of his country, "I heard her say, last night, that she really could not summon courage to speak for ten minutes at one time, even before an audience so gracious as she would here be surrounded by. If she may perform her *devoir* by proxy, I shall be happy to narrate a story for her. For my own share in contributing to the gratification of my friends, I fear that I am more likely to speak too much than too little."

"These grave points being thus adjusted," said the Major, "I am quite prepared to obey the call. But, if I *must* tell you a story, it shall, at least, be one after my own fashion."

"After any fashion," retorted Lady Morton, "so that you *do* tell it. You men-at-arms so frequently furnish the *matériel* for a story, that we could forgive you, or, at least, not be *very* angry, if you even advance yourself to the brevet rank of hero, and describe one of the scenes in which, at one time or other, during a life of military adventure, you must have been personally mixed up. So, gallant sir, commence."

"I am half inclined to take you at your word," said the Major, "particularly as your suggestion chimes in with my previous intention. The temptation of figuring as a hero, before such a gentle company, is a great one; but I shall have the virtue to resist it. You shall have a story in which I appear only as an accessory—a story without hero or heroine. I shall give you the history of my watch, which was made for, and once belonged to, the Empress Josephine."

With these words, he produced a gold repeater, of foreign

workmanship, and apparently of considerable value. It had several curious contrivances. Among these, the most noticeable was that the dial-plate could open, when the repeater was struck, and exhibit movable figures of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, which performed various evolutions according to the hour. Then, it could go for a great length of time without being wound in the usual manner, there being some compensating movement in the works which wound the chain up on one side, as fast as it went down on the other. Besides this, it had extra works which played two or three French tunes. Altogether, it was curious in construction, and valuable on account of that curiosity. When it had passed round, after a due examination, we thus heard its history.

JOSEPHINE'S REPEATER.

When I was in my fifteenth year, I was suddenly taken from school, in order to carry a pair of Colours for His Majesty King George III. In other words, the "Gazette" duly announced the appointment of "John Willington Shelton, Gentleman, to be Ensign in the 28th Regiment of Foot, without purchase."

The change which these two lines in the "Gazette" had effected, was truly wonderful. I cannot say that I had been the brightest scholar in my class, and therefore had frequently been annoyed by being told that this lad was a better translator of Homer, or that the other was more skilled in the prosody of the crabbed odes of Horace. But now, *they* were schoolboys, and *I* already fancied myself a future and honoured hero. The "Gazette" had made a man of me. I doubt which gave me greater annoyance,—the apprehension that my handsome uniform would not arrive in time to be worn and exhibited in church on the Sunday, or the doubt whether a course of industrious shaving for whiskers and a beard, would produce the desired effect by the time I joined my regiment.

The uniform came, and very handsome and particularly becoming did I think it. But alas for the uncertainty of worldly hopes!—there also came an order, that, on the very Sunday which I had destined for my *début en militaire* in the village church, I should join my regiment. There was no help for it. We were ordered to go to Portugal.

By that day week we cleared away from St. Helen's, with a glorious breeze. I shall not trouble you with an account of the unpleasantness of the voyage; how we were tossed in the Bay of Biscay, quite as much as poor Sancho Panza in the blanket; how most of us were sea-sick, and all of us were crowded, with a great many other "hows" which, if put together, would suggest a variety of scenes more easily imagined than described, as novelists are fond of saying. You may take it for granted, by my being in bodily presence here, that none of the disasters of the voyage were fatal to me. On the twentieth day from our leaving England, we made the coast of Portugal, and as we were sailing along the coast, we could distinctly see and hear the firing at the battle of Vimiera. Three days after, having landed at Peniche, we joined the conquerers on the field of battle. The Convention of Cintra followed (to the great disappointment of the British nation, who had expected to see a Marshal of France, and twenty thousand men, arrive as prisoners at Spithead), and we, then forming part of the first brigade, were encamped on the plains of Queluz, six miles from Lisbon. Here we did not long remain, and thenceforward, as our regiment eventually became the rear-guard of the reserve, we were more immediately exposed to the ill-treatment of the French in pursuit. At last came the battle of Corunna — the death of Sir John Moore — and the return to England, after an absence of six months.

Some months later, the 28th formed part of the fatal expedition to Walcheren. Fortunately I was not one of the party, having remained with one company of the regiment which had been left behind in hospital, at Lisbon. On the men's recovery, this company formed part of a corps called the first battalion of detachments, from its consisting of a company from each of the ten best regiments in the service.

I am sure you do not wish me to run through the details of

our campaign. Enough to say that Wellesley, appointed to the chief command of the British troops in the Peninsula, was also nominated Marshal-General of the Portuguese armies—retrieved what Moore had lost, crowned various successes by the battle of Talavera, and, for that victory, received his first steps in the peerage, being created Baron Douro, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera.

In this action some of my brother officers were wounded—a ball brushed rapidly across my own forehead, cutting a ridge in the skin; but as I wrapped my silk handkerchief round, I was not under the necessity of leaving the field. The only inconvenience was that I had to wear this novel bandage until the wound beneath was healed. A comrade named Ingram was the victim of a shot by which he suffered the loss—of a doubloon. It had been rolled up in the skirt-pocket of his coat, and a musket shot swept it away. Poor Ingram!—I afterwards saw him die at Waterloo.

Early on the morning after the battle, I sallied out to look at the field. It was a sorry sight. The ground was strewn with the dead and the wounded. Where the brunt of the contest had taken place the work of plunder was rapidly proceeding. Some of our men were busy enough; but the sutling women were the more accomplished plunderers. They turned over the dead, and searched their pockets with all imaginable *sang froid*.

Some twenty or thirty yards from the main mass of plunderers, was a group consisting of three soldiers of my own regiment, surrounding a wounded French officer. While in the act of searching him, they had tumbled him over, rather roughly, and this restored him to consciousness. He had received several sword-wounds, had swooned from loss of blood, and had remained all night on the field in that unconscious state. When I came up, I commanded the plunderers to quit

their prey. They showed such a disinclination to obeying my orders, that I question whether my own life would have been quite safe, had I ventured to repeat them, if, seeing a picquet passing by at the moment, I was not thus enabled to enforce them. The French officer immediately claimed my protection, and surrendered himself my prisoner. I had him taken to my own quarters, and paid him all attention in my power. The surgeon who examined his wounds, declared that in a few weeks all inconvenience from them would be at an end.

I speedily ascertained that my prisoner was no less a personage than General Laroche, one of Napoleon's favorite officers. On reporting my good fortune to Sir Arthur Wellesley, he desired me to keep my prisoner safely, and readily consented to his remaining in my quarters, on his parole.

Natural gratitude on his part, and my own sympathy for his sufferings, soon united General Laroche and myself in the bonds of friendship. In time, giving me his fullest confidence, he told me that I had preserved more than his life, for that, finding his Imperial master's ambition of universal sovereignty at variance with his own republican principles, he had become anxious to embrace the first honourable opportunity of quitting the service, and, anticipating opposition and persecution from Napoleon, had secretly realized most of his convertible property into bills on America, the whole of which were on his person when my opportune arrival had prevented their being forcibly taken away from him. His wife and children he had already sent to the United States, at the commencement of the campaign in Spain, and as his wife was an American by birth, he had a feasible pretext for their departure. But his own resolution was to join them, whenever he could do so with honour, and in safety, and the funds which he possessed would afford them a competency in another country.

In a short time, General Laroche was completely restored to health, and in an interview with Lord Viscount Wellington (for his new honours were now known), took the opportunity of detailing his obligations to myself. What further passed I know not, but Lord Wellington restored him to liberty, on his parole not to serve during the campaign, against the British army. I was sent for at the close of the private interview, and went to Lord Wellington's quarters, in company with Lieutenant Charles Teulon, a brother officer of some two years longer service than myself. Lord Wellington in his usual curt manner—as if words, like ammunition, should not be wasted, but kept for service—complimented me on the report which my *quondam* prisoner had made of my conduct, and informed me that he was now discharged from my custody. It was then that General Laroche, taking out his watch, requested my acceptance of it, as an acknowledgment of my having preserved his life and property. Lord Wellington said, with a smile, "He can scarcely accept it for performing his duty—and humanity is as necessary to a soldier as courage—but I venture to say he will be proud to preserve such a memorial of your friendship." Thus the watch came into my possession. I had the honour of dining at head quarters that day, in company with General Laroche, and heard, soon after, that he had succeeded in finding a ship bound from Oporto to Philadelphia, in which he embarked. We heard, too, that he had safely rejoined his family in the United States.

As I am giving you an adventure of my own, and am not inclined to weary you by relating in detail what part my regiment took in the campaign, after the Battle of Talavera, it may be sufficient to say that we did our duty, crowning all with the victory of Toulouse, which ended the Peninsular War.

One circumstance which occurred in the early part of the

campaign has supplied the 28th with so much matter for conversation to this day, that perhaps I may be allowed to mention it. Early in the winter of 1810, when the British troops had retired within the celebrated lines of Torres Vedras, our regiment was quartered at Bucellas, a village famous for the dinner-wine which bears its name. Every house was a wine-store. Not only were the cellars and out-houses crowded with wine-vessels, but immense vats, each containing several hogsheads, were to be found in the kitchens and sitting-rooms of the houses occupied by the officers and men. Of course we paid pretty fairly for what was consumed, this being a point on which Lord Wellington was particular—but the temptation to use this wine, whether the owner were or were not at hand to dispose of it by measure, was irresistible. Accordingly, the men took it very freely, at all times. On one occasion, the officers of our light company had invited some other officers to a wine-party, but either the consumption was greater than we anticipated, or the supply less, for our stock of wine for the evening was soon exhausted. The junior subaltern, officiating as cellar-man, went to a large vat in the room beneath, for a fresh supply—every one having agreed, after a good deal of critical tasting and comparing, that the wine from that particular vat was by far the best that they had drank for a long time, its peculiar merit, as I recollect, being that it was not such a thin libation as we usually got, but, to use the professional phrase, "had more body." The young officer turned the cock, and, as no wine ran, reported that the vat was dry. As I had drawn off wine only a few hours before, and knew that nobody could subsequently have had access to the vessel, I affirmed that there *must* be an abundant supply. We resolved, therefore, to let down a camp-kettle through a huge trap-door in the top of the vat. We had some difficulty in filling it, and while doing so, made

a discovery which, rather than break in upon the hilarious enjoyment of the party, we kept to ourselves until the next day: we found that the obstacle in the wine-vat was a British drummer, in full regimentals—pack, haversack, and all—floating in the wine. He had been missing for some days, and there was a suspicion that he had deserted. He had probably gone to the vat to fish up some wine (for his pitcher was found attached to his hand by a bit of string), and, losing his balance, had fallen through the trap in the cover. For a long time, we used to speak of the excellence of our "Drummer Wine"—and though the officers declined taking any more of it, the men gave Christian burial to the drowned drummer, and made no scruple in drinking the remainder of the liquor, continuing enthusiastic in praise of its superiority, years after the incident occurred.

When the campaign concluded, we returned home, and landed at the Cove of Cork, early in July, 1814. By this time, I was in the list of Captains, and though I had received several wounds, had fortunately escaped all material injury. I need scarcely say how grateful Irish hospitality was to us after the hardships we had encountered. My watch and myself were in equal request. One of my friends had boasted that, with my own hand, I had captured one of Napoleon's Generals, who had presented me with a wonderful combination of mechanical contrivances in the shape of a watch, which did all but speak, and I was compelled, at least a dozen times every evening, to produce the watch, to strike the repeater, to make the dial open, to exhibit the moving figures, and make the musical works play *Henri Quatre*.

It is impossible to say whether the machinery or my own patience would first have been worn out, if the escape of Napoleon from Elba, and its consequences, had not again called the 28th into active service—just at the moment, too, when

it was *en route* for Bermuda. On reaching the Netherlands, we formed part of the Fighting Division, under Sir Thomas Picton.

The inhabitants of Brussels treated us very kindly; but there came constant rumours of Napoleon's advance with an overpowering force; and it was clear that the citizens would have been glad if the British troops were any where at that time, but with them. Wellington had accepted an invitation to a very brilliant ball from the Duchess of Richmond's at Brussels, on the evening of the 15th of June, to which a great many of the English officers were invited. Unwilling to alarm the inhabitants, the Duke of Wellington, who had received certain information that the Prussians could not successfully resist the French, quietly sent orders through the cantonments, that the troops should be in readiness to concentrate at Quatre Bras; at the same time, he determined to attend the ball himself, with his officers, which he did, with his usual calmness and coolness, and thus prevented the suspicion of peril being so near. At this ball his Grace received intelligence of the actual commencement of hostilities by Napoleon.

I was one of the company at the ball, and, quietly retired, with the rest, hurrying to quarters to change my full dress for equipments better suited to the hard service of war. This done, I hastened to the Park, where my regiment was already mustering under arms. As we were momently expecting orders to march, my friend, Charles Teulon, asked me what was the hour. I felt for my watch—*the* watch—but it was gone! I remembered having left it on the table when I was changing my dress, and could not be dessuaded even at the risk of being absent from my men when the order to march should be given, from hastily returning to my quarters, in search of my treasure. It was gone. Search was in vain;

and, running back to the Park, I was barely in time to accompany my regiment, which had just received Picton's orders to advance.

It is not necessary to fatigue you with details of Wellington's action at Quatre Bras, with Ney, on that very day. On the 17th there was no fighting. Both armies were preparing for the encounter on the 18th of June. Wellington fell back on Waterloo. There, as at Quatre Bras, we had to repel the furious charges of the enemy, and doggedly maintain our position until the close of the day.

It was about eight o'clock on the evening of "the day of Waterloo," that a group of officers, of whom I was one, stood beneath the tree close to which Picton had fallen. One of them, a brave fellow, named Clarke, said to me, "Ah, Shelton, we have escaped this time!" I replied that we had, to my surprise, as I never yet had been in a pitched engagement, without receiving some wound. While I was speaking, a shell (certainly one of the last fired on that field) fell, and burst among us. One of the splinters wounded Clarke so mortally, that he died at Brussels, three days after. My own right arm was shattered.

Some days after the battle, I found myself in a house at Brussels, carefully and kindly attended. I fancied, as I lay in a state between sleep and watchfulness, that I saw General Laroche bending over me. Nor was I mistaken. It was himself, indeed. I was beneath his roof, and there I remained till my wound was nearly healed.

He told me that after Napoleon's first abdication, his heart yearned for his country, and that he had returned from America, with his family. In the unsettled state of France, at and after the Restoration, he deemed it politic to join neither party, and had taken up his residence at Brussels. There he had lived for some months, in comparative seclusion, with his

happy family. After the battle of Waterloo, all the private houses in Brussels were put in requisition for the wounded; and by a curious chance—if there can be such a thing as chance in the world—his hospitality had been challenged for myself.

Were this a romance, instead of a very simple story, it would not be difficult to become pathetic over the truly affecting scene of my introduction to his family, by General Laroche, as the officer who had saved his life, after the battle of Talavera. You may be sure that I was much touched by the grateful expression of thanks which this kind household conveyed to me by word, look, and action. They considered and treated me rather as a near and dear kinsman, than a stranger in blood, language, and country.

I had been two months in Laroche's house before I could summon courage to announce the loss of his splendid *souvenir*, which had been doubly valuable to me from the associations connected with it. At length, as it happened, the subject was introduced by himself. "As I have not seen the watch with you," said he, "may I presume that it has been transferred to the safe custody of a fairer hand? Since I parted from you in Spain, have you espoused another mistress than glory?" I told him how I had lost his gift.—"Well," said he, "as your English proverb says, 'watches were made to go.' I must own that I am sorry for it, for it was a gift to myself from the Empress Josephine, and to none but the preserver of my life would I have given it. *N'importe*:—it is but the fortune of war. We must find you another watch."—"This time," said Madame Laroche, "permit me to supply it. Wear mine," and here she took her watch from her side "I shall lend it to you until your own is restored to you."—"There is little prospect of that," I answered.—"Nay," said she, smiling, "I am something of a seer, and have a *presenti-*

ment that you have not lost the Empress's watch for ever. It will come back some day; and, after all, you will then dispose of it as the General hinted when he gave it to you. When you wish to take a bride, present her with the watch; if she accept it, she must accept you, after she has heard your story, and value it, not only as having once belonged to an Empress who was as amiable as she was charming, but as the gift of one brave man to another."

Shortly after this, I was pronounced well enough to join my regiment, which had gone forward to Paris.

When the Duke reviewed the whole of the British army on the plains of St. Denis, there exhibiting to the Allied Sovereigns the evolutions of the battle of Salamanca, one of his most splendid achievements, our regiment particularly engaged the attention of the Emperor Alexander, who loudly expressed his admiration of our Grenadier Company, which was certainly one of the finest in the service. Two things excited his curiosity—he was anxious to know why we had brown calfskin packs, and why we bore the number of the regiment on the back as well as the front of our caps. The answer was that we had found the packs in a French store which we captured in Egypt, and that we bore the distinctive badge in our caps to commemorate a circumstance which occurred in Egypt at the battle of Alexandria, on the day of Abercrombie's death, when, being attacked by infantry in front, and by cavalry in rear, the rear-ranks went to the right about, delivered their fire, and the assailants were totally repulsed on all sides.

With your permission, I shall pass the long interval between the battle of Waterloo, and the summer of 1830. The wound which I received at Waterloo, though it did not cause the loss of my right arm, caused me great pain during many years, during which I was so entirely deprived of its

use that I had to write with my left hand—a feat in which practice soon made me perfect. Meanwhile, I had obtained my majority, and had been made Companion of the Bath. Active service was certainly at an end. I had succeeded to some landed property, by the death of near relatives; and these things, together with my shattered health, induced me to retire on half-pay, and turn my sword into a ploughshare.

I had made arrangements to leave England for Brussels, on the 16th of June, 1830—the anniversary of my beautiful watch's disappearance. My old friend, General Laroche, had been my guest in Devonshire several times since we parted after Waterloo, and I was now bound on a return-visit to him, and to assist, as our across-the-channel neighbours term it, at the marriage of his eldest daughter. My seat had been in the Dover mail, and I was rapidly walking from the City to Charing Cross, when I noticed a quantity of cheap watches, and a low-priced set of the Waverley Novels in a pawnbroker's window, on the right-hand side of the Strand, a few doors beyond Holywell street. As my servant had given me a few pounds, a short time before, with which to buy a watch for him, I stepped into the shop to make the purchase. A great variety was exhibited, but I was rather hard to please, as I wished to get a good one, at a somewhat higher price than my man had named, by making up the difference out of my own pocket. Having selected a watch, and duly paid for it, the vendor, who saw that I had gold and notes in my purse, said he should like to tempt me with a beautiful specimen of workmanship which he could sell at a low rate. He produced a drawer full of gold watches, and from the heap, took one which was carefully laid up in a chamois bag. He drew it from its cover, and exhibited—my long-lost Talavera relic.

I was so prudent as not to indicate, by gesture or word,

the pleasure and surprise I experienced at thus seeing my old and valued watch, after an absence of fifteen years. I examined it as carefully as if I had never seen it before—taking good care *not* to touch the repeating spring, *not* to move the dial, and *not* to make the music play. I opened it, to satisfy myself that it indeed was my own, and on the inside I saw the initials J. W. S., which I had rudely scratched on the inner case with my penknife. Thus the identity was unquestionable. The difficulty was—how to recover it. The man who offered it for sale demanded thirty guineas, and said that about fourteen years before, he had advanced fifteen guineas on it, to a person, whom he described so accurately, as to leave no doubt that he was my own servant, who had been missed after the battle, and was believed to have fallen. There could be little question that the rascal had found the watch in my quarters at Brussels (for I remembered having left it on the table), and had decamped with it. The money-lender, who believed it to be simply a repeater set round with gems, had made an advance upon it of about one-tenth of the actual value.

Having quitted the shop, I slowly walked down the Strand, musing on the best means of recovering my watch, doubting whether I could claim it as stolen property, and half-determined to return and pay the sum demanded for it. A gentleman hastily ran up against me. He paused to apologize, and I recognized my friend Charles Teulon. I took his arm, and inquired what chance had brought him to town? He told me that nearly three years before, he had exchanged on half-pay, having determined to marry and settle down. "The 28th," said he, "have just returned from Corfu, and our old friend, Major Cadell, who led them into Paris, and now holds their command at Ireland, has pressed me so much to go over and pay them a visit, that *Madame ma femme* has given

me leave of absence for three weeks, and I have just been to the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, to secure a seat in the Bristol Mail, and shall start this evening."

It was a singular combination of circumstances, that I should have discovered the *locale* of General Laroche's watch on the very day fifteen years it had been lost—that the only man, except the Duke of Wellington (who, no doubt, had quite forgotten the matter), who was present when it was presented to me, was Major Teulon, whom I had not seen for nearly eleven years—and that I should have accidentally met him within five minutes of the time, and within a hundred yards of the place where I had found my property.

Teulon went to the shop, purchased some trifle, as a feint, made a pretext for looking at the watch, carefully examined it, and came back with the assurance that it really was none other than my own.

I was acquainted with Sir Richard Birnie, the Police Magistrate, and going to him at Bow-Street, asked his advice. He said that my best plan would be to purchase the watch, as the law could not help me to it, without money, after such a lapse of years. I went back, therefore, told under what circumstances I had lost it, and was so fortunate as to recover it for five-and-twenty pounds, which I paid with a great deal of pleasure.

Thus, after some curious adventures, I regained my watch. Within forty-eight hours, I was seated in the dining-room of General Laroche, at Brussels. I had the forbearance not to tell my story on *that* day—reserving it for the next, the anniversary of the contest at Waterloo, after which my friend had revived me, wounded, unconscious, and apparently dying. I was even so ungallant as not to hear Madame Laroche when she inquired whether I had heard of *the* watch.

Next evening came the marriage. At the little feast which followed, Laroche proposed my health, as one to whom he

owed life and happiness. It was expected that I should say a few words. The silence was broken by the watch. I held it under the table on a wine-glass, to increase the sound, and made it suddenly play the well-remembered air of "*Henri Quatre*." Some one said, "it is a musical box," but Madame Laroche exclaimed, "No—it is the watch!" Then it was handed round, examined, and admired—and I told how I had obtained, lost, and recovered it. And I saw tears in bright eyes, at the thought of the perils which the owners of the watch had successively gone through. Finally, I restored to Madame Laroche the watch she had lent me, at Brussels, in 1815, and confessed that her *presentiment* was true, after all; and then, as an old friend who had known and petted her as a child, I threw round the neck of the bride a chain to which was attached one of our English watches—the best, be assured, that Dent could make.

This ends my story. I am afraid you will think I have been wasting time on personal adventures of no interest, except to those actually concerned, but the facts are all true to the letter.

"You have made an excellent story of them," said the fair widow, "but it wants a heroine."

"She is yet to come," replied the Major, in rather a confidential manner. "You may recollect that though I have long since returned to Madame Laroche the watch she lent me at Brussels, my story is yet incomplete for want of a *dénouement*. Will you supply it by becoming the owner—"

"Of the watch?"

"And its master:—unfortunately, it must be clogged with that condition, as I ventured to tell you last autumn, at Weisbaden, when I did not anticipate the pleasure of meeting you here."

Their eyes met. I am confident that the lady blushed. She softly said, "What nonsense!" and—did *not* look angry.

The watch lay upon the table where it had been placed at the commencement of the story, when it had passed from hand to hand, and examined by all. The lady took it up, as if half unconsciously. "It is much too handsome," said she, *sotto voce*, "for a gentleman to wear. There would be too much of the *petit-maitre* in a man's constantly carrying about him such an ornament as this, rich with gems too."

"You will recollect," responded the Major, "that it was made for, and worn by an Empress."

"I would prize it more," said she, "because, to quote Madame Laroche's words, it was the gift of one brave man to another."

There was encouragement in this. What next the Major said I did not hear, for I was a little distance off, though between them and the rest of the party, and I did not wish to become an involuntary confidant. But the lady blushed a second time, looked down for a moment, then raised her bright eyes full upon the Major's face, and only said—"Perhaps."

That is not a very long word, nor a very strong word, nor, indeed, a word usually expressing anything but a degree of doubt. But the Major appeared to think it a very satisfactory word, for he took the lady's hand, and raised to his lips. I am not sure that he did not squeeze that little hand—I am certain that he kissed it. And then he attempted to throw the chain over her neck—probably to show how gracefully he had performed the same feat when presenting General Laroche's daughter with *her* watch; but the widow, at that moment, caught a glance from Lady Tressilian, and, exclaiming, "Not yet," hastily ran across the lawn, took her friend's arm, and presently I saw them, in a very confidential manner, talking to each other as they walked in that part of the garden which stretches out so beautifully at the back of the hotel. Soon after, Lady Tressilian cast a glance toward the lime-tree, by which the Major continued to stand, and playfully shook her head at him. Very speedily he joined the two ladies, and, from all that occurred—for even looks may sometimes count as occurrences—I formed a decided opinion, which I left for Time to confirm or defeat, that, before long, the watch would change ownership, the lady change her name, and the Weisbaden acquaintance end in depriving the Major of his liberty—for life.

When the trio returned, Lady Tressilian smiled very significantly at her husband, Lady Morton appeared somewhat conscious, and the Major's look was extremely triumphant. What could all this denote, except that one lady had a secret in which the other was interested, and that the gentleman, by some means or other, was also a party involved, and proud or happy at being so?

Fortunately for the trio, just at this moment sounded "that tocsin of the soul — the dinner bell." There was a simultaneous scattering of the whole party, to perform the duties of

the toilet. In due time was the reassembling — the repast— the agreeable interchange of courtesy and compliment, and, to crown all, the pleasant conversation, which gave a charm to the whole. Bye and bye, Lady Tressilian expressed a desire that the story-telling of the ante-prandial meal should be resumed (the Johnsonian compound did *not* fall from her rosy lips), and there was an unanimous exclamation of assent. Our friend the Artist was so kind as to offer to break the ice, and we listened with attentive expectation to the adventure which he thus related:

THE SECOND SIGHT.

A FEW years ago, in the Scottish Highlands, the chapter of accidents threw me into chance companionship with a gentleman, in whose society a wet evening passed on pleasantly and rapidly, in conversation upon a variety of subjects, which turned, at length, to The Second Sight, which even yet is claimed for a few ancient families—those of indisputable Celtic descent. It was not until he saw that I possessed some hereditary respect for the superstition in question, and was not much of a sceptic as to the grounds for crediting it, that I could get my companion to discuss it with the freedom which had previously characterized our discourse upon other topics.

"In my own family," said he, "the Second Sight has been exercised from time immemorial. In some Scottish families which also possess this prophetic vision, the gift has descended from father to son; in ours, from a circumstance which it would be tedious to relate, it has been delivered by the succession from grandfather to grandson, there always being the lapse of one, in its exercise by the respective parties.* Thus, supposing that my grandfather possessed this gift, it would not descend to my father, but the line of succession would be continued to myself.

* In Martin's Description of the Western Highlands, it is said: "This faculty of the second-sight does not lineally descend in a family, as some imagine, for I know several parents who are endowed with it, and their children not, and *vice versa*."

"My grandfather, who resided near Culloden Moor, had taken a wife shortly before the second Jacobite outbreak. On the morning of the 15th of April, 1746, he sat down to breakfast, with such a grave countenance, that his bride was induced to enquire what circumstance had gloomed it. He attempted to evade the enquiry, which her womanly affection and curiosity had made, but she pressed him so closely on the point, that he confessed to having seen a shadow of coming evil—that in a word, he had beheld, by anticipation, a bloody fight, close to their habitation, in which the defeat of the kilted Highlanders, by the red-coat soldiers of the Hanoverian dynasty, clearly intimated the downfall of the Chevalier's cause. My father was himself a well-wisher to the Stuarts, and the head of our clan had forfeited his Earldom and estates, and had narrowly escaped with life, on account of his active participation in the Rebellion of 1715. 'But,' said my father, 'I saw also, my Isabella, that we shall receive a gallant and Royal leader under our roof this evening. It can be no other than The Prince, and it behoves you to make the best preparation for him.' In Scotland, at that time, the wife's motto was to hear and to obey, and she who was thus spoken to, hastened to put her house in order, and make it ready for the reception of the visioned guest. A few minutes before midnight, the tramp of cavalry was heard approaching. It came near—nearer. The horses drew up at my grandfather's gate. A loud knocking brought out the inmates, and they received as a claimant on their hospitality one who certainly was a Royal leader, but not exactly him whom they expected. Instead of bonny Prince Charlie, it was the Duke of Cumberland, then a strong, stout, active man, who was five-and-twenty years old, on that very day."

"*His* advent," said I, "must have been something of a disappointment?"

"It was. The Duke had ridden forward from Nairn, in pursuit, and sat up during the greater part of the night, merely snatching an hour's sleeep on the bed, without taking off his clothes. He quitted the house at daybreak, and the most noticeable thing remembered of him was, that he ate most voraciously, and took enormous quantities of snuff, or *sneeshen*, as it was then called. He demanded the loan of a snuff-box, as he went away. The worst in the house, namely a common Scotch mull, was filled and handed to him —for, sooth to say, independent of my grandfather's sympathies being with the Stuarts, he never expected to see his box again. Two or three days after the battle, however, a soldier rode up to the house, asked for its occupant by name, and restored him the box, with the Duke's compliments and thanks! When opened, it was found to be filled with guineas. In this manner, the Duke had chosen to make his acknowledgments for the night's lodging which had been unwillingly afforded him. The box, thus used by the Duke of Cumberland, during the eventful day of Culloden, has been preserved in our family, as a sort of heir-loom, and you may see it now, if you have the slightest curiosity."

In compliance with my desire, the box was produced. It was a very plain Scotch mull, without the slightest ornament, except a small silver-tip on the cover, by which to open it, and a slight silver rim of the same material, round the top. On the cover had been rudely scratched something like a shield, containing what I was herald enough to designate as a *stag's head, cabossed*."

"I keep this box," said its owner, "precisely as it was delivered to me—the only portion of my father's property that ever came into my possession after his death. Not having the smaller vices of smoking or snuffing—indeed, having as much antipathy for 'the weed,' as ever King James had—I

yet keep it, as a memorial of its last, rather than its original possessor."

"Yet," said I, "if it does not 'point a moral,' you are now making it 'adorn a tale.'"

"We have another memorial of the fatal contest at Culloden," said he, "to which the Jacobite feelings of my family have attached a value more relative than real. For my own part, I have always thought it fortunate, that this country had a happy riddance of the Stuarts—a race, at once weak and wilful, headstrong and tyrannic. The nation acted well in calling to the throne a prince of its own choice—thus establishing the principle of an elective monarchy. The battle of Culloden, as you know, was the death-blow to the Chevalier's hopes. There is little doubt, now, that the unfortunate Prince behaved, in that battle, with spirit and bravery. His earnest, desire was to rally the Highlanders, broken by the first deadly discharge of the English artillery—to lead them on—and to risk all on that hazard. But Sir Thomas Sullivan seized his bridle, turned his horse round, and conducted him off the field. You know how many, and what romantic adventures he passed through, before, with a sum of £30,000 on his head, he finally effected his escape to Brittany. On one of these occasions, it was my grandfather's good fortune to render him a signal service, at the risk of his own life, and, when they parted company, the Chevalier put his miniature into his hands, saying 'If ever Fortune should smile upon me, let me see this, and you shall find me not ungrateful!' This is the miniature, which we have carefully retained in our family in memory of the Prince."

He handed me an oval miniature, plainly set in gilded brass — such as, in latter days, was called *pinchbeck*, from the jeweller who introduced it. The resemblance was not to be mistaken. The light hair, blue eyes, and elongated features

of the Chevalier have often been described, and are well known. There was the blue ribbon of the Garter, the star of that Order on the breast, the lace cravat, the coat of greyish blue tartan striped with red, and the crimson mantle with ermine bordering. Such was the likeness, such the habiliments and adornments of the unfortunate Chevalier. I would prefer that portrait, in its humble setting, to the resemblance of any living Royalty. What a moral did it suggest.

I inquired of my friend, whether, having made such a successful first appearance as a Seer, his grandfather had experienced any more visions?

"Certainly. Having made a commencement so promising, he continued to exercise the faculty. The last occasion, which was more than half a century later — for he lived to extreme old age — was one which such of his descendants as heard of it were not likely to forget. My father, being of 'a truant disposition,' like Hamlet's friend, took French leave of his birth-place when he had scarcely reached his eighteenth year. The fifteen years following witnessed his wanderings through all quarters of the globe, and during all that time he most undutifully neglected to hold any communication with his family by letter. It was generally believed by his kinsmen that he was dead; but his father constantly declared that he *felt* to the contrary, and his mother fondly clung to the same belief, with the trust that a mother's feelings alone can retain—for hers was that hoping against hope, which believes rather what it wishes, than what circumstances might make it fear as only too probable. At last, when memory of him was almost forgotten, except by his parents, the long absent reappeared in the scenes of his youth. The manner in which he was received, as I have heard him relate it, was inexpressibly striking. The father, white with the snow

and bowed by the ailments of more than eighty years, had maintained most of his mental faculties unimpaired, and was cherished, amid his children and his children's children, as a venerable patriarch, a living link between the past and the present. On the thirty-third anniversary of the birth-day of the absent son—which they had continued to celebrate rather from custom than from a belief in his existence—the old man suddenly exclaimed, fixing his eyes intently on the open window, 'I see the return of the absent: to-night, even to-night, his voice will sound in the house wherein he first drew breath.' Not a word more did he say, but his wife, who had the fullest confidence in his Second Sight, ordered that preparations should instantly be made for the reception of a guest. The day had far declined, and no visitor appeared. The younger members of the family smiled, in scepticism, at the nonfulfilment of their grandfather's prediction. At last, when it was now almost midnight, a step was heard outside. The window had been left open, and through it, though rather an unusual mode of entrance, bounded in the robust man, bronzed with foreign travel, who had left the place when a lad. No one recognised him, except his aged parents. He bent on his knee, before his father, for a blessing; and the old man, laying his hands upon the head of the long absent, fervently blessed him, and then exclaimed, in thankfulness, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!' Some time was spent in questions and replies, and, rather early in the morning, the happy family retired to rest. When they had arisen, and assembled round the breakfast table, it was noticed that my grandfather's seat was vacant. One of his daughters went to summon him. Why need I prolong my story? She found him dead. By his side was his wife sleeping in happy unconsciousness of her loss. If ever a heart had broken with joy, it was that old man's. Was I wrong in

saying that there was something striking in the wanderer's return to his native hills?"

My companion did not much hesitate, at my urgent request, to state the instances in which, in his own person, the faculty of Second Sight had been manifested. They were related, as matters of fact, with such an apparent faith in their reality—and it should be remembered that the narrator was now drawing upon his own experience, in which there was scarcely any chance of a mistake—that Doubt itself would be almost silenced if, even as I did, it had heard the story told so much more impressively than I can pretend to repeat it.

"According to what is understood to be the usual custom in our family," said he, "the faculty of Second Sight descends from grandsire to grandson, passing over the entire intermediate descendants. None of my grandfather's sons, therefore, could expect to be endowed with it; and, of his many grandsons, there appeared little chance that I—born, too, out of Scotland, and from an Irish mother—should inherit it. Least of all did such an idea cross my own mind for a moment. I was in my fourteenth year, and had proceeded to spend my school-vacation with relations in the country. My father, when I left home, was in the enjoyment of that rude health which had always distinguished him, and made him then, though in his sixtieth year, a much stronger man than many who were his juniors by ten or fifteen years. I was in the country, when, one morning, it chanced that I sat alone—if I can say that I was alone, with one of Scott's novels in my hand—when, happening to raise my eyes towards the fireplace, over which was placed a large mirror, I saw my father standing by it, with his arm resting on the chimney-piece. My first impulse was to jump from my chair, throw aside my book, and hastily advance to him. He did not stir, and his eyes, as they looked at another object, appeared dull and

glassy. I had scarcely taken a second step forward, when I noticed that I could see into the mirror, *through* my father, and that he cast no image or reflection on the glass. The thought that there was something strange in this rushed into my mind. My advancing steps were suddenly arrested by this thought, and a horror struck through my frame. I remembered nothing more, except that, late in the day, I found myself in bed, and was told by one of my cousins that I had been found senseless on the floor, and that I had been bled by the medical gentleman who had been called in to see me. I could not resist the impulse, even at the risk of being laughed at, of whispering to my cousin the cause of my sudden illness. As might be expected, she laughed at it, and said she hoped I would not be so foolish as to dream of such things. But on the third day after, a letter from home told me that my father had died, at the precise time when I saw what I believed to be his actual presence. He had been visited by a sudden ailment, which rapidly terminated in his death. *Why* this should have occurred—for it *did* occur, as certainly as I am now telling it to you—I am unable to explain. I only relate a simple fact, which neither time, change, nor circumstances can obliterate from my memory."

After a silence of some duration—for there was subject for meditation in what I had heard—I ventured to ask on what other occasions he had experienced the faculty?

"The second, and only other instance, occurred," said he, "long after, when I was in my twenty-third year. I cannot account for the impulse which prompts me to converse, thus freely, with a stranger, on a subject of this kind, but I feel that, even if you do not believe, you will not ridicule what I tell you, and the overloaded mind is sometimes glad to have an auditor respecting the superstition—if such it be—to whom, even if

he do not share its peculiar shades of speculation, it may unburthen itself without reserve.

"When I had reached my seventeenth year—that age when the Girl has softly glided into the Woman, and the Youth can scarcely be said to do more than stand on the threshold of Manhood, though he yearns, and sinlessly, for the soft companionship which soothes, and softens, and refines his nature—it was my fortune to be thrown a good deal into the society of a very charming girl of my own age, a distant relative. I need not fatigue you with a description of the young lady. Beautiful she certainly was—at least, so *I* thought, and think—but the peculiar character of that loveliness I feel that words could never correctly make known to you. Indeed, the mere attractions of form and feature would not by themselves have charmed me at any time. I found that she had a clear, thoughtful, well-informed intellect, and I have ever believed it is the mind that makes the body beautiful. In the strange old country-house which was her dwelling-place, and with no other being of either sex, of an age at all near my own, it is scarcely wonderful—to say nothing of the young lady's own attractions—that I very speedily became enamoured of her. Nor was it a trifling consolation to know that the fancy or the passion (for it was as much of sentiment as sense) was as reciprocal as heart could desire. Well do I remember, even as it were yesterday, when I first dare say in words, what my eyes had told long before, how dearly I loved her. And her reply—it was given; not in uttered language, but in the low and relieving sigh which speaks, even in its silence. The blush upon her cheeks—the heaving of her bosom—the sudden tears springing into her dark blue eyes (like the dew trembling on the violets), gave me the glad assurance that I did not sue in

vain. Even yet, though years have passed away, the memory of that first hour of mutually-confessed affection is graven in my heart. It is some consolation, that when Hope departs, Memory remains to solace us, however sadly.

"It would be a bad reward for the patience with which, my dear sir, you have listened to all this egotism, to try it further by inflicting upon you an account of all the tenderness of protestation and promise which followed the mutual confession I spoke of. The truth is, we were thrown much together, when we had nothing to do but fall in love with each other, at the most susceptible period of the three-score and ten years allotted to human life, and we certainly fulfilled our destiny. Vows of eternal constancy we exchanged, of course, and wisely agreed that, at a fit and future period we should be espoused. And so—we parted. *My* lot was speedily cast in the midst of the business and bustle of the world, in which I had to win subsistence and reputation; and *hers* was destined to glide on in quiet, first in the home which is so haunted with recollections of the past, that it would be a positive pain for me now to revisit it, and finally in a sequestered village in the most beautiful part of the South of France. Our correspondence gradually became less frequent than it had been at first; and I must admit, on my own part, that at last, when I had formed new ties, it wholly ceased.

"I remember how—for our conversation was often on subjects beyond our years—we had often spoken together of that world beyond the grave, of which so little is known, so much vainly guessed. 'I believe,' said she, who was fond of such speculations, 'that disembodied spirits may hover round those whom they loved on earth, and,' she added, with more solemnity than I fancied the occasion warranted, 'if it should be so, be assured that I shall first use my privilege to watch over you, and—if it be permitted—even to be visitant visible to

you.' I smiled at the promise thus made, half in sport. I knew not then, how Truth may lurk amid the smiles of mirth.

"Many years passed on. The sanguine youth had gradually changed into the man of the world, struggling for fortune, and striving in the struggle to gain that Fame which, when gained, is unsubstantial as the gorgeous domes, and towers, and mountains, and islands, to which Fancy finds resemblances in the sky on the eve of a bright autumnal day. I had taken unto myself a wife. I had 'olive branches round about my table.' Mine was an active and leading part in the strife of politics, and the business of life. I had gradually become one of the last persons whom any one would think likely to be moved, even for a moment, by a superstitious fancy. I was known as a plain, matter-of-fact gentleman, troubled with few day-dreams, and holding a decided belief in the Actual.

"One night, absent from home on a visit to a friend, I retired to bed early, as was the custom in his well-regulated house, and lay in that pleasant, quiet state, which may be taken as the medium between thought and repose. Contemplation, which had been busy, was momentarily fading, but Sleep had not yet put his seal upon the phantasies. As the clock commenced striking the midnight hour, I heard, or thought I heard, the door of my chamber slowly opened, and footsteps—they seemed a woman's by their light tread—pace stealthily along. They came near—yet nearer. They reached the side of my bed, and paused. Then a dim light appeared through the curtains, as if some one were cautiously holding a lamp, half veiling its light, so as to allow a glance at my features without dazzling me. The curtains slowly opened, and—and, by heaven! for it was *not* a dream, I saw a woman's face, pale, melancholy, yet indistinct, gazing upon mine with intent and mournful aspect. Of the lineaments of

that face, which yet appeared not wholly unknown to me—haunting me like the memory of something long since seen—I could gather little precisely in the brief and fleeting glance I had of them; for, as I have said, they were indistinct. But the eyes—so lustrous, and yet so mournful in their brightness and expression—these I could distinctly see: these awakened memory within me, though I knew not what, or whence, or how, was my knowledge of them.

"I started from my stillness. I spoke, to satisfy myself that I was not in sleep. I looked around, to see whether the light which had glanced upon me, might not be that of the moon peering in through the casement; but it was a dark, starless night. I turned to the vision—if such it were; but as I was about addressing it, I saw it slowly vanish. I arose and followed it—in vain! As it retired, the light by which it was mantled grew less and less; but the unearthly lustre of those sorrowful eyes remained the latest in my view. Just as all had faded away, the clock pealed out its last stroke of midnight, and that clear sound fell on my ear like the knell for a departed soul. A shriek, too, more piercingly shrill, and wildly horrible than any sound I had ever heard before, accompanied the exit of the shadowy visitant. All, from first to last, which I had seen and have described, had happened between the first and the last stroke of the midnight hour. An age of agony was concentrated into the compass of those few moments.

"When the morning came, breaking the troubled slumbers of the night, I found my door fastened within, precisely as I had secured it when I had retired to rest. The circumstance appeared so startling, when I calmly considered it, that I made a memorandum, at once, while each particular was vividly fresh in my mind, of what I had seen or imagined. Why should I longer delay the result? Within ten days, I

received a letter, informing me that *she*, who had long been separated from my very thoughts, had died in the foreign land where she had passed so many years. The startling coincidence was that the breath of life had departed from her on the very day, and at the very hour, when those dark, unfathomable eyes met mine, as I have told you. She died suddenly, and by no lingering illness.—I have no more to tell."

To wonder at this strange relation, and to repeat, with Hamlet, that there were more things in earth and heaven than our philosophy had dreamed of, was only natural. I ventured to enquire, what the narrator really thought of the visit from the world of spirits; for it was clear that such he had conceived it to be: and the answer was, "I doubt not that it was *her* departing spirit, which, as it hovered between dust and immortality, thus gave its latest token of remembrance to him whom it had loved in life, and until death—testifying, by that last farewell, the truth of that affection which the grave alone could terminate."

Various were the comments made upon this relation, some of us, more or less confessing a sort of belief in the supernatural; some entirely disavowing all credence in such things.

Tressilian said, that disbelief appeared as difficult as belief, so many well-authenticated instances were upon record. He thought that the majority of them might be traced to a disordered state of the mind or body. "As dreams," continued he, "are little more than representations of our waking thoughts, seen in sleep through the kaleidoscope of Fancy; so what are often taken for supernatural appearances, may be no more than the reflection of our hopes or fears, magnified by Imagination into something like the vivid truth of reality."

"Some time ago," said Butler, "when I was in Germany, I met with the hero of a romance, which was curiously coincident in the leading particulars with one of the incidents in the Scottish story which we have just heard. The man to whom I allude was quiet, gentlemanly, and apparently sane, until, by accident, some one, in a large company, happened to speak slightingly of all ghost-stories; when, to our surprise, this person started up, and violently contended that *he* must believe in supernatural occurrences, as he had bitter and personal reasons for knowing their truth. He was removed by an attendant, whom we discovered to be his keeper; and I afterwards saw him frequently in a *maison de santé*, at Vienna. Under proper care and gentle discipline, he was very calm and conversable. He had been a student for many years, at Bonn; and when I went to bid him 'Good bye,' he put into my hand a manuscript, which I have taken the trouble to translate, and will now read, if you will allow me.

"I ascertained that he was a man of high birth, large fortune, and superior education. An early disappointment of the heart had induced a deep and settled melancholy, which, acting upon a vivid imagination, and excitable temperament,

had eventually thrown his mind off its balance. From the manner in which he spoke, I have no doubt that he firmly believed in all the circumstances which he has related in what I shall read to you. As to his authorship, I need only say, that two or three works which he published while at Heidelberg, fell into my hands; though they were clever and fanciful, they by no means equalled his conversation. The works had attracted little attention from the public."

Lady Tressilian enquired what was the age of this German student? Mr. Butler answeerd, that, when he saw him, he appeared about thirty, and that his illness had commenced, as he understood, some twelve years before. He had not latterly heard of him, but believed that he was occasionally freed from confinement, as, curiously enough, his mind was never affected except during the seasons of spring and winter.

In a few minutes Butler returned from his room with the manuscript, which, he said, was a translation, as nearly literal as he could make it, of—

THE GERMAN STUDENT'S STORY.

Do I dream, or am I again holding converse with the world of men, from whose haunts I have been so long estranged—with whose impulses, for years, I have had nought in common? I have long been shut out from communion with my kind, and now, like the plant reared in darkness, which languishes for light to give it health and vitality, turning to the slenderest gleam—my spirit pines for the companionship of man, and would feign win the benison of his sympathy.

I tread once more, amid the haunts of men. Once more I bathe my brow in the free gushing of the blessed air of heaven. Once more, I look upon the earth, dædal though it be, and worship the might, the majesty, the magnificence of Nature. For this I aspired through the weary days and more weary nights, which passed over me—heavily as though they would never pass—in my dreary dungeon-thrall. For this I languished—with faded cheek and fevered brow, with withered heart and baffled hopes,—until it was scarcely a marvel if I deemed that my very nature was changed. Thus rose my fervent aspirations, through the darkness of what I feared would be an endless, as I felt it to be an oppressive prisonment—for there dawned no ray of promise within me, nor around me, to lighten the gloom which clouded my mind in my noon of life.

I had nerved my spirit to endure perpetual enthralment. I had striven to forget the living glory and the breathing

beauty of the world from which I was shut out—and *now*, whatever I desired for comes, all unsought, to my enjoyment. Wealth—great among the magnates of the land; vigorous manhood, to plunge, if I would, into power, pleasure, and possession;—all that can administer to luxury, that can feed ambition, that can throw a loveliness of aspect over even the laidly features of vice, or strew spring-flowers upon the path of virtue—an enfranchised and instructed mind, to tower among and above my fellow-men;—knowledge, whether won in early years from books, those undeceiving friends, or gleaned from the action and passion of experience, or gained through long years of captivity and endurance, when thought and memory alone were left to a disturbed and distracted mind to link me with the past, and console me for the present, and supply me with hope for the future. These, varied in their aspects, multiform in their powers, unconquerable in their union—these now are mine. Yet now, when they *have* come, I sadly feel that they are not what I sought. They cannot fling freshness into this wretched heart—they cannot erase the memories inscribed by sorrow on the red-leaved tablets of my heart—they cannot bring back the face and form of beauty which won my love in happier hours—they can bring me neither happiness nor forgetfulness; and I smile, in bitterness, as I think how idly my spirit could once imagine that such as these would be all-sufficient for the heart.

Through unnoted time—through wearying monotony of prisoned hours, I have had no heart to throb with the passion-tide of love to my wildly-beating heart, which hath panted for that sweet companionship. The low, soft voices which I loved to listen to in the solemn silence of the stilly night—the aërial forms of beauty which floated around my couch, while my mind was far away in Dreamland—all are vanished, and, long ago, my loftiest auguries of imagination have fallen

to the dust, like the priceless vase which drops from the hands of a careless child, shattered beyond all power of restoration.

If I can no more hold converse with Her—the fairest and the best, whose name, amid the dreary waste of mournful years, I have uttered but to the voiceful zephyr which glided by me, fraught, I have vainly fancied, with some remembered tone of hers—nor with those, the faithful and the fond, the friends who were mine on earth, as they yet may be in the starry glory-beds of heaven—nor with those, the deceiving and the heartless, who flitted around me in the prosperous hour, and fled when the wintry blast was heard; if with none of these can I hold converse, yet I may calm the disquietings of a stricken spirit, by tracing on these pages this record of wounded feelings and wasted hopes.

The mother who bore me could not recognise her son in the changed being who sits here to pour out one memory of his heart:—my very lineaments are changed:—premature troubles have ploughed furrows on my brow, and my heart—but let *that* pass, I must back to my humanity, for I mingle once more with men.

I am the youngest of many children, and—for surely I may say it now, when for me Fame has lost its spur—was first among them in the gifts of understanding. The glorious writers of the antique times, who poured forth melody, wisdom, and joy (for it is wise to be happy) in a full gush from the exhaustless fountains of their own hearts—these were familiar to me, almost from the time when Reason first bathed my inquiring soul in the rich dews of its eternal power. With little effort did my mind acquire, and my memory retain, the treasures of knowledge and imagination which these chroniclers of other times and olden inspiration so lavishly have scattered over their venerable and venerated pages. Pleasant

was it for *my* soul to bask in the glorious sunshine of *theirs*, for my younger and tenderer thoughts to borrow strength and vigour from their calm and matured serenity.

Nor were the mind-magicians of latter times unknown to me, or unprized in their worth. As my knowledge of them increased, so increased my thirst for knowledge. Thus those through whom the Past yet lived, and those from whom the Present might hope for memorials as permanent and bright were the chosen companions even of my hours of holiday, nor knew I ever playmates so untiring, and ever friendly, as these, my books.

Boyhood passed away, and I sprung into the flush of Manhood. A proud heart was mine, which brooked not the efforts of the haughty to look me down. To such—a stern glance—a cold, contemptuous eye was my sole and sufficient answer.

Yet, though I sought not the fellowship of man, it pursued me—like a thought in the sunny day, or a dream in the starry night—even in the recesses of retirement. And, though I strove to shun it, still it followed me, until I was subdued by the admiration, which, despite my coldness, still sued for my regard. So I sometimes mingled in the crowds, a welcomed guest, and it was said, that even to Mirth herself I had lent riches and smiles, which brightened where they fell, and that I had bound the temples of that joy-voiced nymph with flowery wreaths snatched from the generous lap of bright-eyed Pleasure.

Thus I shone as a star among them, the distinguished of the circle. Many a tongue grew eloquent in praise of the young and half-haughty student, whose smile, even as a guerdon, was treasured up by sensitive hearts, through hours of thoughtful solitude. Many a cheek alternated, at my approach, from pale to damask. Many a dark eye, passion-lighted,

flashed forth its heretofore latent fires, with eloquent expression, as it met my gaze. Many a maiden trembled with sudden, and not undelighted emotion, as the touch of my fingers came thrillingly upon her delicate hand, in the wildering movements and mazes of the passion-nursing dance. Many a heart longed for my appearance, and then—through an infinite excess of deep feeling—shrunk back when it felt the consciousness of my presence. And when I presented a rose, aye, or even the humblest meadow flower to any of that galaxy of loveliness, how often was it secretly worn and fondly cherished next her throbbing heart—even after its beauty had departed, and its odor fled—as a memorial, slight but tender, of him whose touch had sanctified even its worthlessness, and whose gentle thoughts might have gone, if but for a fleeting moment, with the trivial gift.

It may well be conceived that a nature like mine could not be insensible to the feelings I thus excited; but, flatteringly as this consciousness came upon my soul, I then but slightly heeded the incense it wafted there. I felt something within me whispering that I was born for more than the admiration of the few. The aspirings of ambition fed my spirit with auguries of hope; and though I grieved to part from the kind hearts which had made themselves the intimates of my heart, yet I nerved myself to part with them; and, with a compelling desire to win fame, I left the scenes of my youth, of my triumph; and there went with and after me, prayers for success from the aged, and fond anticipations of my renown from the young.

So I went into the busy world of men, yet did not leave the world of my own hoarded contemplations. I mingled with the many. I visited various scenes, and closely observed all things. I grew familiar with that riddle—the human heart. I learned the arcana of

philosophy and art. I read the ever-open page of Nature, for my study had hitherto chiefly been among books—and then I surrounded myself, in the silent night, with the records of heroic History, and trod the starry paths of immortal Poetry—until, at length, I knew by the struggles of my heart, that for *me*, also, the hour had come. And then I called up, as with a magician's power, the spells of imagination and the talismans of knowledge, until, blending them together, I poured out, on the mute page, in the melody of poetry, the gush of burning thoughts, which, from my youth upwards, had been mustering in my mind, vague, aimless, and erratic. And, as I wrote, the full tide of passion, and of pathos, rushed in power from my pen.

I sent my pages into the busy world, and a few felt, and the many *said* they felt, the witchery of my strain. I became a marvel among men. Poets, as they saw what riches I was scattering with a lavish hand, confessed that I had won, at one bound, what they had spent weary lives in quest of. Philosophers mused, in rapt wonder, over the pages whereon the stern intensity of truth was mingled with the airy fictions of fancy. The Scholar—as, with throbbing brow, and silently sickening heart, he studied by his midnight lamp, or upon some sunny bank, beside a gurgling stream in his own native land, whither he had come to die—forsook the lore of antiquity, to ponder, with an elevated spirit, on what I had produced, and still glowed with admiration, while, with impatient delight, he hurried over my page. Beauty—as she sat in the leafy solitude of her rose-wreathed bower, waiting (how anxiously!) for *one* who was all the world to her—felt a fever-flush mantle her cheek, and strange spirit-strivings throng through her heart, as she sighed or joyed over my strains. The widowed matron—as, with half-understood emotion, her children read my writings to her—wept, not in sorrow, over

the awakened remembrances of her youthful love, which, from the cells wherein they long had slept, my burning verse evoked. The stern Patriot, who had almost thrown aside the hope of rendering the land of his birth the land also of his pride, felt, from my strains, that despair was a crime. The Painter was not ashamed to own that from my revealings he took his most beautiful picturings of heroism, love, and sorrow. The Melodist, whom they besought to wed my verse to music, said that it would be a useless appendage to my songs, which had in themselves more tuneful symphonies than his art could frame. The Lover, whom deep passion had rendered incapable of relying upon the strength of his own oratory, used the persuasiveness of my poetry to win from blushing Beauty all that she had denied before. Envy was silent for once; for, if she did not echo the praise which fell from the multitudinous lips of Admiration, at least she did not deny that it was deserved.

Thus, all places were full of, all persons familiar with, my songs. Many a wounded heart blessed him, whose verse had beguiled it into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. The aged and the young, the enthusiast and the cold, the proud and the lowly, united in lauding him, who, they said, had laid open the heart of man in its affections, passions, griefs, and joys; who had shown what undreamed of treasures lay in its secret places; who, they declared, had drawn spells from truth, fancy, and wisdom, and, binding them in the silken toils of melodious song, had won favours from the genii of the mind, which many, through the long eternity of by-gone time, had eagerly sought; which few have found. Thus did I reap the richest honour that a poet can desire; the boon of Fame.

Soon I found that fame, to be perfect, must be shared. Even amid the concourse and festivals of the magnates of the land, I sighed for some congenial spirit to cheer my solitude

at home—to guide me to other and loftier achievements of renown—to send me to adventure on some hitherto unpathed ocean of thought; and this longing, alike nursed in crowds and loneliness, did not long remain unsatisfied.

One day, I had wandered from the din of the crowded city, to win from the balmy quietude and gentle breath of the country, some cooling for the fever of my cheek and brow; for the continued exercise of thought, and the birth of poetry are painful and exacting. I rested on a shady bank, wearied by my lengthened walk, for the city had unnerved my endurance of fatigue, and my step was less springy in the noontide than it had wont to be in the morning of my youth. A clear rivulet ran, rippling, at my feet—its sound was music to my ear. Around me was the magnificence of nature. In the clear sky, far above, the chorists of the grove warbled their thrilling songs. The evening shades came on. The sun sank, like a conqueror, far away beyond the western horizon, and, gradually, the minstrel-birds ceased their song. Musing on the fame which I had won, I was thinking how to exceed what I had already done, by throwng the concentrated power of my increased and still-increasing knowledge, and the whole sensibilities of my heart, into expression and language. But the chain of my reveries, and the sleep-like silence of that lovely evening, were softly broken by the silvery sweetness of a woman's voice. I started at the sound; for there is that in the melody of such accents, which falls on the heart refreshingly as the shower on the sultry summer, or as a fall of water upon the ear of a solitary, or as the distant, dying echo of sweet-souled music, heard afar off, amid the rocks and trees.

My heart beat with a soft tumult of joy as I heard that sweet voice warble one of *my* songs—lending a rich and powerful expression to the passion of the strain. She who sang

came towards where, unseen, I lay. Then, though she saw me not, the glory of that unrivalled beauty met my gaze. I heard her words, as, with maiden and mutual confidence, she and her gentle friend conversed. My name was on her lips, linked with the expressed desire to see and know him whose songs had filled her heart with deep emotion. They passed on. From that hour a new feeling filled my soul. I had beheld the all of loveliness I had ever fancied as what female beauty ought to be. In her I recognised the perfect admixture of every element of form, feature, or divine thought—for the mind may be read in the features—which I had sighed to find in woman, but had vainly sighed for, until then. It was that visible and mental beauty which I had described in song, the breathing Ideal, which my fancy had prophetically imagined and pourtrayed, now become the Actual.

I soon became known to her, through a service happily rendered, which preserved her life, and for a time, endangered mine. I discovered that our sires had been friends in youth, and thus, orphan as she was, she had an hereditary claim to my regard. But ere she knew me *as* myself, she had learned to love me *for* myself. We read, and conversed, and walked together. Sweet was our interchange of thought. At last when I told her that *I* was the poet whose passionate earnestness she loved so well, she cast her noble spirit, with a trusting tenderness, as an offering upon the altar of my heart.

She loved me with that fervent and delicate sensibility which Woman alone is capable of feeling, and which accompanies only her first love. She eagerly enjoyed the applauses which were showered upon me—for Love had again awakened all the Poet in my heart. They told her that safely she had ventured the treasure of affection within a barque, where Hope was at the helm, bound for the haven of hearted happiness.

Yet she sometimes doubted—for, though Love be strong as death, it can be helpless as infancy. She doubted—not the worthiness of the beloved, but the certainty of reciprocity. Soon was this doubt dissolved. One summer's eve, I sat by her side, in the haunt where I first had seen her, and I poured out, with the full utterance of love, the passion which disturbed my soul. Her reply was given—not with spoken words, but in her low and happy sigh. Her tear-gemmed eyes, her blushing cheek, her throbbing bosom, gave the glad assurance that I did not sue in vain.

Once—and once only—did a cloud seem to float across our confidings. She was singing to me, and into the air, which of itself was mournful, she had thrown such a flood of pathos that my soul was carried away to the thoughts of other years—for Music holds the silver key of Memory. The strain ceased, and, as I still remained silent, she feared that she had failed to delight me. Tears filled her eyes, as she gently looked this fear. At such a moment I could not utter cold words of explanation. Taking the instrument from her, and striking the chords in soft accompaniment, I threw into rapid and voluntary song the feelings which overpowered me. The words were these :—

"Still, still, Beloved ! pour along
Thy wildering passion-tide of song.
For, oh ! the ear which once hath heard,
Must treasure up thine every word.

"And if no *instant* burst of praise
Reward the pathos of thy lays,
How sweet—how exquisite must be
That voiceless eloquence to thee.

"For Flattery's honeyed words will throng
To welcome *every* breath of Song ;
The tuneful and the tuneless strain
Alike *his* heartless praise can gain ;

> "While Admiration—heart and ear—
> Anxious, will hold her breath to hear,
> Inhale each silvery sound, until,
> Even when 'tis past, she hears thee still!"

Poor as was this tribute, she received it with joy, for it came from *me*, and she said that it had merit in her eyes, because, unpolished by the rules of poetic art, it was the prompt and faithful expression of my thoughts. Thus brief was the only shadow which dimmed, but for a moment, the sunshine of our love.

Why do I dwell on the memories of these fleeting, happy hours? Even now, as they arise before me, like things of yesterday, my temples throb with the strife of strong emotion. I had thought my heart was tamed down to its narration. Let me hasten to conclude it.

We were betrothed. A day not distant—for my love did not brook delay—was named for our espousal, when an event took place which sadly changed the colour of my fate.

Light in heart, I had sped to my paternal home—unvisited since my triumphs—to devote to my father and my kindred the few remaining days of my celibacy. The hours passed on—slowly, as I thought; but my father and my kindred lamented the rapidity with which they flew.

The land in which I lived was in a tyrant's thrall. Men knew not friend from foe. The spy was every where. Oppression ruled. The iron yoke of tyranny was exalted. All who know the history of man must know that such things cannot endure. There inevitably comes on an hour in which this star of bitterness must be redly quenched. It needs but the linked union of heart to heart to unpedestal the Dagon. It may be that a word—but *one* word—will prove the unpremeditated signal for revolt.

The dungeons were crowded with the high-hearted, feared

or suspected by the tyrant. But he could not chain the free exercise of thought, nor curb the race of minded indignation. There only was needed some rallying point where to commence, some leader to array the disaffected. Both came. A satellite of that haughty Court dared to violate the sacredness of a poor man's hut, and drag thence a maiden—that poor man's sole wealth, his only child. Seeing, I resisted the outrage. My arm at once rescued the maiden, and levelled the lustful minion to the dust. An universal cry arose throughout the land, when the slaves of power were vainly sent for my arrest. The torpor of thraldom was at an end. Men arose, as from a trance, to buckle on the brand. Me did they choose to lead them. With but one regret, I took the post of honorable danger; for though Love be happy, Liberty is holy—one, without the sun-tints of the other, would be a gloom indeed.

Beneath my banner, thronging thousands marshalled. Months passed on, in warfare with the foe. At last, strong in the justice of our cause, I met the tyrant—sword to sword. The hopes of a nation gave strength to my arm. The oppressor fell. His death was the death of his cause.

The Nation was herself once more. Equal rights, and laws, and liberties were proclaimed. Then, the deliverer was hailed as Lord. I pushed aside the thorny coronet of power, to return to the peaceful life I had quitted.

When the excitement of success was over, I sank beneath a fever of mind and body. If aught could alleviate the pain of sickness, it was the affectionate devotion of my disenthralled countrymen; and, through their kindness, and the skill of the leech whom, at a great price, they had brought to me, from afar, I gradually recovered health.

One night—I have dwelt too minutely, it may be, upon the previous narrative, but it was in avoidance of *this* part

of my story, and now I *must* relate it; for though my heart swells with emotion, bleeding afresh as the memories of departed years rise up before it, yet it must nerve itself to the endurance of recording them; for there is an impulse which prompts me to tell my story, even to its bitterest conclusion.

More than once, during the early period of our acquaintance, but after each to each had communicated the heart-secret which, when thus told, changed doubt into certainty, Clara and myself had indulged in speculations as to that Future which lies before mankind, a great unpathed ocean. Vague, solemn, and mysterious were our fancies upon this subject. Religion pointed out that Eternity as a haven in which, after Life's troubles, we should repose in safety—but human doubts would arise as to the manner of this life-after-life into which we then should pass. For my own part, I loved to imagine a state in which the Mind should have eternal and ever-varying enjoyment—in which, purified from the soil of earth, Imagination should soar into higher and clearer heavens than it had pierced in its pilgrimage below—in which Faith, sublimed into a serener hope, should prepare us for joys in which mere sense would have slight participation—in which there would be, but with a subtler and keener faculty of feeling, companionship with those whom we had loved and lost on earth. For we both felt that Heaven itself would be of little worth without the hope of that companionship, the link between the bodily state here and the spiritual state beyond. And ever, as we thus thought and talked, came the trust that among the Creator's 'many mansions' in the world to come, might be found some place in which the fond and faithful in this probationary life might be admitted to abide.

"I feel," said Clara, when we had been thus earnestly and

fondly indulging in such thoughts, "that, in His goodness, the loved on earth will be allowed to meet in heaven, with a memory of what has passed below, a consciousness of as much of this life as has been pure and virtuous. So strong is my conviction of this (and oh! is it not sweet to think that we shall meet again when time has passed?) that, if the power be mine, when it please the Omnipotent to summon me from earth, I shall be with you in the spirit, and declare, if then I can, what state of being that eternity may be. Promise me," continued she, as she raised her lustrous eyes towards my face, "promise me that, if *you* should die first, you will speak to *me* from that far spirit-land." And then, gently pressing my lips upon that fair brow, I promised.

The time rapidly approached in which, at length, I was to call Clara mine own—wedded to me by the rites of the church, as she had already been united by the ties of strong affection. I sate, in the soft repose of the twilight hour, in the chamber which I had occupied when a boy—in which I had mused, and studied, and written—in which I had carried on the studies which had won me Fame. In the crimson west, like a glory, the sun was going down, and the meadows, the corn-fields, and the wooded heights, were rosy in that purpling glow. Now and then, from the adjacent grove, was heard the even-song of some winged melodist. Far off, faintly came the tinkling of the bells, as the shepherd led his flock to the fold. And, farther yet, came the music of the peal from the village church in the valley, fitfully floating up through the silence, along the broad, smooth river, and across the dewy plain. My casement was open, to admit the gentle sounds, and the breeze came softly in. It seemed as if I breathed an atmosphere of soft repose.

Suddenly, in that fading twilight, it seemed as if the chamber were filled with a rosy flush, which shewed every

object clear and distinct, as if a hundred tapers had at once sent forth a simultaneous lustre. In that flush of light there seemed a glorious Presence — the semblance — but purer, brighter, and more beautiful—of *her* to whom my love was vowed, on whom my thoughts had been dwelling but a moment before. I rose—but the Presence did not move. I advanced, and put forth my hand: it touched thin air! And then, sinking back into my chair, I knew that I gazed upon something which was not of this world. I spoke to it, and questioned whence and why it came. Then, in a low voice, but clear, came the response, which told me that my visitant was from another sphere. And while I listened, awe-struck, the same voice told me that, beyond this life, the loved of earth do meet, knowing each other there, and with eternal happiness meted unto each, according as in this life the soul had kept itself pure from the soils and stains of earth.

Awe-smitten as I was—incapable of motion—feeling as in the sight of an Immortal, I yet had the courage to ask what was the sign that the thing was true. Then, as the Presence put forth its hand, and touched my brow, I felt a thrill throughout my frame, which, from that hour to this, has, more or less, continued; a burning throb, which ever seems to press into the brain. At once, there followed the flutter of wings, and a snow-white dove swiftly flew out of the open casement. I could trace its heavenward progress by a lengthened track of light, as it cleaved through the empyreal. When I looked once more within the chamber, all was dark. Sensation became suspended for a season, and I remained for some hours unconscious of the world around me.

When the morning came, consciousness returned, and, fearing the worst, I flung myself upon a fleet courser, and hastened to where my love resided—far, far distant. Hour

after hour the noble barb flew onward. At the decline of day, the city was in view. The horse strained his utmost speed, at my urging, and sank down, as we reached *her* home, wearied with his exceeding toil. He never rose again. In after days, I often fancied there flashed reproach in his dark, full eye, ere it was glazed by death.

I hastened within the hall. All was stilled and silent there. I passed on. Her chamber was open. There was a whisper of low, sad voices. I entered. The glare of many tapers dazzled me. I saw the funereal equipage. I *felt* that cold mortality lay there. I saw Clara, beautiful and passionless, her long hair bound with the death-fillet—flowers in her hand, and scattered on her breast—her face pale as the white sculpture of a tomb. At the very hour in which I had been visited by that Presence, in which an Immortal had touched my brow—in which the snow-white dove had soared upward, beyond my straining sight—*she* had died! Could I doubt that, true to the compact we had made, the liberated soul's first action, when it reached the Life beyond the grave, was to bring me the assurance which I needed?

I have slight memory of what followed. They told me that since I left my Clara, she had drooped like a flower. She had all the sweetness of the violet, and its fragility also. They said that, day after day, her form became more and more attenuated—her cheeks wasted and hectic-flushed. She knew that she was dying, but forbade them to acquaint me with her condition, lest my love, my fears, might cause me to relinquish the station, in that glorious strife for Freedom, in which my country's voice had installed me. Oh, that I could have *seen* her die—have watched and solaced the fleeting spirit of the fairest and the best. But it was destined otherwise.

No further consciousness remains. A dim memory of

oppressive madness clings to me. Then came release, and return to the world, with changed aspect and saddened soul. The very name for which I had won high triumphs remains with me no more. I had hoped that *she* would have borne it—how could I retain it when she was no more? My kinsmen, my friends, know not whether I yet breathe the difficult air of human existence. Many high minds have not disdained to yield their sympathy to the troubled wanderer—but my heart has thanked, while it resisted their kindness. My hopes reposed on one fair flower—the storm crushed and strewed its beauty in the dust; it can return no more, but, at least, no meaner blossom shall bloom where that beloved one grew and withered.

"It must be admitted," said Mr. Crayon, "that with much extravagance in this narrative — perhaps I might more properly call it a monologue—there is considerable power."

"Considerable power—of words," interrupted the Irishman. "My own belief is that the young gentleman was addicted to opium as well as to thick German beer and perpetual tobacco smoking; and that between the excitement supplied by the first, and the stupefaction arising from the other cause, he bemused himself into the belief that he was a hero of romance. Certainly, what our friend Butler has been so good as to read to us will pass muster as an extravaganza, for it has nothing of reality from first to last."

Butler reminded him that he had prefaced it by announcing that the Student's sanity was worse than doubtful.

Tressilian said that, if their taste ran on the supernatural, he believed he could gratify them. He recollected a story which he had heard some years before, and it had made an impression upon his mind which he feared his mode of telling would not make upon others. However, he should tell the relation as he had heard it.

BLEEDING-HEART YARD.

Were it in my power to relate the story as I heard it, years ago, from the lips of one who firmly believed the marvels which she told, the effect upon others might be as it then was upon me. But the place, the listeners, the narrator—with her earnest simplicity of diction, her overpowering sense of reality, her thrilling tones, her expressive looks, her strong credulity—should all be present to produce that effect.

When we were young, how an old crone's ghost-stories, by the Christmas fire, shook the nerves, and paled the cheeks, and froze the blood, and made Curiosity, like the Giaour in "Vathek," still cry out for "More! more!" When the serious and calmer day-thought came, we could smile at the baseless terrors of the yester-e'en. The scene—the fitful light from the midnight ember of the Yule-log—the dark shadows at the back—the rustling of the leafy branches without, so clearly heard in the silence of the night—the weak and wavering voice of the aged story-teller, herself a living personation of the Past, a link between the living and the dead—these combined to clothe her legends in the garb of wonder. Had they been told by others, at a different time, or in a different place, they might have fallen coldly and calmly upon the ear, and their spell would have feebly moved us.

Thus, an anecdote which, in its relation (by one whose sufferings had almost unsettled her reason), had strangely stirred my spirit to its depths, may fail to interest those to whom I

shall endeavor to present it merely as it was spoken. For there is an expressive eloquence in the eye—the quick glance—the open brow—the thrilling tones—the darkly flowing and dishevelled hair—the earnestness of spoken narrative, with its depths and shadows, which I, who merely recollect and repeat, must fail in expressing. With this brief preface, here is the legend, as I heard it:

In London, that stony-hearted Leviathan of cities, there is one spot, nearly in its centre, into which many close alleys, and crowded courts, and narrow lanes, and long passages, and murky yards daily pour out a rush of population, like the veins sending back life-blood to the human heart. Not one of those places but has some sad memory associated with it—some story of sin or sorrow, of silent suffering, or of deep crime. Many such places are there within the space which we call Holborn. A populous world is that long street, with its continuous line of busy traffic, its hum of many voices—like the murmur of the angry waves when they dash into white froth and tawny spume upon a rocky coast. It was not always thus. There was a time when it was a houseless space, where the citizens of London met for sports, the very names of which have departed, like the memories of those who practised them. Afterwards, one of the Kings who held sway in London, enclosed these city-meadows with a wall, and bestowed them as a gift upon some cunning courtier, who had found his way to the royal heart by flattery. Next, when King and courtier had passed away, the fair fields came into possession of a brave old soldier, who had won fortune and fame, in the wars with France.

This was the Lord Hatton. He built, in the centre of this estate, a grand château, like what he had seen abroad. He

had a gardener from the Low Countries, to lay out for him a beautiful place, with terraces and fountains, winding walks and green swards, fruit-trees and flowers, quaint sculptures in stone, and curious devices, fancifully cut out of the trees which grew there. There also were grottoes of spars and shells, which gleamed like precious stones when viewed by torch-light. There, in gilded cages—as if splendor could diminish the pain of captivity—were rare birds from lands far beyond the sea. The palace and the pleasure-grounds are gone—the most searching antiquarian would fail to find a trace of them. But the place which we now know as Hatton Garden, shews where they once were. They were the marvel of their day, and their owner was so proud of them, that it would be hard to say, which he more cared for—them, or the fair youth, his only son. Well and tenderly, piously and fondly, he had brought up this youth. In time, however, the old lord died, and the dwelling and the garden, the jewels and the gold, the honours and the title descended to his son.

There was a gorgeous funeral, and the King attended it, with all his Court. The young Lord Hatton then wanted some months of being of age, but preparations soon began to be made for the rejoicings. They ransacked foreign lands for whatever was rare and costliest, to celebrate his twenty-first birth-day. They brought arras from the tapestry-makers of Artois, and fine linen from the looms of Flanders, and rich wines from the valleys of Burgundy, and cloth-of-gold from the store-houses of Genoa, and tall mirrors from the island-factories of Venice, and spices from the fragrant groves of Arabia, and transparent tissues from the labour of the dusky dwellers in India, and royal carpets from the merchants of Persia, and gold and silver plate, rich with chased adornments, from the goldsmiths of Paris and the carvers of Florence. For the Lord Hatton had succeeded to wealth capable

of answering almost the utmost demands of extravagance, and his guardians had resolved that his coming to man's estate should be celebrated in no niggard manner.

The gala-day arrived. The King himself was among the earliest guests, anxious to judge for himself, whether Rumour had exaggerated the fortune and luxurious tastes of his wealthy subject. The magnificence of that day was never to be forgotten by those who saw it. Far and near, it was spoken of as eclipsing even the most royal splendour. The poets of the day made ballads about it, which for a long time were sung in rich men's palaces, and poor men's lowly dwellings. Rich wines spouted from the fountains, from dawn of day to the set of sun. There were refreshments laid out in tents, including the substantial fare which men then liked, as well as delicate luxuries culled from many a distant clime. There were crowds of servitors, inviting and pressing all to partake of the rich viands and the sparkling wines. There was sweet music from skilful players, concealed among the leafy shrubberies. There was a long portion of the green sward, pressed down and closely mown, on which the youths and maidens might dance. There was a field-at-arms for the bold knights who attended the festival. There was an extensive range in which the yeomen might exercise their sports. There was something to suit the taste and rank of all, rich and poor, old and young, gentle and simple.

The place was thrown open to all who pleased to visit it, as well as to the distinguished specially invited by the Lord Hatton. Among the lovely visitors was one, who had more beauty than the brightest of all the other fair ones. She was very lovely, indeed, and exceedingly proud in the consciousness of that surpassing beauty. She was among the crowd, not of it. Her father was an humble, honest man, earning a hard living, by hard labour. She was discontented with her

lot in life. Many gallants of the Court, who had noted her remarkable beauty, had attempted to draw her from her father's humble roof; pride, rather than principle, had as yet prevented her fall. She was heart-sick with discontent. There was this aggravation, also—she had been educated above her station. Adjacent to her father's cottage, close to what we now call St. Martin's Lane, there was a convent, where she had been taught to read and write—unusual attainments, at that time, for one of her age and sex—and increase of knowledge had been as fuel to feed the flame of discontent, which was swelling in her heart. She was thus exactly ripe for temptation. Be sure that the Evil One ever watches the hour and seizes the occasion to do his will.

It would be difficult to determine what impulse had brought Edith Lee, for that was her name, to the great festival given on Lord Hatton's birth-day. It is true that most of her neighbors went, but theirs was no example for one who ever had scorned to follow in the common track, and had hitherto avoided exhibitions of grandeur;—for when they were over, it made her very sad to think, as she sat in the poor cottage of her father, that others should be splendidly attired and luxuriously surrounded while she was subject to the lowest wants, yet with a feeling that her capacity for enjoyment was as high as theirs. Surely she had not gone among the crowd at Lord Hatton's to display her beauty (she was too proud to be vain), for she had half-hidden her face beneath the large wimple which she wore, according to the custom of her humble condition in those days, and had concealed her figure in the ordinary plain attire. A mixture of curiosity and impatience had brought her thither. If she had endeavored to define the impulse she might have failed. There are times and circumstances which lead us to act, we know not why, as if some invisible hand pushed us forward—as if some viewless

finger of resistless fate beckoned us forward, and impelled us to obedience.

As Edith Lee stood pale and still as a Sibyl, in that scene of gaiety and mirth, perhaps her bosom was the only one in the crowd which covered a heavy heart. Naturally of a temperament more lively than grave, her musings had turned of late into that thoughtful meditation from which tears would be a great relief, but to calm which, tears do rarely flow. Her beauty gained more in expression than it lost in force by this change. The light of her glance was not dimmed but softened, and her voice had a subdued sweetness, like that born of the gentle kiss of the southern breeze upon the voiceful chords of the Æolian harp. She now bore a deeper beauty than that of common life—a beauty over which Thought had gently passed, and softly left a trace of its shadowy presence. So, in the world's elder days, might have appeared a daughter of earth after her first entrancing interview with one of the Sons of God, earthward descended, enamoured of her beauty; and so might she have stood in listening mood, after having gazed at the purpled pinions of the heavenly visitant on his returning flight, thinking, after the visible Presence had passed away, that she yet heard the rustling sounds of those ether-cleaving wings, and wondering whether she should ever again bask in the light of the radiant countenance which beamed with glory from the far and golden empyreal.

Thus Edith Lee stood, almost concealed in the shadow and by the huge trunk of an ancient tree—her mind far away in the land of dreams, as she gazed upon the changing brilliancies of the sky, fancying each cloud an island in which it would be happiness to live and love. Who among us has not watched the sky, when its blue beauty is diversified with glorious piles of many-coloured cloud, in which Fancy can trace islets, domes, minarets, and mountains, blended yet contrasted?

Who has not sometimes yielded to the softening influences of the subduing even-tide, and, gazing on this glorious Cloud-land, wished that he had wings to fly away and be at rest among one of its many mansions? So stood and gazed Edith Lee, and so she thought, until there came the sweet voice of music, and the sound of approaching footsteps, and the happy harmony of light laughter, and the joyful murmur of mirthful language.

There was *one* voice, among the many that were audible, which thrilled through her very heart. It was musical, clear, and low as the pleasant sound of a well-played instrument. As the crowd of gallants came in view, she recognized *one* face, *one* form, the moment she saw it,—a recognition which, though none but herself was or could be aware of it, caused a heart-quake which covered her brow, cheeks, neck, and bosom with a sudden flush. Voice, form, and face were such as, night after night, had haunted her in dreams, ever since her proud spirit had rebelled against her lowly condition in life. For the Tempter had marked that discontent.

Never before, never before had she thus seen *him*,—breathing, living, speaking in her presence. But he had been vividly with her in the dream by night, and, though less distinctly, in her waking thoughts by day. Her heart had been filled with new and deep sensations,—so powerful that the blessed daylight sometimes became wearisome to her, and she longed for night, because then again she should behold this spirit-love of hers. So overpowering was this new sense, thus strangely operating, that often, in the clear noon-day, she would shut her eyes, in the hope that in this semblance of sleep, when external objects were thus shut out, *he* would palpably arise before the vision of her mind. And it was a strange and strong peculiarity in this life-in-sleep, that while in dreams she traced and passed through a successive series

of adventures with this creation of her fancy, her waking thoughts had but a vague and uncertain impression of him and them. *Now* she saw him,—speaking, smiling, walking proudly amid a group of gallant gentlemen,—as glorious as ever he had appeared in the fair and boundless world of sleep.

The crowd of gallants passed on, Lord Hatton in the midst, and Edith Lee remained leaning againt the old tree, straining her sight after them long after they had gone beyond her view. She did not heed his companions. She had not noted how many nor how few they were, nor what their appearance. She only felt that she had seen *him* — that he was a creature of life like herself, and that his evident rank removed him from her by a gulf which she could not pass.

Edith Lee's mind was so much the prey of these conflicting emotions, that she did not note how long she remained by the old tree. After a time, she became aware that somebody was standing opposite to her, carefully reading her features. She saw a middle-aged man, well-dressed, and dark-featured, with a countenance such as you could not give a plausible reason for not liking, and yet its expression such as one does not like to look upon. There was a sneer upon his thin, pale lips, and a sardonic gleaming in his glance, which, as their eyes met, made her feel uncomfortable. She would fain have moved from him, for his glance troubled her, but it seemed as if she had lost all power of voluntary motion and speech. He held her there with his glittering eyes, as the serpent is said to fix the wild birds in the depths of the Indian woods. He laid his hand upon hers, and the touch, light as it was, thrilled to the bone, and chilled her blood.

He spoke to her. His voice, though not unmusical in itself, grated harshly on her ear. He spoke in a tone low enough for a whisper, yet every syllable fell distinctly upon her ear, and sank into her heart.

"You soar high, lady-bird," said he. "It is a bold dove who would seek a mate in the eagle's eyrie. You love that gay young lord—you would wed him?" he bent his face close to hers as he added, "and you *shall*."

She shrunk back from him with unconcealed aversion, and the expression of his features became terrible in its demoniac and scornful beauty. "What! pretty one," he continued, "you shrink from your friend, who has the power and the will to remove the cottage flower, and place it in the glory of the palace gardens. Why, trembler? *I* have known your wishes, *I* have fashioned your dreams, until Sleep has become for you a life more beautiful than any reality you have ever known. Your heart rebelled against the lowly state in which you are placed, and that rebellious discontent gave me power over you. Lo, now! you shrink from my words, and you never shrank from my works. You even stand upon ground which is my own. Your foot rests upon the grave of a suicide. You need not start! By his pride of heart he killed his mother; he stained a name which never until then had been tarnished by the breath of dishonour: he betrayed his country; he denied his God, and he came back a broken man, to hang himself from the very tree you lean against. In childhood's innocence he had played beneath its shade, and the huge branch that bore his quivering body withered from that hour. See, it hangs above you, leafless and barkless, as if scathed by the fiery leven."

Edith Lee heard the words of mockery, and her spirit quailed beneath the scowl of that dark and mysterious man. She fell in a heavy faint, yet heard a whisper in the air, "If you would wed this young lord, meet me at midnight, in the churchyard by Saint Martin's monastery."

It was dusk when she awoke. She left Lord Hatton's garden, unnoticed amid the crowd, and sought the solitude of

her own little chamber. Here she thought upon what had passed, and shuddered as she thought. She wept, and tears relieved her. Then she knelt down and prayed. That night her slumbers were peaceful as the repose of an infant.

The morrow came, bringing back the old discontent which had vexed her spirit, together with new and stirring desires, which the sight of Lord Hatton had excited. Day after day sped on, and there was an end now to the bright dreams which had made night so longed-for. The very lack of these sweet visions made her day-thoughts turn upon their living object. As she often saw him pass her door now, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, always superior to his companions, and never bestowing upon her even the scanty homage of a transient glance, she was in no chance of forgetting him.

Weeks thus passed on. Then came the rumour that the young Lord Hatton was about to wed a royal ward. The news unnerved Edith Lee. *That night she did not pray.* So, the Tempter resumed his power of her, and she dreamed that she saw a bridal throng, and that *she* stood at the altar, with Lord Hatton as the bridegroom. Then she awoke, and the moonlight glancing coldly in through the dull and narrow casement, dimly revealed the squalid poverty of her chamber. Then, once again, clear and low came the remembered whisper, "If you would wed this young lord, meet me, at midnight, in the churchyard of Saint Martin's monastery."

She started from her bed, for the hour was at hand. She wound up the contention between the evil spirit and the better angel in her heart, by resolving to try whether the Stranger would, indeed, be at the rendezvous. No necessity, she thought in her pride, for compliance with his demands, should he make any; and she deemed—foolish girl!—that he might be able, perhaps, to unfold or influence her future.

It was not difficult to leave her father's cottage, for Poverty has occasion for few bars and bolts. She stole out, with noiseless steps. She came back in an hour, with pale cheeks, and wild eyes, and a throbbing brow. Whom she met, what passed, what pledges she received, what promises she returned, none ever rightly knew; but it was said, in after times, that she had signed a contract—signed it with a pen dipped in her own blood—with the Great Enemy, to give herself to him, body and soul, at a future day, if he would procure her marriage with the Lord Hatton. She returned to her bed. She could not pray *now*.

Next day, as Edith Lee was standing at her father's door, a noble company of gallants rode by. One of them—the chief—bent low to the beauty of Edith Lee, cap in hand, until his forehead touched the mane of his Barbary charger. That evening, and often after, he came to the cottage, unattended and disguised, vainly striving to gain the favour of Edith Lee—for the cunning of her sex taught her how coyness wins better than submission. That day month, to the wonder of all, Edith Lee became the bride of the Lord Hatton.

Who ought now to have been half so happy as Edith Lady Hatton? Her beauty was so exquisite that even the ladies of the Court admitted it to be scarcely wonderful that she won the coronet so many had contended for. As if intuitively, she immediately assumed the manners of her new and exalted station, becoming it as if she had been born to it. All hearts admired, all eyes followed her. The breath of scandal never approached her. She was a faithful and a loving wife. She was the idol of her husband, who thought nothing that wealth could procure, half good enough for her. So liberal was she in her largess to the poor, that wherever she went their gratitude loudly poured out prayers for blessings on her head. Yet, with all her beauty, state, and wealth, Edith Lee was *not*

happy. One fatal remembrance cast its shadow upon her path.

In due time, an heir was born to her noble lord. Then the shadow upon Edith's brow appeared less dark, and her eyes lost some of the troubled expression, which it sometimes had grieved her loving husband to look upon. Now, more than ever, she gave great alms to the poor; but, even in the West Minster, to which she sometimes resorted with her husband and her household, neither her heart nor her lips were moved with prayer. Something heavy was upon her mind, forbidding her to pour out her troubled spirit before her Maker. But her alms to the poor were constant and ample, her gifts to the religious houses were great; and hence it happened that the common voice spoke loudly of her piety, shown through her works—as if Charity could atone for the lack of Faith. Yet, oftentimes, persons profess to believe, never showing that belief by their actions towards their fellow-men—as if Faith could atone for the lack of Charity! It is then the casket without the jewel.

As years rolled on, Edith Lady Hatton appeared of lighter and livelier mood. For the most part, she now thought of the Past as of an unpleasant memory, which might best be cast into forgetfulness. But there were times when she had awful forebodings, and terrible fears, and dread despair; when her eyes would have a fixed and stony glare, as if they saw in vacancy *that* which they hated to behold, yet could not avoid—when the bloom of beauty would leave the face, and an unnatural paleness succeed—when her lips would try to utter faint and hurried words of awe and supplication—when all the living, breathing world around her, would seem as nothing before the compelling power of that dreadful Presence, invisible to all but her! At last, when a passion of tears had relieved her, she would anxiously inquire what

she had spoken, and whether they could glean meaning from her words; and then would hide her face in her husband's bosom, and wonder at herself, or affect to wonder, for being so weak and womanly.

She had but the one child, a boy of great promise, who was barely fifteen when her husband died. She bestowed great care upon his education, and had him brought up in the fear and love of God. For herself, she now frequented the Minster more than ever. She was constant at matins and vespers; but she never knelt in the confessional; she prayed no prayer to God for pardon and for succour. It seemed to her, that she was secure from her enemy in the house of God, though even there she could pour forth no supplication for his grace, either in spoken words or spiritual thought.

The youth rose to manhood, as his father had done, and Edith made ample preparation for celebrating his twenty-first birthday.

Who can describe all the splendour of that brilliant festival?—the smiles and the glitter, the beauty and the glare. The choicest of the company assembled in a stately saloon, which extended the whole length of Hatton House. At the top of this saloon, was a chair of state for the Lady Hatton, who seemed almost as beautiful as in her early days of youth and maidenhood. Who so proud as that fond mother, looking lovingly upon her graceful and gallant son.

Upon the verge of midnight—the latest time, according to the etiquette of that epoch, to which the festivities could decorously be continued—the young Lord Hatton went to his mother, and entreated her to dance the last measure with him, and thus wind up a celebration which, he said, his heart could never forget. As he spoke, he took her hand in his, and pleasant tears filled his mother's eyes, as she looked upon

him, and drank in the music of his low and earnest voice—soft and low in its gentle pleading. For, as she looked and listened, came back before her the dreams of her youth, and their glad fulfilment; and she joyed to see by her side such a fair image of that father whom she had loved with a love which seemed as if it were indeed a portion of her very life.

The Lady Hatton smiled upon her son through her pleasant tears, as she told him that years had taken away the buoyancy of her spirit, and of her motion; but that as she was loth to refuse him anything upon that happy day, she would even join with him in the dance, if he could not find a more suitable partner. As she spoke, she looked round upon the bright company of ladies who were present: but her son said, with a pleasant smile, that, in truth, he had already danced with every other lady in the room; so that she had no further pretence for declining to gratify him. Then he led her to her place.

The dance was renewed, and the Lady Hatton and her son stood at the end of the saloon, that they might close the festival by treading the last measure. Merrily sounded the music. Mirth filled all hearts, and flashed from every eye, and spoke from many a lip. Thus all went on pleasantly—even noisily, perhaps—until it now was almost time for the lady and her son to lead off the merry gaillard, and with it conclude that joyous festival.

Hark! a loud crash at the outer door, as if a hundred rude hands were loudly striking upon it at once! A sudden pause in the music and the dance! A silence, as if a voice of command had sounded through the room—"Speak no more!"

Men looked enquiringly into each other's faces, as if to learn what could cause this strange noise at such an hour. Women stood, with paled faces and anxious eyes, in utter fear

and wonderment. And then, after a minute's pause, all smiled at the interruption, and renewed the dance.

Presently, an attendant glided in, almost unperceived; but the Lady Hatton saw his quivering lips, white cheeks, and frightened eyes. He told her, in awed and broken words, so low that no ear but hers could hear, that they had opened the door to a Stranger, who demanded instant audience with her. The lady sent back for answer (but her heart sank within her as she spoke), that he must be told this was neither time nor place for any but invited guests.

The attendant speeded to deliver this message, but quickly came back, with a more terror-stricken countenance than before, to falter out that he would take no denial, for his second and more imperative message was, that "there was One below who *must* have instant parley with the lady, and his token was, their last meeting in the churchyard, by St. Martin's monastery."

Paler grew the lady's cheek, as she heard this second message. There are times when the thoughts and the fears, the anxieties and the remorse, the pains and the regrets, the griefs and the despair of a life-time, can crowd upon the heart in one brief moment of intensest agony. Such a moment was that in which the Lady Hatton's mind—awed, unnerved, horror-stricken—was rent by pangs such as never can be described. She grasped the chair which stood near her, and endeavored to steady herself by its support. The room seemed to swim around her. Strange sights glanced before her eyes. Strange voices made unearthly sounds for her ears. But this bewilderment was brief and her mind instantly cleared, the terrible consciousness remaining, in fullest reality, that dreadful evil was about to befall her.

Meanwhile, the merry dance went on. It seemed as if no one had noticed the alteration, which, in little more than a

minute, had taken place in the aspect of the Lady Hatton. Her cheeks were pale as marble; her eyes were dulled into a fixed and death-like stare; her lips had lost all colour; her frame was shaken with emotion. Her son, who stood a little behind her, was speaking gaily to a smiling maiden, with whom he had danced earlier in the evening, and, thus occupied, he did not observe and could not note, the strong heart-quake of emotion, which so greatly agitated his mother.

A heavy tramp of feet upon the stairs; yet no ear heard it except hers. The door was burst open, as if a mighty whirlwind had dashed it in. No one noticed it, and the dance went blithely on. A tall figure advanced to the Lady Hatton. Her cry of terror was stifled in her throat. The well-remembered glittering eyes were upon her, with their demoniac leer. She had now lost all power over herself, but retained consciousness and sensation. The dark Stranger, with a smile of mock courtesy which iced her life-blood, took her jewelled hand and led her forth to dance. Then, as he whirled her around, rapidly increasing the motion as he proceeded, the guests first noticed his presence. A thick yellow cloud gradually filled the room, and, as its density increased, the pestilent vapour almost blinded the eyes, and rendered difficult the breathing of all.

When the cloud dispersed, in a few minutes, all looked for the Lady Hatton. But none could see her in the room. The last sight of her was as she rapidly glided through the door, with an expression of torture on her face, while that dark Visitor sustained her from falling. Her chair was found crashed into many fragments. The carcanet which she had worn around her neck was found, shattered, on the floor. Of herself there was no further trace—but the attendant who had announced the fearful Stranger, confirmed what others had beheld, for he declared that he had seen him lead her forth

to dance, that he had whirled her round and round with resistless force, and that thus they had glided out of the saloon together.

In the midst of the wonderment, while they were yet listening to the broken sentences of the attendant, there suddenly arose a dreadful confusion in the disquieted air. High and shrill was heard a piercing shriek of bodily anguish. Then came unearthly laughter, as of a Demon; and then yell followed yell, while wild laughter, the dreadful merriment and mockery of a fiend, alternated with woman's shrieks of hopeless agony and dread despair. After a time, all again was silence. As with a sudden and simultaneous impulse, the guests rushed out of the house in a body. The young Lord Hatton, who had fallen into a swoon, was attended by skilful physicians, but many days elapsed before he awoke to consciousness.

In a remote part of Hatton Garden (beneath the very tree which shaded the grave of the suicide, where Edith Lee had first seen Lord Hatton, and by which the Evil One had first spoken to her), were found, the day after the festival, one lock of long, dark, silky hair, and a human heart, rent in twain, and bleeding. Fragments of flesh were found in various parts of that extensive garden, as if, indeed, a human being had been torn to pieces in the air, and scattered piecemeal on the earth. But it was beneath the old tree, and upon the mound which covered the unhallowed dust of the suicide, that the Bleeding Heart was found.

The young Lord Hatton, struck with awe at the terrible event, never more took his wonted place in the world. He became a brother of the Cistercian order of St. Martin, and gave his estates for the benefit of the monastery, on the condition that they gave a perpetual mass for the repose of his unhappy mother's soul. After a time, these estates were

sold. The mansion was demolished, for none were willing to reside in it, the popular belief being, that at certain times, strange scenes were re-enacted within its walls. As the city increased, the land was built upon, and one portion, now a populous street, retaining the familiar name of all, is called Hatton Garden to this day. Even yet (although the particulars of the story have nearly fallen out of memory), the place where the heart of the Lady Hatton was found, bears the name of BLEEDING-HEART YARD.

After this story had fairly run the gauntlet of criticism—which there is no occasion here to repeat—Mr. Butler again challenged our attention, and said that as, unfortunately, the German Student's Story had failed to please our friend Mr. Moran—who, as yet, had carefully avoided any contribution of his own to the general stock of tale-telling, he would venture on another, of a different sort, which he trusted would be more fortunate.

"My dear friend," said Moran, heartily, "I never meant to intimate that your story did not please me—but I am glad of the mistake, as it will get another story out of you. As for myself—only wait until the next sitting, and maybe I won't come out twenty thousand strong, like an Irish Rebellion."

"Mine," remarked Butler, "I shall ask permission to read, as I found it, this afternoon, among some other half-forgotten papers in my desk. It is a short affair—a sort of half-history sketch, as Lawrence used to designate his portraits of distinguished characters."

BEATRICE D'ESTE.

In one of the large rooms, of the palace of Versailles (in the suite immediately under, and in communication with, that occupied by Louis XIII. himself), reposed a man, enfeebled in health, but of a giant mind, who had just achieved the greatest triumph of his life. Armand Jean du Plessis, better known in history and romance as the Cardinal Richelieu, had just beaten down every barrier between himself and Power—had succeeded, by a bold and adroit manœuvre, in persuading the King to banish Mary de Medici, the queen mother, to Compeigne—and had obtained the royal promise that, thenceforth, without *his* will, nothing of moment should be executed by the Ministry. It was, in short, the evening of the famous Tenth of November, 1630, ever afterwards known—from the manner in which the wily Cardinal had made his enemies' plots turn against themselves—as "The Day of the Dupes."

That day had been a stormy one, as far as the passions were concerned; and he, whose part it had been to "ride on the whirlwind," now lay, in deep repose, upon a couch which was placed before the ample and well-plenished fire-place. No light in the apartment, save that fitfully cast up from the wood-fire; no sound. All was hushed while the Cardinal enjoyed the first slumber which his unquiet spirit had allowed him for a long time. It was the deep slumber of exhaustion.

Mind and body had alike been overworked, and the quiet and dreamless sleep was alike grateful to both.

Even in the ante-chamber, where there usually is whispering, at least, all was hushed. The pages held their breath. The armed guards stood, sat, or lay at listless lengths, silent as if they were so many mutes. Every one there knew how vitally necessary it was for their master's health that he should enjoy the refreshment of repose—more than one physician had solemnly declared as much—and as, albeit harsh to the many, Richelieu was generous, gentle, and even kind, to the few who tended on him in the household or on guard, good care was taken by all that his rest should remain undisturbed.

Two or three times, with stealthy steps, a youth named Jean de Lisle went into the room wherein the Cardinal reposed. Now he adjusted the cushion, so as to raise the sleeper's head; anon, he arranged the fire, so as to divert its glow from the face to the person of the Cardinal. Silently did he glide into and from the apartment, and "He still sleeps," given in the lowest of all possible whispers, was the only response he deemed it necessary to make to the questionings, more of looks than language, in the outer room.

Meantime, in the King's apartments, preparations had been made for a sumptuous banquet—one of the gorgeous entertainments which the thirteenth Louis had a passion for giving. Expectation was high on this occasion, for Cardinal Richelieu, who had just secured the proud position, which he quitted but when he quitted life, was known to be one of the invited guests; and, while many were preparing, at the earliest opportunity, to pay homage to his greatness, all were curious to note how he should bear himself in that new position which made him virtual ruler of his country.

The hour had arrived. The guests had assembled. The

King himself had entered. Richelieu was not there. The royal brow became clouded. Happily, St. Simon, the favourite, was at hand, and blandly suggested that, perhaps the Cardinal had been detained by State affairs. A messenger was dispatched to summon him, and returned in a few minutes, with his gay plumage somewhat ruffled. Inquiry was made as to the cause, and the answer was that, on repairing to the Cardinal's apartments, a malapert attendant, known to the complainant as Jean de Lisle, had not only forbidden personal access to his Eminence, but had absolutely refused to convey any message to him. The King, amused rather than annoyed at this report, whispered to St. Simon, that he was half-inclined to go to Richelieu's rooms, and personally assure himself of the real cause of his absence. A monarch's wish is speedily in course of fulfilment. The King and the courtier stepped out of the gay saloon. Each threw a cloak over his rich dress, and immediately afterwards both had descended the stairs and were at the door which opened from the main corridor into the suite of rooms occupied by Richelieu.

They met with exactly such a brusque reception as De Lisle had given to the palace-servant—no actual want of courtesy, but a firm refusal to admit any one into the privacy of his Eminence, the Cardinal, or even to convey a message to him.

"Not even from the King?" asked Louis.

"No," replied De Lisle; "not even from the King."

There was something at once exciting and inexplicable in this pertinacity, and Louis determined to solve the riddle.

"You will admit *me?*" said he, allowing his regal apparel and adornments to be seen from beneath the long roquelaire which covered him.

The young man, albeit he bent his knee, as he recognised the monarch, still declared that he dared not give admittance even to him.

What might have followed is uncertain—for sovereigns, like many of their subjects, do not become milder for being opposed—but, at this moment, the door of the inner apartment opened, and Richelieu stood opposite to the King. To him Louis turned, and, in a tone of anger, and with an air of chagrin, asked wherefore access to him had been refused? Jean de Lisle was called on to explain, and justified his conduct by stating that seeing how much the health of the Cardinal his master, had been injured by want of needful repose, he had ventured upon some small skill in medicine, and backed by the opinion of the physicians that sleep must be obtained by some means, if health were to be preserved—he had ventured to mingle a gentle opiate with his drink for the afternoon repast, and was unwilling, at any risk, to allow the slumber thus obtained to be disturbed. The Cardinal, thanking De Lisle for the good he had wrought, and acknowledging how much he felt recruited by the repose he had obtained, entreated the King to pardon one whose fault had arisen out of the best motives.

Louis, whose fortune it ever had been to know many flatterers and but few friends, replied that, for his own part, he freely forgave what had been solely caused by regard for a Minister, whose life was so essential to the glory of France, and the honour of her King.

"But," added he, "if this servitor of yours, thus faithful, affectionate, and bold, will enter our service, we may shew him, better than by mere words, how much we esteem such fidelity, affection, and courage."

Jean de Lisle looked at Richelieu, who motioned him to kneel before the King. The jewelled hand of the monarch was graciously extended and reverently kissed.

"Next to our own person," said Louis. "Ever at hand, and as vigilant for us as you have been for the Cardinal."

Thus, in a moment, the page of Richelieu was made one of the gentlemen of the King. This done, Louis and the Cardinal, followed by St. Simon and De Lisle, proceeded to the presence-chamber, where, of course, all proper homage was paid to the nominal and actual possessors of power.

Thus ended the famous "Journée des Dupes." The King lost his mother and gained a page. The Cardinal obtained sovereign sway—and a sound sleep.

Jean de Lisle was fortunate in having, from his childhood, been favoured with the protection of Cardinal Richelieu. When, at the age of two-and-twenty, Armand Jean du Plèssis, was made Bishop of Luçon, his elevation was attributable, in some degree, to the friendship of the Count de Lisle, then in the service and honoured with the confidence of Henry the Fourth. He had known Armand's family, had received kindness from them, and was happy in being able to return it, in some degree, by recommending his friend as well qualified, from ability, no less than a taste for letters, for the vacant see. In doing this, he had given the first impetus to the fortunes of him who, as Cardinal and Duc de Richelieu, fills many a page in the annals of France. But the elder De Lisle died suddenly—even before his royal master fell under the knife of the fanatic, Ravaillac, and bequeathed his only son to the friendship of Richelieu. The trust had been faithfully executed. The best education of the time had been bestowed upon Jean de Lisle, and, for some years past he had occupied a place in the confidence and near the person of his patron. He had been page, until he had outgrown all appearance of such an office, and had latterly been more of an aide-de-camp (for, like the King, the Cardinal affected the protective dignity of a body-guard of his own) and his skill in all warlike exercises well qualified him for a post at once so important and

confidential. It has already been told what devotedness he displayed in the service of the Cardinal.

The change which had taken place in his position, while it placed him immediately in attendance on the King, did not weaken his attachment to the Cardinal. Grateful for the notice constantly and kindly taken of him by the King, a warm attachment for his Majesty sprang into De Lisle's mind; and when Louis perceived this—his *amour propre* being somewhat flattered by the constant evidence of such affection—he, in turn, began to feel an interest in the young cavalier. Is that wonderful?—Is it not much to know, that even *one* heart cherishes esteem, regard, and love for you? The confidence which Louis thus came to place in De Lisle was great, as may be judged from a circumstance which is now to be related.

After the Queen-Mother's enforced departure, some of her suite remained in Paris; but, when the Cardinal had reason to believe that some of them so remained as spies, he peremptorily named a day before which each and all of them should quit Paris, and determined that without any exception, such as were not natives of France should return to their proper birth-land.

Beatrice d'Este, a maiden of exalted rank and extreme beauty, was one of the ladies thus destined by the Cardinal's supreme will, to return home. She had been sent on a visit to Mary de Medici, about two years before, and by her had been treated as a friend and equal.

The retinue which was to escort her, was placed under the command of Jean de Lisle. It was part of the King's policy, as counselled by Richelieu, to maintain the appearance of perfect respect towards the banished Queen-Mother, and he well knew that she would be pleased to learn that her favour-

ite friend, the young Beatrice, had been sent back to her Italian home under the protection of one of the trustiest and most confidential of all his younger men-at-arms.

They left Paris. The power of Richelieu, which few foreign states then dared dispute, had obtained a safe-conduct for the party through Germany and the Italian States. Pleasant enough was the journey, made in easy stages, from a desire not to fatigue the lady. Soon, thrown into constant, hourly communion with her, as the leader of her escort, De Lisle had learned how powerful are the bonds which association forges. Had he seen Beatrice at the Court of King Louis, he might have passed her by without notice; for who, amid a galaxy, will single out one "bright particular star"—but here, and thus, ever at her side, vigilant for her safety, careful for her comforts, anxious to amuse her, he had opportunity for learning that the maiden had greater beauty than that of form or feature—that her mind was bright with intelligence —that she was a being to be loved, even though he fancied she was too far above him for Hope, the castle-builder, to fancy as within his reach. With the damsel the case was not very dissimilar. Beatrice d'Este had unconsciously permitted the young cavalier to have an interest in her heart, had accustomed herself to take pleasure in his society, was pleased to see with what grace he sate his horse, was charmed with the frankness of his convesation, was puzzled at thinking whether she had seen any other young noble at the French Court, of such manifold merits, and did not care to meditate on the strong probability that, this journey ended, she might never again behold him.

Forward they went. Through France into Germany. Soon was imperial Innspruck left behind—next the Julian Alps were passed—and then they went down by Treviso and through learned Padua. At last they were within the terri-

tory of Ferrara, where the journey was to terminate. Scarcely had the little cavalcade entered that territory, when an event of some importance took place.

Beatrice d'Este, niece to Alphonso II. of Ferrara—the prince whose harsh treatment of Torquato Tasso, the poet, has given him an infamous memory—had been sent to Paris, by desire of certain of the nobility most devoted to the house of Este, in order to obtain the influence of Mary de Medici in her favour. On Alfonso's death, without a male heir, Pope Clement VIII. had declared that the papal fiefs held by the house of Este had lapsed to the Church. Duke Cæsar, who had succeeded Alfonso, surrendered the Ecclesiastical fiefs, but retained possession of those which were held under the Empire. The nobility of Ferrara, who disliked him for his illegitimate birth, submitted to his retention of Modena and Reggio, but were much disinclined to allow him to rule over themselves. On the other hand, they objected to being transferred to the dominion of the Church, and had secretly solicited Mary de Medici to assert the claims of Beatrice d'Este to the fiefs of Ferrara, which her family had held so long. Before Mary was exiled to Compeigne, she had not been able to bring the subject, as its importance required, before the favourable notice of her son, Louis XIII. Far and near as his espionage extended, Richelieu could not remain ignorant of the pretensions of Beatrice. While they were not asserted for her, or by her, he saw no cause for interference. It happened, rather singularly, that the person most interested cared little for the honours which her friends wished to restore to her. Beatrice d'Este would have much preferred the quietude of retirement to the gilded pomps of such a sovereignty as that of Ferrara.

The castle of Este, not very far from Padua, was still held for Beatrice, as portion of the property which had been the

dowry of her mother. Thither the travelling party were now speeding—two of them rather mournful, it must be confessed, at the thought that *there* would terminate the acquaintance and companionship which both had found so pleasant. However, they were not destined to part quite so soon.

Italy was overrun at that time by gangs of robbers, who had pretty good information respecting travellers of note, the course they meant to take, and the property they carried with them. In the vicinity of Este one of these lawless gangs had located. The little party commanded by De Lisle had scarcely entered the defile leading to the Castle, when it was suddenly attacked by these armed ruffians. The assailants were superior in numbers; but the gallantry of the French men-at-arms prevailed, and the robbers were beaten off with heavy loss. Jean de Lisle was seriously wounded in the melée, and it was fortunate for his personal safety, that the Castle of Este, to which he was conveyed, was so near the place of contest.

It is scarcely necessary to say that De Lisle received every attention which his sufferings required. Months elapsed ere he was convalescent, and the French escort under his command had long since been dismissed. Beatrice d'Este certainly did not neglect the young champion, who had suffered so much in her cause. But, latterly, as his strength became renewed, and it was evident that he would be able to return to Paris before long, the maiden grew unusually thoughtful, more addicted to solitary musings than of yore, and evidently making efforts—not always very successfully—to give as little of her society to De Lisle as strict courtesy could warrant. Love, without her having dreamt of such a thing, had become the inmate of her bosom. Her female attendants, with the natural shrewdness and sympathy of her

sex and age, had observed this long before she had even a suspicion how the case stood; but then, it is proverbial that the lookers-on see more of the game than the players.

The day of departure was named. Beatrice, heart-weary with the tumult of conflicting feelings, withdrawing herself from all human observation, had taken a favourite seat on the flat roof of her habitation. It was in the soft and gentle twilight, and hither, at that hour, she had long been wont to come, with her embroidery, her lute, her pencil, or her book. Now, they were all neglected. The impassioned lines of poetry were in her hand—page after page had been turned over and gazed at, but she knew not what the pages said. Her abstraction was so great that she neither heard nor heeded the familiar footstep by her side. The whispered "Beatrice!" awakened her from her soft day-dream, and she started, with a blush and a quickened pulse, when she saw that her solitude was only disturbed by him of whom she had been thinking.

Silence for a season: oh, who will say that such silence is voiceless? Then came the hurried words of thanks for kindness given and received—last of all, the "Farewell." To speak that word De Lisle had now sought the audience. The morrow's eve was to see him far away from Este, and all it contained. She knew it. Still she made no answer. Listlessly did the fair hand droop as it held the volume which had been unread that evening. The volume dropped from that fair hand. De Lisle took it up, saw that her name was written in it, pressed his lips to that dear name and delicate writing, and put the volume into his bosom. Paler grew the lady's cheek—softer became the gentle beauty of those dark eyes, at once liquid and lustrous. And then in flattering words, De Lisle repeated the thanks he had already spoken for all the courtesy he had received. Last came the "Farewell."

"You will think of Este—sometimes?" said the Princess.

"As Adam remembered the Eden he had quitted, and never hoped to see again."

"You will think of those whom you have known in Este? You leave many friends within these walls."

"It is impossible that I can forget. The time I have so happily passed here will stand green in my memory, amid the wastes of future days.

"Say," said she, with a gentle smile, "that you will some day return hither, if it be only for an hour, to let me know that the wounds you received in my defence have not seriously injured you?"

"Never!" he exclaimed. "I dare not return. I look upon Este and its mistress for the last time."

He approached her. Not to crowned Empress could he have bent a lowlier knee. He took the delicate hand which hung by her side, and raised it to his lips. Marble-cold was the touch. He looked anxiously upon the maiden's face—it was white and rigid as a marble bust. She had fainted. By degrees, the colour returned, and those coral lips and sunny cheeks once again flushed up with life—the eyes resumed their light—a rosy hue suffused brow, face, and neck—the little hand, now warm and flexible, made an effort for release. But, in that brief time, De Lisle had been thrilled with impulsive hope—sudden, but strong. He still knelt by her side. The hand which he retained in his, he ventured to press — the pressure was not reproved, perhaps it was returned. A flood of tears relieved the concentrated passion of the maiden's heart. Her head reclined upon his shoulder—she raised it and looked into his eyes. What soft confession in that look! Then—but who can describe the indescribable?

Jean de Lisle did *not* quit the Castle of Este on the morrow, as he had proposed.

But how answer to King Louis for the default?

Cardinal Richelieu sat in the very apartment in which, some months before, he had reposed on "The Day of the Dupes," when Jean de Lisle had prevented the King's entrance. Before him was a newly-arrived letter. The King occupied a chair opposite to his Minister.

The Cardinal cut the silken floss which encircled the missive, broke the seal, and silently read the letter. He smiled. The King enquired, "Good news, my Lord?"

"As your Majesty may take it," answered Richelieu. "From this letter, which has reached me within the hour, I learn that my, or rather your Majesty's protégé, De Lisle, has relieved us of the trouble of caring further for his fortunes. He has wooed and won the Princess Beatrice d'Este, and acquaints me that he solicits, and awaits your royal permission to wed her. If I know him well, as I think I do, he will wed her whether that permission be given or withheld. Rome, as I learn from other despatches, is most anxious to retain the fief of Ferrara, which it resumed on the death of Duke Alfonzo without legitimate male heir. Methinks that by permitting Jean de Lisle to wed the daughter of Este, which would for ever annihilate her claims to the sovereignty, we may please the Holy See, and, by representing the union as of our own suggestion, with a view to thus securing the continued possession of the fief to the Church, we may gain as an equivalent the concession we have so long sought in the matter of nominating to the French Sees."

"Be it so," answered the King. "But what will the newly-wedded have to live upon?"

"The Princess Beatrice," said Richelieu, "has the rich dowry of her mother, equal to the estates of any Duke in France."

"I am glad of it," said the King: "but we must not send a

barren message to De Lisle. We must retain him as a subject of France, by giving him some rich Huguenot's confiscation. And should he bring his bride to Paris, assure her of a favourable reception."

"No doubt," observed the Cardinal. "Your Majesty has a paternal regard for youth and beauty."

The King smiled. "At least," said he, "the Duke must not owe all to himself. We owe him something. Shall we change his Count's coronet into that of a Marquis?"

"It is as easy," answered Richelieu, "to make him a Duke, and his bride may like it."

The Duke De Lisle never returned to France. He and his Beatrice lived and died at Este. They were happy in their lives, and it is recorded that their death took place, even as I can imagine they desired, on one and the same day.

"That," remarked Tressilian, "is the only story I have ever heard, in which Richelieu figures without being represented as a blood-thirsty, unconscionable, tiger-like character. It has always appeared to me that History has rendered but scanty justice to that truly great man. He broke down the intolerance and ascendency of the haughty *noblesse* of France, and raised an independent monarchy upon their fall. Whatever his offences—and I grant that he was unscrupulous, looking at the end without being particular as to the means—he attempted to build up a great monarchy, and he succeeded. He breathed new life into the dry bones of a fading realm, and made it, while he survived, the arbiter of Europe. If he did not free the People, let it be asked were they fit for freedom? Was not he the friend of the Many, the enemy of their oppressors? Before his watchful vigilance and anticipating genius there disappeared successively, as each arose, the domestic treason and the foreign antagonism. We hear much of his cruelties—but chiefly because he struck at high places. He might, unquestioned, have swept thousands of serfs from off the face of the earth, but when his blow reached the haughty noble, who would at once have coerced the Monarch and oppressed the People, he was accused of cruelty. when, in fact, what appeared the caprice or the wilfulness of power, was but a strong and necessary instance of prevention or punishment. In his time, the peasant was literally nobody; the Noble oppressed, and the State taxed him—and the real strife was between civil contest and civil government. Thanks to Richelieu, the latter prevailed. Power, for the mere sake of power, was not coveted by the Cardinal-Minister: his aspirations, singularly unselfish, had only one aim—the elevation of France among the kingdoms of the earth, and to achieve this he felt that there must be a Government strong enough not only to put down, but by its undoubted character for

strength, to *prevent* the outbreaks of civil contest which, in preceding reigns, had made France so divided against itself. He was a worthy successor of Sully. The charge of ingratitude to Mary de Medici, the Queen-Mother, which has been so strongly and so often brought against Richelieu, appears exceedingly ill-founded. True, she had originally been his patron, but he adhered to her cause, against his own interest, until he saw that her adherence to the political system of the House of Hapsburg would be ruinous to France. To elevate his native country was the constant and consistent object of his life; and, therefore, not from ingratitude to the Queen-Mother, but from exceeding love for France, he insisted on her banishment to Compeigne, which took place, as we have just heard, on the famous 'Day of the Dupes.'

"I am unwilling to interrupt your vindication," said Butler, "and admit the force of much of it, but I cannot concede that Richelieu's vices are defensible, simply on the score of patriotism."

"Vices are never defensible on any grounds," answered Tressilian. "But my argument is—if Richelieu were unscrupulous, stern, vindictive, and designing, he never was unnecessarily so. What he did seems to have been forced upon him. Craft was employed against him—he met it with superior craft. His life was constantly aimed at—he punished the intended assassins, and those who set them on. Ingenuity of every kind was exercised to disgrace him—he met it with a deeper subtlety than was employed against him. If he punished crime, he rewarded merit; he selected the best men to work under him in every department of the State; he undertook war, not from the lust of conquest, but the necessity of preserving the honour and independence of France against the encroachments of Austria; and at his death France was more prosperous than at any preceding period of her history."

"At all events," said Butler, "he was in every way superior to Cardinal Mazarin, who has obtained a great name on the very slightest grounds. But for his being supported by Anne of Austria, whom he is believed to have secretly married, he would never have been able to retain power during the minority of Louis XIV. There was something bold and independent in the conduct of Richelieu, but Mazarin loved to work in the dark, and was as treacherous as he was crafty. Richelieu would have raised money, by pledge, on his Cardinal's hat, if it were required for the exigencies of the State; but Mazarin's constant endeavour was to rob the public, and hoard for his own gratification. Richelieu certainly possessed greatness of character, and elevation of mind—Mazarin was simply a sly, mean man, unscrupulous and acute, without any redeeming points. He cared much for himself, and little for France; which he governed as tyrannically as he dared; while, if Richelieu were the Dictator of that country, he stands nobly out as its Benefactor also."

"Now," said the Artist, that "you have agreed on what points you are to disagree, in the estimate of Richelieu's character, perhaps you will listen to another story—a tradition which I picked up in Germany, and happen to recollect now—whether opportunely or not, I leave this gracious company to determine."

A LEGEND OF CHARLEMAGNE.

Whenever any of my friends next traverse Germany, I would recommend them to visit a very peculiar and (to me, at least) a very interesting part of the country. Pass from Dover to Calais—from Calais to Paris, which the high ambition of Napoleon would have made the miniature metropolis of the universe,—from Paris to Strasburg, where you *must* visit the Cathedral, the finest Gothic building in Europe, the most symmetrical in its beautiful harmony of proportion, the most graceful and elegant, because the most pure and simple in its architecture—from Strasburg to Baden, where you will find an almost English population—from Baden to Heidelberg, whose famous tun is extant, but without one drop of Rhenish in its capacious bulk—and from Heidelberg to Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

This is a long route, and you may fancy that my object is to give you an itinerary. You will find that Fancy, for the thousandth time, has deceived you. I have only brought you to the scene of a story which possesses some interest—if I do not mar it in the telling.

Frankfort lies on the right bank of the river Maine. As you intend visiting it, I shall not forestall your pleasure by any attempt at description. I hate your guide-books, which tell you how this was built, and how that was burned—telling you what to admire, and what to neglect—pointing out beauties and defects one would much rather discover with his own eyes. You have nothing to see, when all is anticipated

by these impertinent tell-tales. You leave the place with a growl at the tedious minuteness of the guide-book, and heartily lament having ever seen it. Ascertain what is to be seen, look at it with your own eyes, without adopting the dogmatical opinions of any one, and eschew all guide-books, until you have quitted the locality. That is my advice.

You may rest at Frankfort for a few days. Perhaps you will examine the Cathedral, with its beautiful, but unfinished tower,—or you may lounge into the Römer, within whose ancient walls the German Emperors were elected and crowned. The senate of Frankfort now hold their sittings in the Election Chamber, and there is shown their copy of the far-famed Golden Bull. When you have seen these things (unless you happen to arrive before the Michaelmas fair, second only to that of Leipsic), you have beheld all that Frankfort has to boast of, can leave it, without regret, to accompany me up the Maine to the village of Selingenstadt (The Abode of Bliss), distant about a dozen miles.

This village is delightfully situated, close by the bank of the river. It has a large forest in its rear, an outskirt of the Spessart; a fine champaign on the opposite bank before it. High above the humble dwellings which compose this little place, stands the Red Tower, an edifice known to the lovers of romance.

The best house in the village is the Auberge, over which, when I was there, some years ago, a host presided, whose capacious size and rotund figure, involuntarily reminded me of the late Daniel Lambert, of obese memory. Herr Von Cothen was a genuine German; his meerschaum seldom left his lips, except when the wine-cup (an hereditary goblet of massy silver, won by one of his ancestors at a mighty drinking-bout) was raised to moisten them. The man seemed to live but for the purpose of smoking, sleeping, and drinking. Not that he ever was known to be what is called "disguised

in liquor,"—but, as his figure resembled an animated feather-bed, he protested that such a huge quantity of clay required moisture, and assuredly he took good care to moisten it.

It was my fortune to live in his house for the space of three months and I can safely say that, with one exception, I never knew him deviate from his triad of practices—the aforesaid drinking, smoking, and sleeping. The Herr Von Cothen, had a great dislike to the labour of conversation. His "puff" went for a signal of assent, and a nod denoted a negative. Was he angry?—a quick succession of short whiffs told his wrath. Was he pleased?—the tabacine vapour gracefully rose in curly wreaths round his head, like a fog rising out of a river.

The solitary exception to his wonted taciturnity was in this wise. We had spent a pleasant day in what was the Spessart forest, and were returning home, when the Red Tower met our view. We were weary, and threw ourselves on the mossy bank, beneath the shade of a mighty tree, where, in brief space, both of us fell asleep. I was awakened by the voice of my companion. I kept silence, when the redoubted Herr Von Cothen broke into an unexpected burst of eloquence, dilating long and loudly on the delights of the feudal days, when the lord had the power of life and death, within his territorial limits, over his serfs and vassals. He spoke well enough for a German host,—but the novelty was his speaking at all! True, he kept his eyes closed all the time, and there was not a very lucid order in what he said, but this was pardonable in one to whom language had almost fallen into disuse. Von Cothen lay on the ground at listless length, beneath the mighty tree, while telling a tale somewhat to the following effect, though, as his diction abounded in repetitions, I take leave to put it into my own words.

Some centuries ago, there was an Emperor Nero,—no relation to him of Rome,—who came, after the manner of the times, to celebrate his Christmas holidays at Frankfort. He was fond of the chase, and held nearly an equal affection for his daughter, a maiden over whom some seventeen summers had lightly flown. She was, indeed, if there be truth in legendary report, a very delightful, beautiful, and innocent creature. But her personal charms were even less than the purity of her mind—the soft and gentle character of her feelings. Born in a cottage, she would have cheered the peasant's lot; brought up in an Imperial Court, she won the earnest admiration of one sex, and scarcely excited the envy of the other. Such beauty of person and goodness of heart, could not remain unknown; and (as she was an only daughter), many of the Princes of the Empire preferred their claims to her hand. But the maiden's heart was pre-engaged, and therefore she paid little attention to the compliments of her many princely suitors.

Clorinda, thus was she called, had set her affections upon one far beneath herself in rank. Like

> "The King's daughter of Hongarie,
> Who loved a squire of low degree,"

the Emperor Nero's daughter had given her heart's first love to a young man, estimable in every point, but of no higher station than that of one of her father's huntsmen.

It is impossible to say how the secret was discovered, but discovered it certainly was. The Princess was placed in close confinement, and her lover would have been summarily and severely dealt with, if he had not taken flight. Pursuit was useless, no one knowing in what direction he had fled. To do the young man justice, he had anticipated the discovery of a secret dear to him as his life, and had taken steps accord-

ingly. Deep in the hidden haunts of the Spessart, he had found a cave, probably the former residence of solitary sanctity, and had made the best provision in his power for that decisive step which, love whispered, the Princess would not refuse to take, for his sake—and her own! While she, in tears, sat in the solitude of her chamber, her Ludolf was busy in making preparations for her rescue.

Whenever Princesses fall in love with their father's huntsmen, it is usual for Royalty to be utterly appalled. Accordingly (as has already been intimated), the Emperor went into a magnificent passion, and gave strict orders that his daughter should be confined to her own chamber. One morning, however, he made the discovery, just a few hours too late, that the lady-bird had flown—like Love, when, as the song tells us,

"He opened the window and flew away."

Albeit an Emperor, the poor man *had* a heart, and much lamented his daughter's absence. He pined after her so bitterly, that not an unmarried lady of the court, but would have been glad to have consoled him—had he offered her his hand. But, much to the disappointment of their philanthropic intentions, his Majesty could not, or would not, see how to atone for the loss of a daughter, by taking a wife.

The Princess and her Ludolf (who had assisted her out of durance vile,) lived as happily beneath the greenwood tree, as if there never had been such things as Courts and Kings, Emperors and Principalities. They loved one another earnestly and constantly; nor—but this was long ago—had they any wish to return to the crowds of society. It was fortunate that they had not, for, not having the slightest chance or hope of forgiveness, it would have been most perilous to have attempted it.

Meantime, the loss of his daughter was more and more felt by the Emperor. She was the last living thing round which his affections were entwined, and the heart of the father and the man was shaken by the uncertainty of her fate, and her absence from those places over which her smiles had once thrown a sunny radiance. The old man's grief was deep, but he said little. Pride would not permit him to yield to open lamentations, but in secret he shed many a tear. His household gods were shivered by his hearth.

He quitted Frankfort, and many years elapsed before he returned to the place with which he linked so many, and such sad recollections. He had laid aside his usual sports—the huntsman's spear had rarely been held by him since the day on which he had lost a daughter: and it was with some surprise that the Court heard him announce that he would hold a hunting-match on the morrow.

Five years had lessened his endurance of fatigue, and it was with some pleasure that, at the close of the day, when the ardour of the chase had separated him from his suite, he found himself beside a rustic hut, at the door of which two lovely children were playing. To dismount from his weary steed, to enter the cottage, and to request refreshment, was but the work of a moment, and immediate preparations were made for his repast.

The Emperor had fallen upon the residence of his long-lost and still-loved daughter. Ludolf was a successful deer-hunter, and the fruits of the earth furnished them with other food. Besides, as Ludolf had learned that the Emperor had quitted Frankfort soon after the flight of the Princess, he felt little hesitation in visiting the market there, to exchange deer and other skins for necessaries, and sometimes for a few of the luxuries to which his Clorinda had been accustomed, all of which she had abandoned for him. Frugal in their habits

and their desires, they had lived happily, without a wish for a change.

The graceful girl had budded into the glorious maturity of womanhood; and, farther changed by her rustic attire, the Emperor did not recognize his child. She knew *him* at a single glance, and then came quick-throbbing memories of the past, wild hopes of the future.

The sole repast which they could provide on the instant was some venison, poached by Ludolf in the Emperor's own forest. What limit is there to woman's wit, when aided by woman's affection? Clorinda prepared the repast with her own hands, serving up a dish which she remembered to have been a favorite with her father,—of which, too, he had never eaten, except when it was prepared by his daughter's hands. Scarcely had he tasted the food ere his tears began to fall, bitterly and fast, for her whose memory neither time could efface, nor anger destroy, and he eagerly inquired from whom his young hostess had learned to prepare that dish?

The Princess and her husband fell at the old man's feet. The Emperor was still a father—his kind heart remembered only that his daughter was before him. All was forgotten and forgiven. He named the place Selingenstadt, or the Abode of Bliss (in double commemoration of his dinner and his daughter); he carried the happy family with him to his palace, ate his favourite meal of venison as often as he wished, to his dying day, and built the Red Tower, as a summer residence for his daughter. The lovers (for so they had miraculously continued, although they were married) built a church where their hut had stood, and when they died, their ashes rested within its hallowed walls.

Such were the authentic particulars monologued by the Herr Von Cothen. The next day, I made some inquiries from him respecting parts of the story which seemed obscure —particularly with a view to supply a paragraph to the Almanach des Gourmands, as to the nature of the savoury mess of venison which softened the Emperor's heart, while it filled his stomach—but the old man stoutly and sternly denied having uttered a syllable on the subject, appealing to *his* well-known taciturnity as evidence that *he* did not belong to the class of story-tellers—a race for whom he avowed a most thorough contempt. He admitted, however, that I had picked up the popular legend in some way, but persisted in denying that *he* had been the narrator! Every one declared it impossible that my host *could* have told a story (in any sense), and so I was compelled to appear satisfied with this contradiction, although it by no means gave me an exalted opinion of the Herr Von Cothen's veracity.

Some months afterwards, as I was looking at Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin," in the Dresden Gallery, I was accosted by Augustus Saalfield, whom I had known at Göttingen. We spent the day together, and I told him, among other things, the mistake (to call it by a light name) into which Von Cothen had fallen, respecting the narration of this legend. Saalfield smiled, and dissipated my wonder by the information that, to *his* certain knowledge, the worthy host of the Abode of Bliss, was a somnambulist, and an excellent story-teller—in his sleep!

I learned, at the same time, that the legend in question took its origin from the fact that Selingenstadt witnessed the loves, and still preserves the mortal remains of Eginhard and Emma, the secretary and daughter of Charlemagne.

Tradition made the mistake of changing a few names and adding a few details; thus for Charlemagne, we have Nero,

and Ludolf and Clorinda stand muster for Eginhard and Emma. The Red Tower (now sadly dilapidated) was the residence of the lovers, after Charlemagne saved his daughter's reputation by giving her hand to his secretary. Eginhard built a church upon the spot, and his bones and those of his beloved, repose beneath its roof, in a massy antique sarcophagus. Thus it is, that in all cases where Fact is viewed through the coloured lens of Tradition, the narrative takes a shape somewhat remotely resembling the original, but it is difficult to determine how much is fiction, and how much the reverse.

"The idea," said Butler, "of your calling that story, 'A Legend of Charlemagne,' has been suggested, no doubt, by the *lucus a non lucendo* of our school-boy days—inasmuch as the great Emperor is *not* the hero. Nevertheless, what's in a name?—and, believe me, we are all obliged to you for introducing us to the Herr Von Cothen, worthy resident in the Abode of Bliss. I have visited that village more than once, but was never so fortunate as to have met that individual."

"Perhaps not," said Crayon, smiling; "perhaps he is one of the 'spirits from the vasty deep,' who decline making their appearance to all who call them?"

"Seriously, however," remarked Tressilian, "is it not wonderful, when we consider to what uttermost parts of the world story-tellers have gone for *matériel* that so few have brought Charlemagne before us? And yet his adventures have filled many of the pages of History, and he may be taken, however considered, as one of the greatest monarchs and conquerors the world has seen."

"The greatness of the man's character," answered Crayon, "may have caused the difficulty—and yet, a like cause has not preserved Napoleon from being served up as the hero of romantic fiction."

"I have often thought," said Butler, "how odd it is that the most obvious sources of romance have been carefully avoided by us who write. Alexander, Cæsar, Mahomet, and Alfred have been left exclusively to the dramatists, at home and abroad. Charlemagne, as Sir Julian remarks, has been quite neglected. Another, who figures, it is true, in Eastern story has been almost wholly overlooked by European writers. It was only the other day, as I was glancing over D'Herbelot, that I found occasion to wonder at our neglect of the magnificent Haroun al Raschid. One incident in his

reign struck me as peculiarly capable of being 'improved' by the romancist. His favourite Vizier was a young man named Giafar al Barmeki—his favourite sister was the beautiful Abassa. The customs of the East forbade the Vizier's admission into the domestic privacy of the Caliph. But, to effect this, and thus obtain the constant companionship of a friend so dearly loved, Haroun resolved that Giafar should espouse Abassa, and thus, as brother-in-law, obtain unrestricted admission to the harem at all times. Fearful, however, that by the children of such an union, the succession of his own sons might eventually be disturbed, and the sceptre pass into the hands of the Barmecides, the determination was formed by Haroun to stipulate that this marriage should be one of name and not of fact—and that Giafar should not aspire to any particular intimacy with the Princess Abassa, although he was permitted to see her when he pleased. The lady was beautiful, both were young, and the unrestricted companionship into which they were thrown, led to a result which might have been anticipated, although, on Giafar's part, there was a lengthened struggle between duty and passion. At length, the Caliph became aware of the violation of the unnatural compact which he had made with Giafar. With a sternness of purpose, which embittered the rest of his life, Haroun—forfeiting the surname of The Just (al Raschid), doomed Giafar to death, banished the Barmecides to the remotest province of his empire, forbade, on pain of death, that any person should make mention of this unfortunate family, and exiled his sister Abassa to a distant part of his dominions, where she died, after a short struggle with poverty. Thus, in one fell swoop, was ruin brought upon Giafar al Barmeki and his princely race. Long did the Arabians retain a grateful recollection of that family. Long after the doom had fallen heavily upon them, an aged

follower, named Mondier, had the boldness to place himself, day after day, on the ruins of one of their demolished dwellings, and there recite their noble actions, eulogizing their generosity, and lamenting their decay. This contumacy was reported to the Caliph, who condemned him to death. Mondier requested that, before the sentence was executed, he should be brought into Haroun's presence. This was granted, and, at some length, and with much eloquence, he repeated to the Caliph the numerous and heavy obligations which the Barmecides had conferred upon him. Moved by his words, the Caliph not only pardoned him, but presented him with a golden vase which stood upon a table in the audience chamber. Receiving this from Haroun's own hands, and prostrating himself, according to the eastern custom, the old man exclaimed, 'Behold yet another favour which I receive at the hands of the Barmecides.' This saying of Mondier, says D'Herbelot, has since passed into a proverb throughout Asia.* I am much mistaken, if these incidents, considered with relation to the time, the country, and the sovereign, do not contain sufficient for the pen of Genius to weave into a very brilliant romance."

"Indeed they do," said Crayon, "but where is the Magician who can work the miracle now? We have wandered from Charlemagne to his contemporary Haroun, and I return to him to mention an incident which the Painter, as well as the Author, might take up and illustrate with force and effect.—Charlemagne died in 814—exactly a thousand years before his successor, Napoleon, was first precipitated from the Empire. The Monk of Angoulême, relates that when Charlemagne was inhumed, in a vault beneath the Church of Aix-la-Chapelle, which he had built, he was left seated in a Chair

* Leigh Hunt has treated this subject with the delicate fancy and tact of a true poet.

of State, with an imperial diadem upon his head, imperial robes covering his body, a jewelled sceptre in his left hand, and his right upon the pommel of his good sword *Joyeuse*, —as renowned as Haroun's *Samsamah* was in the East, Orlando's *Durlinara*, the Cid's *Tizona*, or Arthur's famed *Excalibur*—and in his lap the simple scrip, which he had worn in his journeyings to Rome. It strikes me that pen or pencil might take such an incident as the discovery of the mortal remains of Charlemagne, thus adorned with the trappings of Empire, and produce something, at once truthful, effective picturesque, 'which the world would not willingly let die.'"

Particularly," said the Major, "if the discovery of the dead Emperor took place a thousand years after, in the presence of a living one. I have a dim recollection of having heard that Napoleon was present when the vault was opened and the truth of the tradition proven. I am confident, at any rate, that Napoleon certainly did visit that vault. There he might reflect on the uncertainty of mortal things, though, at that time, his power appeared as if it rested upon a foundation secure as that upon which Charlemagne had founded *his*. The prison-rock of St. Helena did not then loom in the distance. I admit, that pen or pencil might advantageously seize such an incident as this—though, as the action was momentary, it appears as if the Painter could more appropriately claim it as within his province."

"Is it too late for one more story?" asked Lady Morton, or shall we now arrange for our excursion to-morrow? So much to be seen, and so little time to see it in?—we must live in hope of a future and a longer visit to Matlock."

"I understand," said Tressilian, with a significant look, "that Matlock is in considerable request with the newly-wedded during the first weeks of matrimony, so perhaps your Ladyship's next visit may not be so very distant."

Her Ladyship blushed, but unwilling to provoke, by replying to the badinage of Sir Julian, immediately diverged into a discussion, with the Major and myself, on the arrangements of our little excursion on the morrow.

LOVE AND MOONLIGHT.

Every one who has been at Matlock, in suitable weather, must recollect that an excursion upon the Derwent, at that sweet time which the Americans call *sun-down*, is often and pleasantly indulged in. Less frequent, but sometimes even more pleasant (though *that* depends very much on companionship,) is this river nautilism on a moon-lit night. Sometimes, the aid of a band of music is called in, and very beautiful is the effect produced by the concord of sweet sounds, floating across the water—breaking, as it were, against the rugged rocks, and strangely reverberating through that charmed valley. And when, as the oars gently dash through the waters, on which the moonbeams throw a long silvery line of light, a sweet voice breaks upon the stillness —now alone, and now in harmonious concert with another voice—the effect is more delightful still.

It happened, on this very evening, that the moon was shining "bright as day," and that I, having previous knowledge of Matlock, had mentioned how pleasant I had found it to enjoy an hour on the water. This led to a doubt as to the propriety of such an adventure, a laugh at its romance, and an enquiry whether, so late (it was ten o'clock, a terribly dissipated hour for quiet Matlock,) a boat could be procured.— There was as little difficulty in obtaining the boat, as in persuading Lady Morton to make one of the improvised aquatic party. When we came to the important point of embarka-

tion, however, the Major and myself were the only gentlemen who adhered to our purpose. The lady confided herself to our care—Lady Tressilian had confessed to a dread of cold, and a desire to strengthen herself, by rest, for our morrow's tour—and as the Major either did not know how to row, or pretended that he did not, upon me devolved the duty of acting as oarsman, a task which I happily performed without the slightest accident.

Like Deaf Stapleton, in "Jacob Faithful," I had the discretion not to notice, or not seem notice, what passed during the *tête-à-tête*. All I can say is that the lady and the gentleman evidently had a great deal to say to each other—that, in a few minutes, they appeared quite unconscious of the presence of a third person, though I kept rowing up and down the river for nearly two mortal hours—that the gentleman must have considered the lady in some eminent peril, for, after a little time, he put his arm around her waist, to prevent her falling out of the boat, no doubt—that, to reward him for this considerate attention, the lady could not do less than allow her little hand to repose in his—that there was a world of broken whispers between them—that, when I told them it was after midnight, they insisted that half an hour had not elapsed since we came upon the water,—that when I assured them the hour was much later than they believed, the lady appealed to her watch, and confusedly admitted that the time *had* glided on she knew not how—that, as the moonlight fell upon the watch, I could see that, really and truly, it was the very watch which the Major had exhibited as that which was only to pass from him to his future wife—and that, when we got home, after I had whispered that I hoped I might offer him my congratulations, the Major warmly grasped my hand, and said, "My dear fellow, I am the happiest man on earth."

From all which, it is my confidential belief (but I do not

want all the world to know it) that if reading D'Herbelot be like looking over the back of a camel, *tête-à-tête* on the Derwent, by moonlight, is equivalent to declaration and acceptance. I beg to add that any other respectable river will do as well as the Derwent for this purpose, provided the parties concerned be "to the fore," and consenting parties. In matters of the heart, when the proceedings extend to arms around waists, and so on, the locality is of no possible importance.

The next day was dedicated to an excursion to South Wingfield and Hardwick, in which our adventures may thus be related.

AN EXCURSION.

It is a matter for grave deliberation, whether May—the most radiant of all the months—properly belongs to our Spring or Summer. It certainly is one of the Summer months in the South of England, but as you advance northward, strong reasons will frequently present themselves to create and foster the belief, that genial May, with her coronal of flowers and leaves, is one of the subjects of capricious Spring. In Scotland, beyond all doubt, May occupies the same place, relative to the Seasons, as April does in England.

However the month may be claimed—and perhaps, as one of the gentler sex, she may sometimes be allowed to act capriciously, and flirt with the freshness of Spring, and the sunshine of Summer—many a lover of Nature will exclaim, with the Poet of all circles and the idol of his own,

> "Of all the fair months, that round the sun
> In light, linked dance their circles run,
> Sweet May, shine thou for me."

Our party now entered upon the last day of May, and many besides myself looked out early on that morning, to see whether we were to have favourable weather for the rather extended journey, we had determined to take—that is, relatively speaking, for a pleasure-trip of twelve or fifteen miles and back, over country roads, is something to accomplish at Matlock.

As I saw the sky with but a few white clouds scudding across its azure—the leaves and the grass diamonded with myriads of drops, left by the slight showers which had fallen after three o'clock, when the moon had set, and felt the fresh breeze from the hills, in pleasant contrast with the oppressive warmth of the previous day, I caught myself involuntarily repeating, from Leigh Hunt,

"The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May."

Then, too, I thought how exquisitely true to what I saw spread before me, was the continuation,

"A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
Last of the Spring, yet fresh with all its green;
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light."

We contrived to get through an early breakfast, followed by

"Hot haste, and hurrying to and fro,"

before we started. Our projected route included South Wingfield, which has been, and Hardwick, which yet is, a manor-house of the olden time.

There is no use in recapitulating the number of vehicles, nor their variety, nor the disposition of those who occupied them. I noticed that, with the tact of an old soldier, the Major had contrived to appropriate to himself the only gig—name unromantic!—which had been detached for our use, and that it did not require very much pressing to persuade Lady Morton to entrust herself in it to his care, on the assurance that he was an accomplished Jehu. Thus, everything being satisfactorily arranged, and every body suitably accommodated, our cavalcade set forth.

At South Wingfield Manor House was to be our first resting place. We had the river Derwent running by us during a portion of the ride—sparkling in ripples as it rapidly rushed on through a fair district, fertile, well-wooded, and picturesque. Then, leaving it, we ascended the hill to Holloway, and, from the high road across the cliff which overhangs that village, had a wide and wild range of beautiful landscape. On, thence, to Crich, the vicinity of which is literally crowded with lead-mines (some of which are believed to be the richest in Europe) alternated with quarries of limestone of great extent. Every foot of the road, and indeed the same may be said of most roads about Matlock, sparkled in the sunshine, as if strewed with gems, the broken spar and lustrous ore leaving traces all around. On, a little farther, and we reached Crich Cliff. Then, alighting, we looked around us and saw such scenery as would have charmed a Painter. Far-stretching below was the fertile valley of the Derwent—and, after glancing over the tract through which it ran (with its wooded hills and bare rocks, green meadow-land and arable, glorious with the yet brighter green of what promised to be a plenteous harvest, straggling villages, and the trim grounds and pleasant habitations of country gentlemen,) the eye rested, at last, on the fair borough of Derby, through which the Derwent glides, and in which, far over all, towered the tall square turret of All Saints' Church. And then, as not satisfied even with this view, we adventured the ascent of The Stand, a tower on the very summit of Crich Cliff, from which it is said that five counties may be seen—some of the party even professed to have caught a glimpse of Lincoln Cathedral. They saw it, perhaps, in their mind's eye, Horatio—even as, at a later day, I persuaded myself that, from the top of Loch-na-gar, in Aberdeenshire, I had beheld the German Ocean on one side, and

the Atlantic on the other. What others have beheld, why should we not have seen?

Down, now, by a gentle descent to a more level district—down through the pleasant green lanes which are so peculiar to England, that an American once told me, that until he had winded his way through them, he never had fully realized the essential difference between the old country and that great land which he called his own, far beyond the Western main. Rapidly did we press forward, until, we saw, crowning the summit of the hill in front, the ruins of what was once a stately pile, remembered in history too, as one of the many places in which Mary of Scotland—at once so fair and so unfortunate—had been imprisoned.

The Manor-House of South Wingfield was built in the middle of the fifteenth century. After the fashion of the time—in accordance with its necessities, also, it may be—it was a castellated stronghold. During the wars between Charles Stuart and his Parliament, it was dismantled. Neglect sat within its walls henceforth—the property came into litigation and remained under it for a long time,—at last, the party to whom "the law's delay" had awarded it, thought it better to erect a new dwelling, a little lower down, than attempt to render the old place habitable. For this purpose the most beautiful portions of the ancient Manor-House were taken away, and worked into the new edifice—a desecration which reminds us of the sculptures of the Parthenon being pounded and burnt to make lime for the use of the Turks.

Sufficient remains to show what Wingfield Manor House has been—a building intermediate, in its appearance and use, between the garrisoned castles of a remoter time, and the domestic dwellings of a later period. We found the place in a sad state of ruin—but not the less impressive on account

of that decay. The path to one of its entrances is through a sort of avenue of yew trees—themselves venerable in their gloomy antiquity. A farmer lives in one part of the ruins, which has been roughly fitted up for his accommodation, and what was the principal of two courts is now a farm yard. What was a great hall may be seen—but it is roofless. Beneath it is a crypt, with a groined roof, resting upon pillars. It is dimly lighted, and, at times, the effects of light and shade are such as would have been after Rembrandt's own heart. What the purpose of this crypt or vault may have been, no one now can tell; but it was built with evident care and skill, and cost was not spared. There are heraldic shields, curiously carved, on the centres of the groins of the arches, and these, and all the other carvings, continue to show clear, deep, and sharp, though executed centuries ago.

We must not linger too long at Wingfield. On—on to Hardwick Hall, leaving Chesterfield, with its beautiful church and crooked steeple, far on the left.

How bold and beautiful the view as the old Hall is neared. There rises a hill before you, on the brow of which two edifices are seen standing clear and distinct, by the relief of ancient and thick woods, which stretch far beyond in the back ground, and on both sides. As you close upon it, the more ancient edifice, thickly covered with ivy, which seems to bind the grey walls together, is perceived to be a ruin. Immediately adjacent is another stately building, quaint in aspect, and peculiar in character; this is Hardwick Hall, built by the celebrated Countess of Shrewsbury (Bess of Hardwick), wife of many husbands, who brought the estate into the possession of the Cavendish family. It is built on what has been well described as the quaintest form of Elizabethan architecture, and on the curiously carved battlements of its towers are traceries, which, at a distance, appear like

ornamental arabesques, but, on nearer view, shew as the many times repeated initials [E. S.] of the lady who built the Hall and was constantly engaged with such stone and mortar occupation, from its having been foretold that, while so employed, she need not fear death. Oddly enough, as the story runs, she actually did die during a hard frost, when the masons could not work. She built three stately mansions—Chatsworth, Hardwick, and Oldcotes—in her native county of Derby.

Precisely as Hardwick Hall was left at her death, in 1607, does it remain now. The Duke of Devonshire, its owner, has been careful to direct that it shall so be kept up. The old interior fittings remain,—there is ancient furniture, though it may not be the very furniture used by "Bess of Hardwick,"—no lack of arras, or hangings of tapestry, and the walls plentifully adorned with ancient portraits. It is a place to be seen rather than rapidly described. Among its popular associations, is that which assumes it to have been one of the prison dwellings of Mary Stuart. However, her abode was in the older Hall, as the edifice erected by the Countess of Shrewsbury was not built until many years after Mary's death. Still, Hardwick is crowded with memories of the fair captive, and one of the apartments, which bears her name, contains the furniture of the chambers which she occupied in the ruined Hall, including some velvet hangings, believed to have been embroidered by herself. In the Picture Gallery, where the tapestried walls are enriched with the portraits of many whose names belong to the most stirring periods of our English story, are the likenesses of Mary Stuart and her relentless rival, Elizabeth. There, also, hangs the portrait of Lady Jane Grey, the monarch-victim to another Queen. Not the least interesting among these portraits are two which represent Bess of Hardwick,—one in the bloom of youth, the other

when she had fallen into the sere and yellow leaf. In every room which we entered, the initials E. S. were repeated, surmounted with the coronet of the Countess, which she had doubly the right to exhibit.

A lounge through the Park, amid its oaks of immense girth and yews of great size, brought us back, at length, to the front of the mansion. There, of course, somebody mentioned the difficulty, when blindfolded, of walking to the door, from the gate, without deviating from the broad flagged way; and then, as a matter of course, also, all of us were presently making the experiment, and with such indifferent success that, when any one happened to perform the feat, a doubt was loudly expressed whether he had not had a surreptitious glance at the path, from beneath the kerchief which covered his eyes.

Thence, at last and with reluctance, we quitted Hardwick, where a week might be pleasantly and advantageously spent by any one, but particularly by an artist. As I looked around, in the midst of the greenery of the Park, very appropriately might I have quoted the lines, from an obscure poet,

> "In silent tremor, here I stand afraid,
> Half joyed at Nature's grandeur, half dismayed."

Opposite to the entrance to the Park is a hostelrie, like the Hut, so well known to all who have visited Newstead Abbey; from which, as caterer to the party, I had arranged that we should receive such additions, which thence could readily be supplied, as were necessary to complete the plenteous repast we had taken care to bring with us from Matlock. Not much difficulty was there, either in obtaining leave to take that agreeable repast, *al fresco*, under the shade of a wide-spreading oak in Hardwick Park.

So passed on the day; and then taking a farewell lingering glance of the old Hall, our vehicles were once more put in

motion, and we leisurely returned to Matlock. A late dinner, and it was consolatory to notice that each and all of us were able to do justice to the creature-comforts of the table. He was a sound philosopher who said, when taunted with inclination for epicurism, that Heaven certainly never meant to reserve the good things of earth, air, and water, for the gratification of none but fools. In this world, even appetite must cease, at table; though, to be sure, it may be succeeded by pleasures of another kind. So we could bear with the removal of the feast to which we had done justice, when we reflected that bright "wine, which maketh glad the heart of man," was to follow in companionship with the delicate and luxurious dessert, to supply which all parts of the world are tributary. The juice of the grape itself, like liquid ruby or potable gold, from France, Germany, and Portugal, with a contribution, perhaps, from the terraced vineyards of Madeira; odorous coffee from Arabia, with sugar from the Indies; swelling raisins from Spain; luscious figs from lands whose shores are washed by the tideless Mediterranean; mealy dates from Morocco; the green olive from the Levant; almonds from Asia; rich apples from America; preserved guava from intertropical climes; while from the hot-houses and gardens of our own fair land, came the golden pine, and Muscatel, and Frontignac grapes, with currants, gooseberries, strawberries, cherries, and plums, in great perfection. He must be unreasonable indeed, who is not content with such delicacies as these even after a moderate dinner. *We* had consciences, and did not complain.

The next day, the fifth of our sojourn at Matlock, was the First of June. There had been a change of moon that morn-

ing, which probably might account for the cold and comparative gloom, realizing Moore's adaptation of Horace Walpole's saying, that

> "June had now
> Set in with all his usual rigour."

But gloom can be only external in pleasant companionship, and the sociality of breakfast is irresistible. While we were at the table, the postman brought in a plentiful supply of correspondence, the perusal of which, by common consent, was entered upon forthwith; while, for such as received no letters, there were the London journals of the preceding evening, and the county paper of that very morning. In a short time, Tressilian announced, aspart of the intelligence communicated by the missives which had reached him, the necessity of leaving for London on the following day, and this, in effect, was equivalent to the breaking up of our party, as Lady Morton was to accompany them.

As we had previously arranged to devote a portion of this day to the resumption of our former recreation of story-telling, we lost little time—after newspapers had been looked over, and letters answered—in resuming our sitting. Crayon, during this interval, had been examining one of his portfolios, and from it now producing a sketch, which, he assured us, represented a well-known edifice at Constantinople, called the Maiden Tower, offered to enlighten us as to its original purpose, by relating what tradition had imagined or discovered, as to its original occupancy. He warned us that the legend was very brief, and that he should not have thought of repeating it, if it did not in some manner bear out a remark that had fallen from Tressilian, at breakfast, about the transmission of popular stories from one country

to another, and their reproduction, with some slight differences of circumstance and costume, to suit each new locality. Having examined his drawing, we now proceeded to give due attention to his story.

LEGEND OF THE MAIDEN TOWER.

The Thracian Bosphorus—that deep and rapid channel which connects the Black Sea with the Sea of Marmora—is even studded with many a fair island. On one of the smallest of these, nearly midway in the stream, at its western termination, stands a square building, called "The Maiden Tower," which is now used as the plague-hospital of Constantinople. Many are the traditions connected with this miniature fortalice, and extremely vague are the notices of it which travellers have been able to collect. The most current belief is that it was built by the Emperor Manuel, centuries ago, for the purpose of communicating with the Asian side opposite. A strong chain was drawn across the whole breadth of the Strait, when the visit of a hostile fleet was apprehended.

Another account (far more popular among the ladies of Istambol) is, that in this very island was the dwelling of the fair Hero, to whom Leander paid nightly visits, swimming across the strait from Scutari—either because he had not money enough to keep a caïque of his own, or was afraid of trusting the secret of his visits to the hired caïquejhes of the time. It is alleged, further, that when the lovers perished, a tower was erected on this island to perpetuate their memory, and it is sagely argued, in support of this theory, that on no other grounds can Turk or Giaour account for the fact that the building is sometimes called "Leander's Tower."

A third popular tradition is, that, long years ago, a beauti-

ful Georgian was sent to this tower, in a sort of honorable captivity, until the Sultan, whom she had scorned, should have time to throw the handkerchief to her—that her lover found his way from their native hills, discovered her retreat, and, under the cover of darkness, boldly ventured to climb into the splendid cage of his bird of beauty—that he remained with her until star flashed forth after star, lighting up the jubilee of Night's royal state—that he frequently repeated his visits —and that, at last, when the Sultan sought the maiden, it was discovered that she had fled.

The most romantic of all the traditions connected with the Maiden Tower (the Turks better know it as The Guz-Couli) is that which I shall now relate.

One of the Sultans, many a century since, was so unfortunate as not to have a daughter, though the Imperial nursery swarmed with children of the other sex. The longer he was without this blessing, the greater grew his desire for it, and greater was his joy, when it was announced to him that a favourite slave had become the mother of a female child, beautiful (as the messenger figuratively declared), as the star which earliest rises and latest lingers in the heavens. So delighted was the Sultan with this intelligence, that he immediately raised the mother of the babe from an Odalique to the rank of a Sultana, the highest dignity he could confer.

Of course, the future fate and fortunes of the child became objects of speculation in the Seraglio, and it appeared only natural that the Sultan should endeavor to read the future of her destiny. A celebrated Dervish, who had made ten pilgrimages to the Holy City, and was credibly believed to have miraculously obtained a chip of the famous and sacred Bracktan (or black stone in the Kaaba), at Mecca, was summoned to Constantinople, from his retreat in the Caucasian mountains, to discover and declare what the stars might shew of

the child's fate,. Being paid a large sum ere he commenced his astral calculations, and promised very handsome presents if his predictions should be favourable, the holy man declared that the young Fatima should be happy and fortunate as heart could wish her, but that, during the interval between her sixteenth and eighteenth years, her life would be in peril from a serpent.

The child grew up, beautiful as the poetic image which the Sculptor releases from the marble, and all blessed her, because it was known that in her imperial father's angriest moods, a word from her would subdue him into clemency. As year after year beheld the unfolding of this fair flower, her father noticed with delight, that seldom had earth been gladdened by a more lovely presence. She had that sweetest of all graces—the grace of gentleness. She had more of loveliness than beauty, and it might truly be said of her that

"She moved in light of her own making."

Her movements might be called features, so delicately graceful and expressive were they. Hers was the heart and the nature which make life of value, the shrines which sanctify love and purify passion. Some one has fancifully said that the youth of Woman is the very poetry of being, and he would have believed it had he known Fatima.

When the maiden approached the close of her fifteenth year, the Sultan, her father, had the little tower in the island of the Bosphorus fitted up to be her dwelling-place during the next two years. Thither, whenever the cares of empire permitted, did he resort to enjoy the society of that dear child, and there, it was said, did her gentle and thoughtful spirit continue to influence the conduct and soften the heart of this haughty Emperor of the East. Many believed that the

prediction should be taken as figurative, rather than real, and that the only serpent to be dreaded by a Turkish maiden in the spring of Womanhood, was the general deceiver—Love!

It became well known that Fatima dwelt in the solitary tower, and many a petition was placed in the basket which, with her own hands, she daily drew up to her eyrie—many an offering of flowers and fruit did the hands of gratitude deposit there.

The two years rolled swiftly on. They reached the very eve of their completion. The next day would see the maiden freed from the confinement in which the watchful affection of her anxious father had placed her. Great preparations were made for the triumphant return to the beautiful home of her childhood, within sight of which the tower stands. Asia and Europe vied, on this occasion, in rendering honour and paying homage to the beautiful, the beloved. By the Sultan's command, every captive in his dominions—whether for crime or debt—would be set free on the next morning. In short, seldom had the gorgeous East, with all its profuse magnificence, been so intent upon display as on this auspicious occasion.

The happy day dawned, and Fatima arose with the sun. She hurried to the little gallery which runs round the upper part of the tower, and from which could be observed that, on the rock beneath, was a little basket which affection or gratitude had brought to the island, and left there for her acceptance. She pulled it up, and found it to contain a present of fresh fruit, carefully packed in the cool and broad leaves of the vine.

Within an hour after this, a boat rapidly swept across the Strait, from the opposite point, whereon stands the Seraglio, with its beautiful gardens. It conveyed the Sultan, hastening to offer the earliest congratulations to his daughter on her

escape from the anticipated peril, and on the bright future before her.

He hurried to her apartment, and found her lying on one of the couches, as if in sleep. Alas! it was the sleep of death. Among the fruit which the basket contained, an asp had found its way, and its minute bite upon her breast had at once fatally fulfilled the prediction, and destroyed the maiden.

This is the true legend of The Maiden Tower, and from this, in all likelihood, the edifice obtained the name by which it is distinguished to the present day.

At the special request of Lady Morton, and, to a man of gallantry, a lady's wish, whether insinuated or expressed, ought to be equivalent to a command—the Major undertook to relate a story, of whose incidents he had some knowledge, derived from one of the parties chiefly concerned. He would take the liberty, he said, of substituting fictitious for real names, as it was probable, that some of his auditors might yet meet the persons whose adventures he should relate, and the interest of the narrative would be in no manner affected by the change. We were happy to have the story in his own terms, and the Divan yielded him their best attention, while he thus narrated what certainly might be described as more curious than probable:

THE LAST THROW OF THE DICE.

A FEW years ago, the Marquis Angelo Foscarini was induced by ill health and longing for change of scene, to visit Dieppe. He was a noble of Genoa, and was accompanied by the Signorina Teresa, the only surviving offspring of three marriages.

This young lady possessed beauty—exquisite, brilliant, dazzling. Her complexion was that clear olive, through which the blush of maiden purity suffuses itself in a bloom delicate and soft as that of the Provençe rose. Her eyes were dark, full, flashing, yet often relieved by a subduing softness. Her dark hair well accorded with her complexion, clime, and youth: its silken tresses fell upon a neck of exquisite roundness, and were worn so as to shew the pale, compact brow. Delicately pencilled was the arched outline of her eye-brows. From her profile, you would think that you beheld the classic contour of some Athenian beauty, the true model of the graceful forms with which the Grecian sculptors delighted *that* period as they bewilder *this*. Then her lips, so beautifully distinct rather than separate, just as if they were about to breathe forth those impulse-words which the lover delights to hear. And, when she did speak, how sweetly fell the music of her voice—like the far-off melody, distant but distinct, which floats upon the waters, while the air is hushed to silence, only broken by the amorous Echo, which faintly repeats them, loth to think such silvery sounds should ever die. In the rudest crowd, in the noisiest din, Teresa's gentle accents came refreshingly

upon the senses, and immediately commanded that hushed attention, which is the best tribute of respect that Woman can conceive. But, beyond this—beyond the perfect form and the graceful beauty, which cast around her, as it were, a visible atmosphere—her mind, naturally intelligent, had been cultivated with no common care. She had numerous accomplishments; she had read much; she had enjoyed the familiar conversation of men of letters and science in different countries; she had experienced the advantages of far-extended travel—in short, she was charming alike in mind and person.

The Marquis, her father, was very proud of her beauty and accomplishments. Yet to him she long had been the innocent cause of bitter vexation. Priding himself on his high descent, he constantly cherished deep and unavailing regrets, because, from want of a surviving male heir, a title would expire in his own person, which, originally won by the sword in hard-fought fields of fame, had been lineally transmitted through many centuries, without a stain once resting on its ermine. He would have given all his fortune—he would have fed upon water and a crust—he would have laid down his own life, or even sacrificed that of his daughter, great as was his wayward and fitful love for her—to have a son, by whom the proud name and honours of Foscarini might be saved from extinction. To perpetuate them was with him a passion—the failure of that engrossing desire nearly drove him to despair, and at times appeared almost to peril the sanity of his mind.

The Marquis Angelo Foscarini had been born to extensive possessions, and had much augmented them by advantageous marriages. Before he had attained the age of fifty, he was the widower of two noble Roman dames, and had also followed to the grave a lady closely allied to the Imperial house of Austria. Of all his children, only one had survived, and

he cursed his fate, and gnashed his teeth, in his splendid solitude as he thought that this sole survivor was only a daughter in whom his hereditary titles would be lost. Years rolled on. The excitements of public life lost their power. The snow of age blanched his hair. The track of time traced wrinkles on his brow. The freshness of his heart was in the tomb of his buried youth. He felt that, with swift and noiseless advances, death was pressing forward. He had a fever-dread of the mere thought of the final hour, which was to hurry him from time to eternity. So, to diminish care—to employ his weary hours— to banish *ennui*—to create a new excitement for his palled spirit—to dissipate the ever-present dread of death, the last of the Foscarini plunged headlong into the vortex of society, as wildly as if the world was only just opening for his enjoyment, and thus he strove to conquer care by revelry.

In this, after all, not much harm, perhaps. To some minds Society may be safer and better than Solitude. But the Marquis did not care for mere pleasure—he craved excitement. He found it in play. He grew accustomed to stake wealth on the cast of the die, and thus spent long nights. At first he played merely to divert his thoughts, and to amuse himself by watching the anxious faces around him, and the varying passions developed, as the game went on. Soon, however, he came to have an interest in success or failure. Fortune turned against him, and then he almost blushed to find himself doubling the stakes, and calculating the chances, and eagerly anticipating the result of each cast. Still he went on, and still, though he sometimes won, his losses were frequent and heavy. Then he resolved to play boldly—as he had heard that timid gamblers rarely win—and he would be content with getting back his losses. If, at times, the thought of his daughter came into his mind, he would still the intruding recollection with a "Tush! she is but a woman—a girl.

There will be enough for her. What could a child of eighteen do with all my palaces—my jewels—my pictures—my gold? I hoarded wealth, long ago, for my heir; now, I have none: let it go as it may. Come on, come on, it is in vain to think of it. Perhaps I may die to-morrow. There will be enough left for the girl."

Teresa was aware of her father's reckless way of living. He had not taken any pains to conceal it from her. Wholly regardless of how he wounded her sensitive feelings, he incessantly complained, in her presence as in her absence, of his bitter disappointment at not having a surviving son, and cursed himself for his ill fortune. Teresa was all gentleness and love—for she had warm affections, and never forgot that he was her father—but her love made slight impression on a heart which hourly appeared to become more ossified. However, gentleness and love cannot always be repulsed. They have a power which, at times, can pierce even a heart of adamant. Rarely yet have they been exercised without some good result. When the Marquis saw his fair daughter weeping bitterly, her hands clasped in most unfeigned sorrow, her cheek pale with emotion—when he heard her beseech him to bestow kind words upon her, and implore pardon for the involuntary crime of being a woman—he would cease his reproaches and complainings, and, looking with tenderness and admiration on the graceful form thus bowed in humble entreaty before him, would press a father's kiss upon her head, and abruptly leave the room, as if afraid that his awakened love might pour forth its strong emotions in words.

In fact, though he very often treated her harshly, the Marquis *did* warmly love Teresa. Not, indeed, with pure paternal love—for the better part of the father was buried with the son who long since had died in youth—but he loved her because she was a being of whose beauty, grace, and accomplish-

ments he felt very proud. On that account, he obliged her to accompany him in his travels—on that account, he had refused the richest offers for her hand which the admiring nobles of Italy and Germany had made. With him, Pride was the first and the last. That passion made him delight to exhibit in society the daughter who would, otherwise, have remained in her convent, or under the care of a duenna, in one of their lonely country villas. While she was with him, the object of universal admiration, the attention she excited gratified his pride. She was *his*, and the admiration bestowed upon her was reflected upon him. "Remain with me yet a little longer," he would sometimes say, "it will be time enough for you to wed when the old man dies."

At Dieppe, he plunged into revelry yet deeper than Teresa remembered him to have yet yielded to, and indulged in excesses, equally unsuited to his failing health. He now devoted the greater part of every night to the fatal temptations of the gaming table, and, though naturally of the most temperate habits, eqully other children of the warm South ,he had now learned to indulge in the free use of wine. It was his custom to bathe in the sea every morning, and thus recruit his strength for the exhausting pleasures of the night. It chanced, one morning, when the sea was more boisterous, and his frame more enervated than usual, that, being overpowered by a monstrous wave, he was dashed against the beach, breathless and fainting. The next retreating rush of the waters would have borne him out into the midst of the eddying current, without the power of resistance, if a young man, who happened to be bathing near the spot, had not dashed forward and rescued him. Foscarini, on his recovery, recognized his preserver as a young officer whom he had met at Vienna, and whose attentions to Teresa had been so well received by her, as to cause him some uneasiness. Yet, to this

gentleman he now owed his life. So, when the German asked permission to wait upon him at his hotel, to enquire after his health, common courtesy dictated an assent, however constrained and cold.

The young German officer was more than ever in love with Teresa, but two years had passed since he last had seen her, and he was too expert in the ways of the world to betray that love, as he once before had done. He met and accosted Teresa without any apparent emotion, and the Marquis, narrowly watching both of them, was happy to perceive that she received him without much embarrassment. He paid the usual compliments of society with easy politeness, and Teresa returned them in the same manner. From all this, Foscarini did not hesitate to believe that though the young man might once have entertained a passion for Teresa, it had long since died away from absence and hopelessness. He did *not* know that, from the time she quitted Vienna, Teresa had contrived to correspond with Stephen Utercliv: and that his presence in Dieppe was caused by her desire that he should join her in a little plot against her father—for his good.

Convinced that nothing was now to be apprehended, the Marquis abandoned the reserve with which, at first, he had received Stephen Utercliv. In a short time, they became great friends. By degrees, the Marquis even formed an attachment for this young man, made him the confidant of his secret cares, told him how he had plunged into the excitement of gaming in order to dissipate bitter thoughts, and laid bare before him all the wretchedness of heart, which he endeavored to hide from the world beneath the mask of gaiety. Thus Stephen soon thoroughly knew the past and present life of the Marquis; his baffled hopes, his secret griefs, his perpetual regrets, his remorse for time and talents wasted.

Teresa had also revealed to him all that she knew—much

which he could use as the key to the old man's heart. Long since, she had given her young affection to Stephen Utercliv. Her chief desire now was to draw her father from the debasing pursuits which injured the health of mind and body, and threatened the total ruin of his fortunes.

Stephen had now become so necessary to the Marquis that he spent every evening in his company. Humoring his eagerness for play, he joined him at the gaming table, and speedily became as adventurous a gambler as any in Dieppe. In a short time, they ceased to play at the public table, and made use of a private room in which, instead of adventurous playing against the bank, they might play against each other, allowing the bank a per-centage on the stakes. In this manner the Marquis and Stephen Utercliv now played, one against the other, and, in a month, Utercliv had drawn the full amount of his letters of credit, having lost all to the Marquis. He told this to Teresa, mentioning that he could readily arrange to receive further remittances from Vienna, but she was afraid that, in the interval, her father might return to the public table, and then again become the prey of sharpers. She therefore insisted on supplying Stephen with money—which, however, he lost. The more he lost, the better pleased was Foscarini, for he could now find happiness in winning that gold which had once been the slave of his will but now was the ruler of his heart. Meanwhile, however, he abandoned his indulgence in wine, and was by no means as much disposed to play as when he had formerly lost largely. Success had moderated his excitement.

There is a German game called *brelau*, of which the Marquis was very fond. He apprised Stephen of his predilection, and the German lost no time in discovering that it was one of the most interesting games in the world. Up to this time he had lost above ten thousand Napoleons, when,

one evening, he came to Foscarini, bringing fifty Napoleons with him—*all* that he could then procure. This was the last money that Teresa could give him. The Marquis had always made her a very splendid allowance, and she had never spent the whole of it. The lovers' plot had been to keep the Marquis at play with Utercliv alone. They expected that the smiles of fortune would have been somewhat equally distributed, at least. Their hope had been too sanguine. Instead of alternate good fortune which, while it amused the Marquis, would really not diminish his wealth, there had been a constant run of ill luck against Stephen Utercliv. When he had taken the last fifty Napoleons from Teresa, his words were, "Fortune opposes our good intentions. One trial—one more trial. If I lose this, I play no more. I shall explain all to your father, demand you in marriage, and if he should refuse me, you see no more of me until his death leaves you free." Teresa allowed him to embrace her, and shed many tears at his departure, for she dreaded that her father would reject the suit of her lover, and she knew *him* well enough to dread that he would keep his resolution of not seeing her until she had the freedom of action, of which he spoke.

When Stephen Utercliv went to the *salon*, a little later than usual, he found that the Marquis, tired of waiting for him, had gone to play at the public table. Thither he went, and found every one in a state of high excitement. Fortune had at length come round to the Marquis, and he won, whatever colour he backed. Encouraged by this success, he continued to play, with largely increased stakes. At last, when he remained the only player, he challenged the bank. After some deliberation, his defiance was accepted. He backed one colour, and an uninterrupted series of successes, doubling the stakes each time in arithmetical progression, left

him, at last, largely the conqueror. He had broken the bank and had thus, by one *coup*, regained much of his former losses at Dieppe.

Flushed with this success, the Marquis quitted the *salon*, inviting Stephen Utercliv to accompany him to supper at his hotel, also extending his hospitality to four players who, in the early part of the evening, had played with him at the public table. He had no difficulty in obtaining their company. They consisted of two planters from the Havannah, the captain of an English merchantman, and a Parisian banker. After supper, cards were introduced. The Marquis and Stephen Utercliv were opponents, as usual. Stephen commenced with ten Napoleons: that stake soon disappeared, as did three others of the same amount. He had only ten pieces left. He was full of agitation. Foscarini, never dreaming how nearly his young friend approached to extremity, rallied him upon the lowness of his stakes. With a trembling hand, the young man placed the remnant of his money on the table. Fortune favoured him with a pair-royal of Kings, and he won a hundred Napoleons from the Parisian banker. Luck continued, and, by five o'clock the next morning, Stephen Utercliv had gained 200,000 francs, the banker had won 80,000, the Englishman, 20,000, and each of the planters, 5,000. This made nearly £13,000 in our money.* *Foscarini had lost it all.* It pulled hard upon his gains in the previous part of the evening. The party took coffee, and separated, agreeing to resume the play at night.

Night came, and the morning's play was child's sport in comparison with what now came on. The other guests, after losing a great portion of their previous winnings, remained simply as spectators, the Marquis and Stephen Utercliv alone

* Sixty-two thousand dollars.

continued to play. It would be wearisome to trace the gradual and heavy losses of the Marquis. First went all his ready money, then followed his ancestral palace at Genoa—his Florentine casino—his Roman villa—his estates in Austria—his pictures—his hereditary jewels. All, all were staked, and lost. Yet he played on, until the day dawned, and awoke him to a sense of the utter ruin he had made. The pale light of the morning struck into the room, and played upon the wall in striking contrast to the dim glare of the expiring tapers. The Marquis looked more like a marble statue than a human, living being. The gold was piled up in heaps—bonds, and contracts, and parchments lay beside them.

Fearfully appalling was the expression of the old man's countenance. He found himself stripped of every thing. Fixing his bloodshot eyes upon Stephen Utercliv, he said, in a hoarse tone which sounded like the menacing mutterings of a thunder-storm, "Sir, all that I have lost is yours, even more. I trust that I shall find you a most gentle creditor. The other players have won a very trifle; but *you*—houses, lands, jewels, pictures, gold—all, even to the very watch which told me the hour, are passed away. At this moment, you may say—perhaps you will say, 'Old man, that you can break your fast to-day will be wholly owing to my bounty, for you have nothing of your own.'"

"But allow me" ——

"Rather allow *me*, sir, to speak. I have lost my wealth—all; but perhaps my years and these grey hairs may entitle me to be heard. Perhaps you would command my absence? Perhaps you are anxious to count the sum of your new wealth? You may" ——

"Indeed, sir" ——

"Again, I say, let me speak. I think we met at Vienna

I think, young man, that then I gave you to understand that your attentions to my daughter were not acceptable to me?"

"My dear sir—"

"You loved my daughter then? Deny it not. I heard you swear, on bended knees, to love her always. I had the power to say then, and I did say, 'Love her not.' But you did love her. Did you not?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Do you still love her? Speak with your lips what the changing hues of your face have already told me. Young man, do you still love my daughter?"

"As I love my life."

"It is well. I am not wholly beggared. I had forgotten one jewel—and the richest. I have one stake left. I WILL PLAY YOU FOR MY DAUGHTER."

At this strange proposal, made with all the measured calmness of despair, all the rest of the party started on their feet in utter astonishment, and it was evident from their looks that they did not wish Stephen to accept it. The young man's face lighted up with a most joyous expression. He could have thrown himself into the arms of the Marquis; but nothing could surpass the *hauteur* with which he was repulsed. Still, not perceiving that his late opponent had become a bitter enemy, Stephen Utercliv drew himself up to his full height, and said, in a grave and dignified manner, "Sir, if you will have me for a son-in-law, here, at this moment, I humbly say, in the presence of these gentlemen, take back all that Chance has robbed you of. I fear, from your looks, that I do entreat in vain?"

"Indeed you do," exclaimed the Marquis, passionately.

There was silence for some minutes. "Well, then," said Stephen, "I accept your proposal. I will stake whatever you may think fit to name."

The bystanders uttered a murmur of horror. Foscarini glanced at them with stern contempt. He turned to Stephen, and said, "Whatever sum you please."

"I will stake against your daughter all that I have here won from you—all that I possess in the world besides, even to the reversion of the heritage which will descend to me from my father."

"It is well," said the Marquis.

They sat down. "I am tired of the cards," said the Marquis. "Permit me to propose that we try our fortunes, this time, with the dice?"

"As you please," answered Utercliv.

"And to give variety, suppose that the winner shall be he whose single cast has the lowest number?"

"As you wish," answered Utercliv.

"Then," said the Marquis, apparently as unconcerned as if he was about to play for a five franc piece, "as I am the challenger, I think I should have the first throw; though it is rather a disadvantage." He took up the dice-box, gaily rattled the dice, and then made the cast.

"By Jove," said the English Captain, "that's a good throw. The Marquis has thrown aces. The Marquis wins. Fifty to one on the Marquis."

"The real odds are not quite so much," said the Marquis. "Besides, M. Utercliv may throw aces also, and then, as there would be a tie, we must throw again, and the chances would be even."

"No great chance, said the Captain, "that he will throw aces. Now, if the Marquis had thrown *seven*, it would be a different thing. There are more chances that seven will turn up, on two dice of sixes, than any other number—seize-ace make seven; so do cinq-deuce; so do quatre-trois. To make

a cinq, you can only have quatre-ace and trois-deuce; and for a quatre we have only deuces, or tray-ace."

"You are quite learned in these matters," said Utercliv, taking the box.

"Why," answered the Captain, "as we sometimes play hazard in England, to say nothing of back-gammon, Hoyle stands next to hand with us, like the Post Office Directory and the Red Book, on the desk or library-table."

As Stephen's acquaintance with English literature did not extend to these valuable hand-books, he merely bowed to the Captain, and rattled the dice.

He threw them.

The dice had accidentally fallen in an odd position. One of them had lodged on the top of the other. *It was an ace.* Thus only *one* actually appeared as Stephen Utercliv's cast. The Marquis gently raised the topmost die. The second die, strangely enough, *was an ace also.*

"You must throw again," said the Captain, "that cast is no cast, as both dice did not shew."

"Strictly speaking," lisped the Parisian banker, who had some experience at Frescati's, "I think that as the Marquis has raised the die, and shown the second die to be also an ace, it must be considered that aces have been shown, and it must be taken as a tie. Both gentlemen must throw again."

"Certainly not," said the Captain. "I have played five thousand hits of backgammon in England, so say nothing of hazard, and when the die lodges, the caster in hand throws the dice over again, but the other throw stands."

"Sir," said the Marquis, addressing Stephen Utercliv, "neither of these gentlemen have spoken correctly. *You have won the throw.* The agreement was clear—that the thrower of the lowest number should win. I threw aces.

You, more fortunate, have thrown a single ace. The game is yours."

Fearful that some dreadful scene might follow, the by-standers prepared to depart. The Marquis was calm. They did not see that it was the calmness of despair. They paid their parting respects to him, which he acknowledged with his usual stately courtesy. But they paused, as they were at the door, for they saw that the father who had just lost his child on the cast of a die, was subdued to tears.

Stephen drew near to him, and said, in the most conciliatory manner, "My dear Marquis, consider all that has passed between us as but a dream. You are not a loser, nor am I a winner."

"I *not* a loser? Ask these gentlemen whether I have lost nothing. Look at your own rich spoils on that table, and say that you have won nothing. Think that I have lost my honor —that I have lost my own self-esteem—that having lost her fortune, I have put up my child as a gambler's last desperate stake—and say that I have lost nothing.—Not a word. Think not I mean to excite your compassion Thank God, a Foscarini need not stoop so low as that. No, if my manner—if my tears, say so, then my manner and my tears do belie me."

He advanced to the door. Before he could reach it, he had fallen down. Strong agitation had overcome him. The old man was insensible:—a paralytic stroke had made him incapable of action, mind and body.

Immediate assistance was afforded. In a few weeks, the Marquis was pronounced out of danger. In little more than a month from the attack he was once more convalescent, though much shaken, and received no visitors. His daughter, who was unwearied in her attendance on him, noticed, with sorrow, that, since his illness, his whole manner had changed. He had no idea that she was aware of what had occurred on

the last occasion when he had played with Stephen Utercliv He felt now that something remained for him to do, and he nerved himself to do it.

Utercliv had gone to a *soirée*, and on returning to the hotel in which he resided, the porter informed him that two persons were in his apartments, and (it now being midnight) had there been waiting for some. On entering the room he saw—the Marquis and his daughter.

"No doubt, my presence here at this late hour is a surprise to you," said Foscarini, deliberately. "However, this interview would have taken place before, if it had not pleased Heaven, as you know, to afflict me with sudden and severe illness. My first visit was due to you, Sir; gambling debts, you know," he added, with a bitter smile, "must be paid. I come to discharge mine. Sir, you have won my daughter.—She is here. I bring her to you. I have used no force to conduct her hither. She accompanied me of her own free will. Did you not, Teresa?"

He spoke with a cold sneer upon his lips. His daughter could not answer for her tears.

After a brief delay, in which he appeared to reflect on what he should say, he resumed:—"She is yours. I have no longer a daughter. But you, mark me—you have not yet a wife. I will never acknowledge you as a son-in-law. Whoever weds my daughter, must be of noble lineage:—you, Sir, are nobody."

"Let me assure you, that you are mistaken," said Stephen Utercliv. "I have not hitherto spoken of my family, but I believe that is in every respect entitled to rank with your own."

"Not until my death," continued the Marquis, not heeding Utercliv's observation, "can Teresa by your wife. Not before, because she would not do anything contrary to my wish.—

However, you won the stake, and here it is." As he said this, he took Teresa by the hand, and presented her to Utercliv.

Immediately, he went to the door, turned the key in the lock, and fixed the bolt. He rushed back into the middle of the room. "Now for revenge," he shouted, in a terrible voice, and with the fiery glance and infuriated gesture of a maniac. He produced a pair of pistols. "Mark me!—both of these weapons are unloaded. I will load one them. You see that I have put in the powder. Let me now drive the ball firmly down. It is done. We will confound these weapons together, so that neither can know which is loaded. There. I do not know which holds the deadly charge. One of us will soon know. We will each take a pistol, present it at the breast, and pull the trigger at the same moment. If I slay you, I dare say that my daughter will return home with me, for it is scarcely possible, that you can have disposed of her by testament. If you kill me, Teresa may wed her father's slayer—if she will."

While the Marquis had been busied with the pistols, and while he had been speaking, Stephen Utercliv had steadily kept his eyes upon him, confident that his mind was affected, and undecided what to do or say. He knew that a maniac is best controlled by quiet firmness. He therefore listened with calmness, to what the Marquis said, in the hope, too, that his passion might exhaust itself in vehement language. Now, when the Marquis ceased to speak, Stephen again made an effort to reason with him.

"Your daughter," said he, "belongs not to you nor to me. In a moment of excitement you risked her upon the hazard of the dice. I do not claim her, because the cast was in my favour. I repeat, that when you examine my pretensions, you will find that, in family and in fortune, I am not inferior to yourself. I love your daughter, and would be content to

leave to her the decision on which depends my future happiness. As for the losses which you sustained, I have not taken advantage of them. Your money, your papers, your securities, are in yonder desk, at your command, whenever you please to receive them. I played with you not for gain, but in the hope of weaning you from play, or, if that unhappy passion continued, of letting you feel its evil effects. I fancied that if I could make you believe that you were ruined, the effect of the reverse would be beneficial, and then that, when your fortune was restored to you, I might hope to be repaid by your sanction for my attachment to Teresa."

"Name her not," shouted the Marquis. "Move one step—utter one word, and I fire into my daughter's heart. Sit down!"

With strength to which his fury now added vehement power, the Marquis forced Utercliv into a chair. He seated himself in another, immediately opposite. There they sat, so close that Stephen felt his hot breath upon his face. He thrust one of the pistols into Stephen's hand. Teresa, moveless as a statue—paralysed by fear—remained standing within a few feet of her father and her lover. She was wholly incapable of action or speech, and looked on, like one astonished.

"Now," cried the Marquis, "comes on the last scene of the melo-drama. The devoted lover, the stony-hearted father, the beautiful daughter—all are on the stage, and one little click of the trigger, will give the *dénouement*. Now, Sir—you have your weapon. Thus I raise mine, and when I count *three*, I shall fire. You may do the same."

With an involuntary impulse, Stephen raised his hand:—that which held the pistol.

"One—two—three." Instantly, the Marquis pulled the trigger——

The Major, abruptly pausing as he uttered this unfinished sentence, remarked that the sky appeared rather cloudy, and he thought he would go into the open air, and return with a report of the prospects of fine weather for the next day. Accordingly, he was lounging out of the room, with provoking coolness, when an universal exclamation arrested his progress.

"Surely," said one of us, speaking for the rest, "you cannot think of leaving us, even for five minutes, in a state of uncertainty?"—He affected not to know what was meant, but a word and a glance from the fair widow, who appeared to have acquired some influence over him, rather felt than exercised, quickened his intelligence. He enquired what was meant—what was asked of him?—"Nothing more," said Lady Morton, "than that you should bring your story to a conclusion. You cannot, intentionally, be so provoking as to think of leaving it without a *finale*, like an epigram without its point. You are as bad as—

'Him who left untold
The story of Cambuscan bold.'

You have given us a narration with all fullness of detail as to characters and circumstance—you have brought the hero and heroine into a difficulty, out of which, it would seem, that nothing short of a miracle can extricate them—and just when one more half sentence would give us the *dénouement*, you leave it unspoken. To say nothing of the impropriety of leaving the gentlemen in suspense, you ought to recollect, that the only heir-loom which our sex inherits from Eve is—Curiosity."

"And the power of persuasion," added the Major, with a bow.

"Let us then, exercise this power," exclaimed both of the ladies, "and prevail upon you to complete the story."

"Let me see," said the Major, re-seating himself, "Let me see where we left off. I remember: Stephen Utercliv and the Marquis were seated opposite each other, pistol in hand, only one of the weapons being loaded, and neither of the combatants knowing who held it. The Marquis pulled the trigger, and *the pistol missed fire*; thanks to his using flints instead of percussion caps. Overcome by excitement, the old man fell back in his seat. He had fainted. M. Utercliv unlocked the door, and had the Marquis conveyed to his chamber, to which a brain-fever confined him for many weeks. On his recovery, Stephen Utercliv solicited and obtained an interview. He succeeded in convincing the Marquis that he was neither an adventurer nor a fortune-hunter, but the only son of a Polish nobleman, whose family had settled at Vienna, on the first partition of Poland, in 1772, and was not inferior in blood or wealth to the Foscarini, even in the proudest days of Genoa. A great change had passed over the mind of the Marquis during his recent sufferings. He looked back on the past with horror, believing that his previous conduct had exhibited insanity rather than any other motive; a belief shared by all who were cognizant of the circumstances. As a reparation, he not only consented to the marriage of M. Utercliv with Teresa, but hastened it by every means in his power. Within three months, therefore, of the events which I have related, the espousal took place; and, in another month —rather happily, I think, for his son-in-law—the Marquis shuffled off this mortal coil. So ends my story. As I knew the parties, I can vouch for the survivors being now, to use the words of one of the narratives which charmed us in youth,

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"As happy as the day is long!"

If any of the readers of this veracious volume have condescended to remark that its author, though he has given stories of all kinds to his companions, has not related one in his own individual capacity, it is only proper that an explanation should be given, frankly and at once. The fact, then, is simply this: The author has the misfortune of being so remarkably shy in society, that even his best friends grieve over his misfortune, in that respect, and lament that his *mauvaise honte* should so utterly nullify his companionable qualities. In addition to this defect—which he has vainly endeavoured to remedy, by often kissing the Blarney Stone, and by frequently bathing in the Shannon—he is troubled with what Talleyrand, speaking of somebody else, truly described as "a remarkable talent for silence." Indeed, his most intimate friends have complained that they scarcely knew the sound of his voice; "Yes" and "No" being the extent of his conversation; and would doubt his ability to array a dozen consecutive words in a sentence, were it not that, on some rare occasions, he has been overheard to break into soliloquy, and, when he thought no one was listening, say a variety of things (evidently intended to be lively or pathetic, genial or satiric, poetical or prosy), which, only for his extraordinary bashfulness, he might have contributed, in society, as his share of its conversational capital.

The author's silence, amid the general story-telling is then explained; but we are somewhat at a loss to say why our Irish friend, Mr. Moran, should also have contrived to listen to his neighbours' stories, yet contribute so little of his own. I had looked on him as good for, at least, half a score of Irish legends. Not so, however.

At last, being pressed for his contribution, he consented to relate the last tale to which our Divan could listen. Very

different was it, in all respects, from what we had expected from him. However, here it is—a story of provincial life in England, instead of rollicking fun and frolic in the Emerald Isle.

THE GREAT WILL CAUSE.

The village of Audley, which, George Robins the auctioneer,* would have said, "is delightfully situated within an easy distance of the provincial metropolis of a highly-favoured midland county," continues to rejoice in almost as primitive simplicity as distinguished it a century ago. No railway runs in narrow length within its vicinity; no mail coach is whirled through its one street; not even a humble two horse stage connects it with the county town. Neither has it any peculiar manufacture or trade to distinguish it. A country village it has been time out of mind, nor do I wish it so ill as to hope that modern improvement may visit and spoil it, by attempting to make it anything more.

The inhabitants of Audley, few in number, have carefully eschewed politics—even when a contested election sends candidates, and canvassers, and gay favours among them. The few voters in and near the village—substantial freeholders who

> "Ne'er have changed, nor wished to change their place,"

have usually given their "sweet voices," to the Red candidates

* Robins, who was the very Napoleon of auctioneers, ought to be sketched, for the good of posterity, before all living memory of him dies away. His advertisements were peculiar, original and striking. Once, when announcing the sale of an estate, having exhausted the hyperbole of praise, he concluded thus: "It must be confessed that this earthly paradise hath two drawbacks—namely, excess of melody from the songs of the nightingale, and the over-powering perfume from the crumpling of the roses."

because the owners of the Audley property have always supported that interest; besides, at Audley, red ribbons are considered as extremely becoming to all complexions and eyes.—Beyond this, these good people venture not upon the troubled sea of politics. The solitary London newspaper from the Hall, descends to the Marston Arms Inn, the only hostelrie in the village, and after being duly talked over there, and its intelligence duly wondered at and commented upon, passes into the hands of Mr. Salt, schoolmaster and parish-clerk—a man who knows Latin, algebra, and mensuration, is suspected of a bowing acquaintance with the characters of the Greek alphabet, and is known to be tremendously hen-pecked by his pretty wife, who actually cannot write her own name. Mr. Simon Salt has the reputation of being a traveller who has seen the world, having once paid a visit to London, on which occasion, having seen William IV. go in state to open the session of Parliament, his Majesty did very graciously condescend to bestow sundry bows upon his loving subjects, who shouted while the cavalcade passed by, and the worthy and erudite Simon Salt, whose loyalty had exhibited itself in a very observable and unsophisticated manner, was confident that his Majesty did pay the compliment of a low bow, exclusively intended for *him*, the aforesaid Simon Salt. Did not Audley greatly rejoice at the announcement of this gratifying information? Has not Audley, ever since, been loyally proud of the lofty and discriminating courtesy of its Sovereign? Has it not full cause to be proud, inasmuch as the compliment is reflected upon all the Audley-ites, seeing that the excellent Mr. Salt ranks in public station only lower than the Vicar, and is universally considered as the sense-carrier of the village?

The Hall—as it is emphatically called, as if it were the only Hall in the county—has always exercised as much influence over the primitive people of Audley, as the Court

of St. James does over the world of fashion in London. The owners of the Hall "came in with the Conqueror," and have held Audley Manor, and its dependencies, ever since. Seldom seduced into extravagance; deluded neither by gambling, horse-racing, electioneering, nor a taste for building; content to reign at Audley, rather than ruin their fortune by vain competition with superior rank and wealth elsewhere; satisfied with being able to make the proud boast that more than once a peerage had been offered and declined, the Marstons had been happier, perhaps, than most private families in the kingdom. "Live and let live," was their rule of conduct towards their tenantry, who, holding their farms at low rents, were able to make their payments with a punctuality which most landlords might have envied. Thus, Audley was one of the few out-of-the-way, old-fashioned places where peace and plenty reigned supreme, where politics were unheeded, where pauperism was unknown, where the keeper of "the cage" had a sinecure, and the stocks had fallen into decay from want of use.

The Marston Arms Inn, at Audley, is one of the most picturesque old houses you ever saw. It had been built—no one knew when. It had been enlarged and beautified (as was testified by the date, graven on a square stone inserted in the ample porch), in the comparatively recent reign of Elizabeth. Those who have seen the curious gateway which leads to the Council House at Shrewsbury, will readily understand what manner of house was this. It was a fine specimen of the ancient mode of building, where immense beams of oak traverse the walls, like frame-work, which are carefully painted in black and white, as may yet be seen in some old houses in the midland counties. Innumerable carvings embellished the edifice—some grotesque in design, some fancifully conceived in the true spirit of the Beautiful, and executed with delicate and tasteful manipulation. The roof, which presented a multi-

plicity of angles, was crowned with a variety of small, turret-like prominences, of no particular order of architecture, but uniting to make a curious whole. The garden side was wholly, and the front façade partially, covered with ivy, the stem of which was thick as the body of a stout man, over which ran quite a wilderness of flowering creepers. Within, the walls were wainscoted with oak, black with age and polished as marble. Of oak, too, were the transverse beams which supported the low ceilings; of oak were the floors; of oak were the low, wide stairs. Time had hardened the timber, so that you might almost as easily drive a nail into an iron wall, as into one of the massive beams. The windows, consisting of small, diamond panes, were enriched, here and there, with fragments of painted glass, through which, in other days, a "dim, religious light" had been cast upon the grave stones, which literally formed the flagging of Audley Abbey, now in ruins.

The hostess was almost as old-fashioned as the house. She was one of the olden school—a maiden who had arrived at the decorous years when, having increased in bulk and dignity, spinsters wear caps with flowing lace lappets, and long mittens, and prefix Mistress to their surnames. Her guests, for the time being, were considered by her as part of her own family. The greatest insult that one of them could inflict, was the not doing full justice to the viands she prepared for his use. The pains she took to tempt them to eat and drink heartily, would not be credited by any London innkeeper. She was uneasy if the dinner was not appetizing. On the other hand, she allowed no one to drink more than, in her judgment, was quite good for him. On Sundays, the rule of her house was that her guests should dine with her. For that repast, she would dispense some particularly old and curious port wine, with a perfume like a bouquet, which (as she loved to boast), neither love nor money could draw from her cellar

at any other time. Woe to the guest who proffered payment for that Sunday dinner, or that unequalled wine.

Mrs. Lee, however, had not many opportunities of thus exercising her hospitality, for Audley was not much visited by strangers. Now and then, an artist or an antiquarian came, and remained a short time. Sometimes, too, it was visited by some disciples of Isaac Walton. Many people wondered why Mrs. Lee remained in business. She was considered a wealthy woman, who could well afford to live without the inn; but custom, trifling as it was, and a liking for the business, kept her in the old house. Besides, as she said, if *she* gave it up, no one else would take it, for the expenses far exceeded the receipts; and what would Audley be without its inn?

At length, however, a few years ago, Mrs. Lee was made very happy by the arrival and continuance of a guest. This was a Mr. Mavor, who had come to Audley to try his skill, as a brother of the angle, in a fine trout-stream, running through the centre of the estate. There was no difficulty, through his bustling hostess, in getting permission to fish in this stream, and the only mischance was, that while thus engaged one day, a sudden and severe shower of rain gave him a severe cold, which ripened by neglect into a really dangerous illness, compelling him to remain at Audley much longer than he had intended, but affording worthy Mrs. Lee an opportunity of exhibiting her unrivalled powers as a nurse.

The invalid had so nearly recovered, that one Sunday afternoon, as he sat enthroned in the very easiest of easy-chairs, in her own sitting-room, while Mrs. Lee made tea for him, she endeavoured to impress upon his mind the propriety, as soon as he was quite well, of returning thanks in person, for the kindness, which, during his illness, had been showered upon him from The Hall.

"Indeed, Sir," quoth she, happy at having fallen in with an

attentive listener, "'tis not to be mentioned how kind Miss Marston and her mother have been. Every morning, Sir, there was a servant to enquire how you were—and sometimes the ladies called themselves, if they came to the village. Then there was fruit from the hot-house and the garden, jellies and cordials from the housekeeper's room; and dainties of all kinds, such as they fancied a sick man might fancy or relish. Indeed, Sir, you must not leave Audley without going to The Hall, and thanking them."

"Well, Mrs. Lee, I suppose I must, but I am not fond of seeing strangers, nor of making new acquaintances."

"Perhaps not, Mr. Mavor, but these are ladies, and a mere note of thanks would not be so proper for them, as it would be for gentlemen."

"There is no gentleman at The Hall?"

"Not one, Sir. The Squire died three years ago. Miss Marston then came in for the estate, as the next heir, and she and her mother have lived there ever since. Her father died many years ago."

"Had the Squire, as you call him, no son?"

"Why, Sir, he had, and he had not. When the Squire was quite a young man, he went abroad on his travels, and did not return for many years. Indeed, we heard that he had got married abroad; but this could scarcely be true, because, when he returned at last, he brought no wife with him. A little boy in arms came with him, but as his nurse was a French woman, who returned home before she could speak our language, and none of us understood hers, we could not make out from her who the child's mother was. However, Sir, the Squire called him Frank Marston, and, indeed, you had only to look in his face and see, from the great likeness, that he was the Squire's son. When the lad grew up a bit, he used to be everlastingly down in the village. Many

and many a time, Sir, has he sat in that very chair. No one could help loving Master Frank. At times his father would be very fond of him, and then, at other times, he would look so mournfully into the lad's face, and then speak to him quite pettishly (as if he was afraid of getting too fond of the boy), and turn into his library, and not be seen for days. 'Twas thought, Sir, that he had something heavy on his mind. At last, when Master Frank was about eleven or twelve, as well as we could guess, he was sent to one of the great public schools, and there he took to his learning in a remarkable manner, and carried everything before him. 'Twas the same way when he went to College; he had only to try for a prize, and he was sure to get it. The Squire, who knew how fond I was of Master Frank—did I tell you, Sir, that my mother was the Squire's nurse?—used to send for me always when the news came of his getting on so well at College, and read the letters to me. But it was thought odd, that, from the time he left the Hall for school, Master Frank was never once sent for to see the Squire. At last, when he was preparing to study for the bar, the Squire went off, in a great hurry, to see him in London. No one knows what passed, but instead of going on with the law, Master Frank went away to travel on the Continent. He used very often to write home, and nothing did the Squire more good than a letter from him. Indeed, I thought it strange than he should grow fonder and fonder of him, the longer he was away. But your cup is empty, Sir; let me give you a little more toast, it is beautifully crisp, and I think some of this comb-honey would be an excellent thing for your throat."

"Thank you. It is very nice—But the Squire?"

"Aye, Sir—a little more cream?—the Squire went off quite suddenly. They found him on the library-floor, in a fit. He was taken up and bled, but did not live long. He

spoke just a few minutes before he died, and said, 'Every thing for my son Frank.' What this meant no one knew; and when his papers were examined, no will was found. So the estate—'tis reckoned as fully worth twenty thousand a year—went to his niece, Miss Emma Marston, and all the other property besides. She was abroad when the Squire died, but it surely was a great thing for her—Try another cup, Sir."

"Has there been no whisper of Miss Marston's getting married?"

"At first, Sir, many gentlemen were spoken of as being likely for her to marry—this one, because their properties joined—that one, because it seemed that they had been acquainted in youth—and another, because it pleased himself to report that she was all but engaged to him. But she gave encouragement to none. Just now, she has trouble enough before her, poor thing. Only think, Sir, of Master Frank's bringing an action to get the estate from her! It has been quite the talk of the country of late. It comes on, Sir, at the next Assizes, in March; but I know, if there's law or justice, he cannot win. She has done all the good she could to every one around her, and the very ground her foot touches is loved by all who know her. It is a hard thing, Sir, for Mr. Frank to claim the estate!"

"Perhaps it may seem so; but if his claim be good, surely it would be as hard to keep him out of it?"

"Yes, Sir, but how *can* it be good? He says that he is the Squire's lawful son. Very good—but *who* was his mother, and how came it that we never heard of *her?*—To think of Master Frank turning out so!"

"Then you expected better from him, Mrs. Lee?"

"To be sure I did. And there's the young lady—as beautiful as an angel, and with a voice like music—not knowing

but that the law will take the estate from her. It may be law, Sir, but it is not justice. I only wish the jury was picked from this part of the country; they'd be certain to give her the property, and transport Master Frank, at the very least.—The Squire's lawful son, indeed! I'd like to know how he'd prove it."

Shortly after this tea-table gossip, (which I have given in detail, as it exhibits pretty correctly how matters stood) Mr. Mavor proceeded to pay his visit to The Hall. There he was no unwelcome guest, for its fair mistress instantly recognized him as one to whom she owed so essential a service as the preservation of her life. It had chanced, four years before, during her visit to Naples, that she formed one of a pleasure party who set forth on an excursion across the Bay. The gentlemen who acted as mariners on that occasion contrived to overset one of the boats, and Miss Marston, with others of the party, had the misfortune to be cast into the water. Mr. Mavor, who was close at hand when the accident occurred, jumped from his own boat into the water, and succeeded in rescuing Miss Marston, who escaped without any other ill effects than a thorough wetting. The travelling arrangements of her friends compelled her to leave Naples so speedily, that her preserver had but few opportunities of seeing her. They were sufficient, however, to interest him greatly in the beauty and grace of the young lady, and to regret that fortune had never again thrown him in her way. He had not the slightest idea, often as he had heard her name, during his recent illness, as the owner of Audley, that she was the same Miss Marston whom he had met in Italy.

What followed may be readily imagined by all who know anything of the gentle lore of love. The acquaintance thus renewed, soon blossomed into friendship, and ripened into mutual affection. For the satisfaction of the prudish, we beg

to state that, after all, this process was not so *very* rapid. It was February before Mavor quitted Audley (where he had been Mrs. Lee's nominal guest, but a daily visitor at The Hall), and assuredly four or five months' constant companionship, with such antecedents as there were in this instance, is sufficient to make a gentleman and lady acquainted with each other.

Mavor left Audley, assured, with her mother's fullest concurrence, that he was anything but hateful to Emma Marston. When she frankly informed him of the claim which Francis Marston had set up for the estate, he told her, somewhat to her surprise, that, for his own part, he rather hoped the claimant would be successful: adding, when he saw her astonishment at the remark, that, if she lost the estate, it would give him the opportunity of showing how very sincerely he loved her for herself alone.

Then they parted. Mavor was summoned to London, by urgent business, but promised to return by the time The Great Will Cause as it was called—though there actually was no will in question—was to be decided.

Dwellers in London have no idea of the importance of the Assizes to people in the country. Everything connected with them is of moment—from the appointment of High Sheriff to the trial of prisoners and causes. Twice a year the Assizes bring the magnates of the county into the principal town, where, if nought else be the result, their wives have an opportunity of seeing the new fashions, that is, those which were new in London three months before; of vying with their neighbours in the petty ambition of "cutting a dash;" in short, of breaking for a time the monotony of a country life. The county magistrates frequently visit the county town whenever the Quarter Sessions are held, but their wives and daughters rarely go thither, save at Assize time, or on the occurrence of

some great event—such as a Musical Festival, the Races, a Fancy Fair, or an Archery fête.

For the Assizes, too, the inhabitants of the town make ample preparations. Painters are employed to refresh the external appearance of shops, offices of business, and dwelling-houses. The tradesmen then increase their stock, (if their cash or credit enables them to do so,) and display it to the best advantage. Professional men are busy in preparing for Counsel those lengthy documents ironically called "briefs." The interiors of all houses, in good situations, are brushed up, to prepare them as lodgings during the Assize-week. The very streets, dirty enough on ordinary occasions, are swept clean, "for this occasion only, and by particular desire." All classes are on the *qui vive* for the Assizes. The very prisoners in the gaol, to whom suspense is often worse than actual suffering, are not sorry to know that the time is come when, if they have good fortune and good lawyers, they may have one more chance of renewing their acquaintance with

"The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty."

Let us now suppose that the time has arrived for holding the Lent Assizes for the county in which Audley is situated.—The Judges, "learned in the law," have made their stately entry into the county town, accompanied by the High Sheriff, and escorted by his Javelin-men. The Commission has been opened in court—the Assize Sermon has been preached—the Grand Jury has been impanneled—the Royal Proclamation against Vice and Immorality has been read—the Judge's Charge to the Grand Jury has been delivered—the Petit Jury has been sworn in—Bills of indictment have been sent up to the Grand Jury—a "true bill" has been speedily returned—and the arraignment of the accused takes place.

Alas! what anxious moments have the prisoners who await

their trials. What a tell-tale is the human countenance, when we see it in the dock! What a wild, dazed look does the accused cast around him when he first emerges into daylight and the gaze of the crowd, from the dark passages beneath the Court! How anxiously does he glance around, to see whether amid all that sea of faces, there be even one which he can recognize—which has anything like sympathy in its expression! How he shrinks or brightens as his glance falls upon somebody whom he has cause to fear or love. Then, what an affectation of unconcern as the Crown Counsel recapitulates the particulars of the case, carefully distinguishing what is fact, from what is presumption, but ingeniously supplying the deficiency of actual by the corroborative evidence of circumstantial proof. Then, as the witnesses touch the head of the accused man with the Crier's rod, how sudden the involuntary shrinking of the frame—how spasmodic the uncontrollable working of the features! He is aware of that—he fears that it may have a bad effect upon the jury—he endeavors to remove the impression by assuming an air of indifference—he may even affect to smile, as if in pity for the witness's mistake—or, conscience-smitten, he may be stupefied or confounded by the recognition. For the first time, then, in his course of crime, he may feel that there is an Eye which seeth in darkness; an Intelligence which pierces through the human concealments, in which guilt adroitly enwraps itself; a justice from above, which will not permit that guilt to be undiscovered and unpunished.

Suppose that the case is one where the prisoner is accused of Murder—almost the only crime for which capital punishment is now inflicted. How intense the interest which is kept up during the whole trial! How the spectators, every now and then, as a strong point comes out in evidence, turn to look at the accused and watch what impression it makes

on him. How earnestly does every one listen while the defence is proceeding. How hushed the silence which precedes the summing-up of evidence by the Judge. How calmly, how dispassionately, nay, how mercifully, (for the Judge is presumed to be Counsel for the accused) does he sift the testimony of the witnesses, compare conflicting statements, point out what links in the chain of evidence are weak or wanting, notice where the charge has been rebutted, declare in what particulars it has been proved, and finally desire the jury, if they have any doubt, to give the accused the benefit of it, and pronounce his acquittal. Then, how awful the interval between the Judge's summing-up, and the delivery of the verdict! As we, who look on, count time, the space is but a few minutes, but to the wretched man at the bar, whose life is in the scale,

> "Moments like to these
> Rend men's lives into immortalities."

What a sudden lull—what a ceasing of hushed whispers—what a holding of the breath, as the foreman turns round, and hands in the fatal scroll. What a pang, what an agony of despair thrills coldly through the prisoner's frame, as, listening with his very eyes, as it were, he hears the word *Guilty*, uttered as the verdict. That one word, carelessly pronounced by the officer of the Court, has a terrible significance for the prisoner. It tells him, as with a voice of pealing thunder, that his days are nigh their close.

When the last hour of the rich man approaches, he is carefully prepared for the tidings that his time has nearly run; cautiously, and by degrees, the intelligence is broken to him—friends soothe his dying moments—affection smooths his pillow—the minister of religion gently leads his thoughts to the better land, where he is to meet the loved in life, "not lost, but gone before." But that verdict of

the jury!—it breaks, without alleviation or preparation, on the startled mind. There is no doubt—no soft language to cheat with hope, even against hope—no sorrowing regret—no gentle consolation; only the one word, "*Guilty*," which tears the husband from the wife, severs the father from his children, takes the son from his widowed mother. He may have offended, beyond human forgiveness, against the laws of heaven and earth, which are the safe-guard of civilized society, but to the wife, the children, the parent, that rugged, guilty man, may have been affectionate and kind. He must leave them now—with no legacy but that of a dishonoured name: no memory save that of ignominy. It would seem a pitiful thing for any man, however guilty, to have such a sudden doom—but lenity to him would be injustice to others. That man must die.

Then comes the sentence of the law, delivered by the Judge. The condemned man is asked whether he has anything to say, why that sentence should not be passed upon him. There is no reply; or, perhaps, a few wild words, denying the guilt which has been unquestionably proved, or supplicating the mercy that cannot be extended to him on this side of the grave. Meanwhile, the fatal black cap has been placed upon the Judge's head.* No need, now, for the Crier to command silence. It comes unbidden. The fall of a pin upon the floor would be audible in that dreary stillness. The Judge speaks, his voice is low, little more than a whisper, but it is heard in even the remotest corner of that vast and crowed Court.—You hear a man—aged, it may be, and worn with ill-health and mental labor—solemnly condemning to a sudden and shameful death, another man in the full bloom of youth, in

*In England and Ireland, previous to his pronouncing sentence of Death upon a criminal, a square black cap is placed upon the head of the judge, by an officer of the Court. It increases the sad solemnity of the scene.

the full enjoyment of health. If a savage were to be present, he could not understand it. He knows how a man full of anger, athirst for what Lord Bacon called "the wild Justice of Revenge," will have blood for blood; but to see that aged man, with a stern gravity on his wrinkled brow, with faltering speech, with gasping breath, even with tears gliding down those furrowed cheeks, dooming that strong man to die, and the strong man patiently listening to him, without making any attempt to escape; *that* is peculiar to Civilization, and painful though it be, is one of the safeguards of Society.

Hark! as the Judge concludes, a shriek rings through the Court. Is it the despairing cry of the doomed one's wife, or mother, or daughter? No, it is only a high-pressure lady, who having waited until the close of the impressive tragedy, has gone off in hysterics. What, in the name of decency and delicacy, do women want out of their proper places, in a Court of Law? Why, in the name of all that is rational, are they not peremptorily ordered out of Court, unless they have actual business there as parties or witnesses?"

It is in the Nisi Prius, and not in the Crown Court, that the Great Will Cause, from which I have deviated a little, is to be tried. It is a Special Jury Case, the only one at the Assizes, and has excited a great sensation, not only throughout the country, but at the bar. Mr. Shaw, one of the ablest lawyers of the day, has been brought down "special" for the defendant. Not that her attorney has any apprehension of the result, but a property such as is at stake must not be perilled by the want of the best advocacy that money can procure. Knowing, also, that to give men an interest in a cause, *their* interest must be consulted, the shrewd attorney has marked heavy fees upon Counsel's briefs. Mr Lennox, a man of some reputation and standing on the Circuit, holds a brief with Mr. Shaw; and a junior barrister is engaged with

these two, not because he is required, but because it is the etiquette when a Counsel comes down specially, to have a third to open the pleadings, and conduct the examination of unimportant witnesses.

On the other hand, no particular preparations appear to have been made on behalf of the plaintiff. His Counsel are two gentlemen belonging to the Circuit, neither of whom has yet had the opportunity of distinguishing himself. What with the general feeling against him, as one who has brought a vexatious suit against a woman—with the admitted disadvantage of being opposed by such lawyers as Shaw and Lennox —and with the misfortune of being personally unknown in the county, the plaintiff is generally considered as a man without any chance of success. Already, bets are freely offered (not taken because of "the glorious uncertainty of the law,") twenty —fifty—a hundred to one against him.

The day of trial has arrived. The Special Jury, taken from among the leading gentlemen of the county, are duly sworn in. The Court is crowded. Now and then a whisper is heard, as some lady is favoured with a seat near the judge, "Is that the defendant?" No, Miss Marston and her mother are not in Court. They await the issue at the Royal Oak Inn, and one of them, at least, does not want kind words to cheer her, for Mr. Mavor sits by the side of his affianced, and both of them, though anxious, are the reverse of alarmed or unhappy.

The junior Counsel for the Plaintiff, "in the cause Doe on the demise of Marston v. Marston," opens the pleadings and states that in this case Francis Marston is the plaintiff, and Emma Marston the defendant; that the declaration is in ejectment to recover possession of the Manor of Audley in the county of Salop, containing divers messuages and lands, with the rights and appurtenances thereto belonging; also the manorial rights, tithes of corn, grain, hay, &c., within the

said Manor; as also the rectory of the parish church of Audley, as aforesaid, together with the small tithes therein; also divers messuages, cottages, and buildings in the county aforesaid; out of all which premises it was alleged that the defendant had ejected the plaintiff, and wrongfully kept him out of possession of the same. This was the question for the Jury to try.

The Plaintiff's senior Counsel then briefly stated the case to the Jury to the following effect: that, when residing in France, the late Sacheveral Marston had married Emilie Latour; that when this marriage took place, his father was still alive, and it was therefore considered prudent to conceal it for a time; that the husband was induced, by circumstances which then seemed "strong as proof of Holy Writ," to suspect the fidelity of his wife; that, on being made acquainted with these suspicions, she had quitted him, indignant at having been doubted, and too proud to vindicate herself; and that the plaintiff, Francis Marston, was the legitimate offspring of this marriage.

The examination of witnesses followed. The first was the aged clergyman, who, thirty years before, had solemnized the marriage, and whose certificate, dated and given at the time to the plaintiff's mother, he identified. Then were produced two witnesses of the marriage, one of them being the *bonne*, or nurse, who had attended on the plaintiff from the time of his birth, and had brought him, when a child, to England.—Other evidence was adduced, to prove that the plaintiff was the legitimate son of the late owner of the Audley estate.—Letters from him to the plaintiff were put in, shown to be in his hand-writing, in which he repeatedly and strongly acknowledged plaintiff's legitimacy, admitted his conviction that all suspicions of his mother's purity had been most unfounded, and besought him to seek her out, that she might come to England, and receive the tardy justice of having her innocence

declared, and her rights recognized. Not even the ingenuity of Mr. Shaw, unrivalled in cross-examination, nor the shrewd ability of Mr. Lennox, could shake the testimony, so direct was it, so plain, so simple. Inch by inch, however they fought to the last, long after the Judge had hinted his opinion that the plaintiff's case had been fully proved. Without leaving their box, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, and every one felt that their decision was a proper one.

Great was the astonishment of the public, when, within three weeks after this important decision, the fashionable department of a London morning paper contained the following announcement: "We understand that Francis Marston, Esq., of Audley, in county of Salop, will immediately be married to his cousin Emma, only daughter of the late Rev. F. Marston. Our readers may recollect, that the parties in question recently figured at Shrewsbery assizes, as plaintiff and defendant, in the great Will cause, Marston *v.* Marston. We are in possession of the romantic incidents connected with these approaching nuptials. The delicacy by which we are invariably actuated prevents our now entering into detail, further than to say—'Truth is stranger, stranger than fiction.'"

It was even so. On the very evening of the day on which the trial had dispossessed Emma Marston of all her property, and when ninety-nine out of every hundred who bestowed a passing thought upon her, believed that she was breaking her heart at the loss, that young lady was in excellent spirits, having listened to certain disclosures from Mr. Mavor, whom it is high time to introduce as Francis Marston, Esq., the successful suitor in the courts of law and love.

"My father," said he, "married when he was abroad, and, hesitating to communicate this circumstance to his father (whom he knew to be anxious for his union with the daughter of an old friend in England, and very decided in his dislike

to Catholics, of whom my mother happened to be one), determined to conceal it altogether. My mother, a gay, lively, attractive Frenchwoman, was unsuited to her husband, a man of grave disposition, and fonder of literary seclusion than of pleasure. She had high birth, high endowments, high spirit. She constantly complained of the doubtful position in which she was placed by her marriage not being publicly acknowledged. At length, my father was induced to suspect her fidelity, and she was too proud to condescend to explain or vindicate her conduct. She abruptly quitted him, leaving me to his protection, and all search after her was in vain.—No wonder that it was; for, disgusted with the world, and severely wounded by the distrust and suspicions of the husband, for whom she had sacrificed her youth and heart, she retired to Italy, where she became the inmate of a convent.—There she lingered for many years, though she never took the veil; and thence, on her death-bed, addressed a letter to my father, affording him irresistible proofs that he had greatly wronged her, and earnestly entreating him to do her late justice, by acknowledging their marriage, and, if he had not already done so, by proclaiming my legitimacy. She knew that my father had adopted me, and appealed, in the strongest terms, to his sense of justice. When this letter arrived, my father immediately proceeded to London, where I then was; laid it before me, explained every circumstance of his early life, and enjoined me to proceed, without delay, to Italy, whither his own ill health would not permit him to go; to seek out my mother, to supplicate her pardon for him, to make every endeavour, and use every persuasion, to prevail on her to come to England, where the acknowledgment she was entitled to should be most publicly made: or if, as he apprehended, I should arrive too late, to obtain the fullest proofs of the marriage, for he had quitted France so suddenly, that he had not

been able to procure them, had he even wished, at that time, to retain such evidence of what, promising him much happiness, had thrown a blight upon his whole course of life.

"I can scarcely account for the caprice which made me resolve, while executing my father's commands, not to bear his name. One reason was, that as I should have to hold intercourse with my mother's family, I was unwilling to appear before them bearing the name of him who had so deeply wronged her. I assumed the name of Mavor, and thus made the acquaintance of the Count de Latour, my mother's brother. When I found myself decidedly a favourite, I stated who I was, and what my mission. I learned that I had arrived too late. My mother had died soon after writing that letter which had awakened "the late remorse of love" in her husband's heart.—Her family were anxious to clear her fame; and the Count and myself proceeded to Italy, to search among her papers for the proofs of the marriage. We were in this pursuit when I first saw you at Naples. For a long time, we could not find the clergyman who celebrated, nor the witnesses who were present at, the marriage. In the interim, my father died—died, too, without having made the acknowledgment that he had married Emilie Latour, and that I was their son. The estates descended to you as heir-at-law; and I can only wonder at my dulness in not having surmised that you, whom I had met at Naples, were the Miss Marston against whom, when our proofs were all complete and collected, the duty I owed alike to my mother's memory and to my own position, compelled me to take law proceedings.

"Of the success of the suit, I never entertained any doubt. My first impulse was to lay the evidence before you, confident that you would not resist my claims, if you saw how well-founded they were. With this view, I proceeded to Audley There, being attacked by illness, the kindness I, a stranger,

received from you, made me more than ever anxious to spare you the surprise and expense of the trial. I saw you. I recognized you as my Naples acquaintance of whom I had often thought. I found myself more and more interested in you. I then resolved, that I might avoid the worldly imputation of having sought you for your fortune, to run into the opposite extreme. It was imperative, too, publicly to vindicate my mother's fame, to fulfil my father's wishes. I have done so. I am ready, my dearest Emma, if I have deprived you of a fortune, to return it to you—burthened, it is true, with myself."

The offer was frankly made, was frankly accepted. Is it requisite to prolong the story, and describe how the marriage was celebrated? No; let it suffice to know that the cousins lost as little time as possible in returning to Audley: that the nuptials were solemnized amid the good wishes and blessings of all who had experienced Miss Marston's kindness, while owner of the estate: that Mrs. Lee had the Marston Arms magnificently painted and gilt, in honor of the union, but vowed that she could scarcely forgive "Master Frank," for not having told *her* who he was: and that as much happiness as usually falls to the lot of married mortals, is enjoyed by the Plaintiff and Defendant in The Great Will Cause.

This was the last story related in our Divan at Matlock. We were grieved to separate, but it was unavoidable. So, our party and its members took a farewell stroll about Matlock, which they were so soon to leave. Tressilian and myself went together, and he then suggested that, as I had shorthand notes of the spoken, and could obtain copies of the written, stories which we had heard, it might be practicable—with sufficient disguise and concealment of circumstances and names—to make a book of the whole. On *him*, therefore, must rest the onus of my thus inflicting our Matlock sayings and doings on a pensive public.

When I had agreed to act on his hint, we went into Vallance's Museum, where there then presided a nymph.

> "Who seemed to flatter
> Mankind with her dark eyes for looking at her,"

and thence he presented me with an inkstand, curiously fashioned out of Blue John (or fluor spar), which I have carefully preserved to this day, the only drawback being that it is much too beautiful for use. I accepted it as a sort of pledge that I would become the historiographer of our party. Here is the task accomplished!

We dined together, for the last time, and when that meal was ended, the day was nearly ended also. The evening was so beautiful that it appeared a sort of sin not to take advantage of it. We broke up our sitting, therefore, and betook ourselves into the open air. Looking westward, when we had strolled on the road as far as the toll-bar near Matlock Bridge—from which, turning around, the High Tor is seen in all his

majesty—I do not think that I had ever beheld a more glorious sunset,

> "And there was still where Day had set
> A flush that spoke him loth to die—
> A last link of his glory yet,
> Blending together earth and sky."

The gentle influence of the scene and hour had its effect upon others than myself, and, as Lady Tressilian leant upon my arm, she indicated by a glance that she was aware of my knowledge of the condition of affairs between Lady Morton and the Major, and gaily smiled as she perceived that I watched, with some interest, how much, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," they walked and talked apart, or rather how eagerly the lady listened while the gentleman was impressively addressing her.

"It appears 'a palpable hit,'" said I. "The lady's shaft has struck down its quarry."

"I am delighted to see that it has," was the reply. "Yet, I have had some difficulty in bringing the affair to this conclusion. You know that Lady Morton and the Major have met before? Last autumn, they formed acquaintance at Weisbaden, and I understand that the gentleman was immediately and unequivocally smitten. Nor did it appear, that his attentions were indifferently received by my fair friend.—Two or three months passed on, during which, thrown much together amid strangers, they became more intimate than they could have been, under ordinary circumstances, during two or three London seasons. The Major, it is true, had not yet proposed—waiting, I presume, until a longer acquaintanceship might warrant his doing so, but I fancy that he had not much reason to fear that his suit would be very unfavourably received. To use the language of his own profession, he contented himself with trying a little 'sapping and mining,' before

he ventured 'to storm the citadel.' Just at that juncture, Lady Morton allowed herself to be very causelessly piqued with him on some trifling account. That gallant gentleman —unreasonable, like all his sex—did not take the trouble of thinking that a woman seldom exhibits such a pique, unless her heart be interested. He was too proud—too independent to explain, and the result was, that they separated rather hastily, without the intention at that time, of again renewing their acquaintance."

"Quite a romance," said I—"the usual difficulties which distract the course of true love."

"There is romance, more or less, in all affairs of the heart," replied Lady Tressilian, "and even more, perhaps, after the first bloom of youth has gone by than while it continues. For instance, though our friend the Major is beyond the age of forty, and Lady Morton has turned the sharp corner of thirty, their affection will probably be deeper and more hearted than if the lady were still in her teens, and the gentleman wearing his first epaulette. But to continue my story. As you may have heard, Lady Morton is one of my oldest friends, and when she came to spend her Christmas with us at Tressilian Court, I immediately noticed that her mind was not quite at ease. She soon gave me her confidence, and you will not be surprised to learn that, as we live in Cornwall, and the Major's estate is in Devonshire, neither his character nor his person was unknown to us. Though it was evident, at once, that he was the man of all others to make my friend happy, and that an idea of the same kind had fixed itself in her own mind, I saw that there might be some little trouble in arranging matters so as to reunite the broken chain—particularly as Lady Morton, thinking that her swain should not so suddenly have said 'adieu,' had wilfully determined never again to see him. Taking

counsel with my husband, we resolved not to mention that we knew the Major, and this was the easier, because he was wintering on the Continent. A little before we came to Matlock, Sir Julian confidentially informed him of our intended visit, and that Lady Morton was to accompany us. If she was surprised at seeing him here, we were not, and this evening, I dare say, he is unravelling for her the intricacies of our little plot. We had nothing to do, as you may have seen, but to bring them into each other's society once more —opportunity has done the rest, and we shall look for bride-favors, and bride-cakes without much further delay. The whole explanation was made during that evening on the water, when you sat like Patience, in the boat, and I have mentioned the particulars to you, as the Major tells me he had already given you a hint, though I dare say, you were fully conscious of what was passing."

At this moment, Lady Morton and the Major came up. "Ah, Mariana," she exclaimed, "I have only now learnt what a dreadful conspirator you have been. But I forgive you, for I am not so unwise as to quarrel at being cheated into happiness."

In two months from that day, Lady Morton was a wife, and the lawful possessor of the memorable watch, already mentioned more than once in this eventful history. On that occasion General Laroche attended, to give the bride away, and Madame Laroche reminded the Major of her *presentiment* respecting the Emperor's repeater.

However, this is an anticipation. The next day our party was diminished by the departure of Sir Julian and the ladies. Being Sunday, the remainder piously went to church. Early on the following day, even the remainder separated. Crayon and the Irishman, complaining that they had seen very little of the more romantic parts of Scarsdale, were equipped for a

pedestrian tour to Stanton Moor (with its Druidic antiquities, including some curious rocking-stones,) through the wild district of the High Peak, and through romantic Dove Dale, so well known to all who have read Isaak Walton. The novelist was bound for Yorkshire, in which he proposed to pass the summer. The Major, who had promised to rejoin Tressilian in the south, at the end of the week, frankly accepted my invitation to visit Chesterfield, and drove me thither in the afternoon, with much pleasant converse upon *one* subject, to wile away the time during that brief journey.

Here, having wound up with a marriage, according to the established custom in real life, as well as in fanciful invention, the writer may make his bow. Painful would it be to look back through the years which have passed away since the brief sojourn at Matlock which these pages have recorded. With one exception—caused by an untimely death—the friendships formed there and then have continued to the present time. But, in a long lapse of years, however lightly time may leave traces of his course, bright eyes become dim, glad hearts have mournful trials, high hopes are disappointed. It is the common dispensation of mortality, and methinks a wise one, that the ties which bind us to this life should break one by one, so as, at the end, to make our hopes rest on a haven beyond the grave, in which the loved and lost of earth may meet again. Thus, at last, it becomes so little difficult to die that I am persuaded, when the summons comes, few would really wish to cling to life. Happiest those who are the best prepared.

L'ENVOI.

My Dear John Brougham:—

I have inscribed this volume to you, as a friend, of whose regard I am justly proud, and also as a countryman, who has distinguished himself in every department of literature and art into which he has adventured.

There is yet another rôle which no one fills better than yourself—the warm-hearted man of genius whose success in the social circle, as well as in the more enlarged arena of professional and literary exertion, has not dulled the purity of his genial nature by the slightest alloy of vanity or envy.

Permit me, on the presumption that you will read this volume, to let you behind the scenes, by briefly indicating the respective portions of fact and fancy within its pages. To be candid with *you*, (but it would be perilous to admit the public into the secret,) there is much more of Reality than Romance in its pages, for I construct a story best when there is some foundation on fact, for either its incidents or characters.

Much of what you will find here was written several years ago. I do but exercise a paternal right, in calling the wanderers home, in order to introduce them as a "happy family" of the brain, to a new order of readers. Surely an author may thus collect—in hope that others may re-collect—his literary bantlings? Should any statute to the contrary be cited, I can plead high authority and unquestioned precedent on the other

side, by putting your own IRISH ECHOES into the witness-box, and charging several thousands of the best educated within the Union, with being "accessories of the fact," inasmuch as they gladly surrendered themselves to the delight of reading the agreeable melange which you there presented to them.

The idea of assembling a party at a quiet watering place, (where fresh air and early hours are to Beauty as wonderful a Kalydor as the magical May-dew, or our own immortal "Balme of Thousande Flowers,") and partially engaging them in the narration of adventures, tales, and legends, was suggested by an actual visit, when our leisure found pleasant occupation in such a manner as I have here attempted to describe. Adopting this as the framework upon which to hang a series of stories, it did not require much ingenuity to introduce a slight underplot, with the natural inevitable *dénouement* of a marriage. Strictly speaking, this volume consists of tales and sketches, written by myself, set in the slight framework of a love story. My plot, albeit of the slightest, also permitted the conversational discussion of a few subjects of general interest, chiefly connected with literature and art, and I only hope that what I intended for relief and variety, may not be considered too didactic and critical.

Sam Peach, the hero of the first adventure, was well known in the North of England, some years ago, for his wealth and eccentricity. I will not undertake to say, that he actually did act towards any stranger in the very original manner in which he is said to have treated Ensign Simmonds—but he is remembered as having frequently exercised a capricious and fitful generosity, and there must have been some *vraisemblance* in my sketch; for, after its first appearance in an English magazine, I had the gratification of seeing the whole of it copied into one of the Sheffield newspapers, as a local article, with an editorial remark that it was "Old Sam Peach to the very life."

The anecdote of "the Bush Guinea," first reached me from a lively American (by the way, one of the prettiest women I ever saw), who only omitted to mention its true source. Certain errors of names, places, and circumstances, I corrected by enquiries at Bristol. I have since discovered that the story, as

my fair friend told it, had first been given to the world through the Knickerbocker Magazine, and the admirable papers called "Ollapodiana," written by the late Willis Gaylord Clark, a man who has left a reputation which the world will not willingly let die.

The sketch entitled "Le Millionaire Malgré Lui," was suggested by a hastily perused and imperfectly remembered *feuilleton* in a French journal. Other writers, since my paraphrase first saw the light, have dug into the same quarry, each treating the subject in his own manner; so that each may claim to be, so far, an "original Jacobs," of the article.

In "Tressilian's Story," the incidents which trace the early struggles of a man of letters in London, owe much more to fact than invention. There are some personal reasons why I think this story the best in the book, and these have also induced me to name the volume after the hero of the tale.

"Velasquez and his Mestizo," is wholly historical, its leading circumstance being recorded by Cumberland and Sterling.

The satirical epigram with which it concludes—the authenticity of which was vouched for, to me, by Allen Cunningham, the poet's editor—was the foundation of "A Night with Burns." I have so often heard my father, who had known him, speak of the poet's personal appearance, that to transfer such description to my own pages, required little more than an effort of memory.

The hero of "Love and Phrenology," was so far from being an *eidolon*, that those who recollect him, will readily admit how entirely free from exaggeration is the sketch. The original of Professor Richter, was a person bearing the uncommon patronymic of Smith. For many years he conducted a newspaper, the *Mercury*, in Liverpool, but was chiefly distinguished by reason of the number of hobbies which he rode. His original occupation of optician, had given him a certain mechanical facility in making toys—puzzles for the curious and the idle. Asserting that he was one of the best swimmers in the world, this old gentleman's delight was to exhibit himself in the Mersey, floundering like a porpoise, and confident that the feats of Leander

and Byron were trifling in comparison with his own. Avowing the most philanthropic motives, he invented cork-jackets to prevent death by drowning, and—sold them at a large profit. He contended that the boomerang of New South Wales was a weapon worthy of being universally adopted in European warfare, and spent a whole summer in throwing this projectile in the air, to ascertain its force, and perfect his own skill. Owing to some mal-adroitness, however, the missile had an awkward trick of gyrating back, and hitting the philosopher on the head.

But the triumph of his experiments and discoveries in science, and that on which he chiefly prided himself, was to show that a spinning-top (such as children of a lesser growth are accustomed to whip, in play) might be kept in rotary motion for half an hour upon a china plate. During a series of years, he kept this subject before the public, in his newspaper, devoting columns to its elucidations, and adorning them with diagrams and woodcuts, showing the course of the spinning-top, with portraits of that novel instrument of science. In his newspaper, also, were given perspective views of the cork-jackets, with diagrams and sketches of the boomerang. There, too, were occasionally exhibited views of himself in the Mersey—floating, swimming, or trying to perform some equally notable aquatic feat. For a long series of years—certainly exceeding thirty—half a column a week was dedicated, by this illustrious obscure, to himself, his notions and his hobbies. So strongly did he exhibit the spirit of egotism in these articles, that it was frequently remarked, that his biography might easily be compiled from the personal references to himself and his movements in the "Notices to Correspondents." On one occasion he sadly announced, that having charitably lent an old umbrella to a strange lady, in a shower of rain, she actually had the dishonesty not to return it, and during many successive weeks, he poured out lamentations on his loss, describing the aspect of the article, the attire of the non-returning borrower, and amusing the public with his griefs over the missing umbrella,

"Like the lost Plëiad, seen no more below."

Nor were his personal confidences limited to his newspaper. Thence they were transferred to a cheap literary weekling which he also published, and finally found a resting-place in a monthly octavo, composed of the picked matter of his newspaper and periodical. Meddling with Cobbett, in an attempt at political discussion, he incurred the anger of that nervous writer, who forthwith *Registered* him as "Bot Smith"—by which appellation, constantly repeated by him of the Gridiron, he eventually became so well known, in and out of Liverpool, that it was taken to be his true name, and letters were frequently so addressed to him. In a word, his case affords a striking example of the very small degree of intelligence sufficient to establish a local reputation as a "triton of the minnows." In a metropolis, such a person would have speedily found his level beneath the feet of real merit. When he died, about the year 1841, his townsmen gave him the honor of a public funeral, and I have heard that they even placed his statue in their Mechanics' Institute! As the palette of Wilkie was let into the pedestal of his statue in the National Gallery in London, a spinning-top and china-plate should have been introduced into the Smith statue at Liverpool.

When the Pickwick Papers introduced the clever and striking full length portrait of Mr. Pott, editor of the Eatanswill Gazette, a great many persons in Liverpool fancied that, independent of the name being suggestive of the *sobriquet* bestowed on him by Cobbett, the original could have been no other than their own philosopher of the spinning-top. The appearance—"a tall, thin man, with a sandy-colored head inclined to baldness, and a face in which solemn importance was blended with a look of unfathomable profundity;" the invariable attire,—"a long brown surtout, with a black cloth waistcoat, and drab trousers;" —the constant reference in conversation, to articles which he had written in his newspaper on local politics, the interest of which, trifling at any time, had long since passed away; the ruling idea, that throughout the country in general, and in London in particular, there was an intense excitement caused by whatever *he* wrote; the constant and uncourteous abuse of all

opposing journalists;—and, to crown all, the triumphant boast that his critic had written on Chinese Metaphysics, by reading in the Encyclopedia under C for China, and under M. for Metaphysics, and "had combined his information"—if all these coincidences were accidental, then, at hap-hazard did Mr. Dickens unconsciously exhibit a person and an idiosyncrasy remarkably like those of Mr. Bot Smith.

"The Composer of Poetry" was a real personage, and his description the reverse of an exaggeration. As to the "Widow's Story," on the other hand, it is wholly imaginary, but, *per contra,* every circumstance mentioned in "The Emperor's Repeater," actually occurred, the gallant hero himself being my own cousin.

Two of the stories here—"The Second Sight," and "The German Student's Story"—belong to the semi-supernatural class, and indeed the leading incidents in the former narrative are traditionally remembered and believed, as having actually occurred in my own family.

It would almost make a romance of itself were I to record how, where, from whom, and under what striking circumstances I heard the legend of the "Bleeding Heart Yard." The narrator had full belief, I am persuaded, in what she told. The leading points of the story were so impressed on my mind, that some years after I wrote it as it now stands, for "The Forget-Me-Not, for 1839." Mr. Barham subsequently took up the subject. In the summer of 1843, there appeared an Ingoldsby Legend, called, "The House Warming! a Legend of Bleeding Heart Yard." It was treated, like everything from the same pen, with wonderful effect. As I had heard the legend, it appeared to belong to a remoter period than that of Elizabeth, in which Mr. Barham had timed it. In a letter to me on the subject he said, "The Story of Alice Fanshawe, wife to Sir Christopher Hatton, having had her heart torn out by the devil, is a very old tradition, and noticed, I believe in some of the family genealogies. I heard or read it when I was a boy at school, and it was recalled to my recollection by Mr. Mackay's work on Popular Delusions, in which you will find it alluded to at some considerable length by that gentleman, who also states

that twelve or thirteen years ago he himself resided in the house in which the catastrophe took place. The impression upon my mind is that I originally met with it in an old peerage; but of this I cannot speak with any certainty."—Charles Mackay's work here alluded to, states that when he resided in Hatton House, Bleeding Heart Yard, a horse-shoe (the grand preservative against witchcraft) was nailed against the threshold—that the witchcraft of Lady Hatton is as devoutly believed as the gospel, in that locality—that the room is to be seen where the devil seized her after the expiration of the contract he had made with her, and bore her away bodily to the pit of Tophet—that the pump against which he dashed her is still pointed out—that the spot where her heart was found, after he had torn it out with his own claws, has received the name of Bleeding Heart Yard in confirmation of the story.

"Beatrice 'd Este," which was suggested by an engraving, is pure fiction. As far as I can now recollect, the "Legend of Charlemagne," owes its origin to an account of the village of Selingenstad, in Russell's Tour in Germany. The "Legend of the Maiden Tower" is a Turkish tradition, mentioned to me by a traveller as a curious instance of the similarity between the legends of the East and the West.

"The Last Throw of the Dice," is founded upon a local tradition that a large estate in the North of England, which had been gambled away, was regained about seventy years ago, on the lower cast of the dice, by one *ace* lodging on the top of another. It is said that to perpetuate the event, the fortunate *unit-arian* actually had the gable-end of his mansion embellished, by building into it, in parti-colored brick, the semblance of an enormous pair of dice, with a solemn injunction in his last will and testament, against the destruction of this memento. His descendants, true to the letter of the bequest, have left the wall undisturbed —but permitted it to be so plenteously covered with ivy, that the most jealous scrutiny would fail to discover how far the closing part of the tradition is correct.

I must admit that "The Great Will Cause," notwithstanding

its particularity of detail and description, is entirely imaginative.

Having thus made a clear breast, I have but to add one confession more—namely, that to the society and kindness of you and yours, I have been so often and so deeply indebted, that it gives me great pleasure thus publicly to record, in grateful acknowledgment, how sincerely (and without the least "Bit of Blarney,")

I am, my dear Brougham,

Your affectionate friend,

R. Shelton Mackenzie.

Philadelphia, *March* 1*st*, 1859.

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